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THE humiliating servitude under which Italy groans, rendered more intolerable by the remembrance of her former greatness, was the original motive (which stirred within me while yet a child,) of my persevering though unfortunate patriotism; and when, in consequence of political vicissitudes, I could no longer bear arms in my country's cause, I was impelled by the love with which she has ever animated me to commit to writing the events of my life.

I was also stimulated to write my Memoirs by a desire to refute the calumnies which have been circulated against the South of Italy by foreigners through ignorance, and by some wretched sons of that land, who defamed her, in order that they might the better conceal their own errors.

My countrymen will perhaps find in these reminiscences, facts, which may inspire them with confidence in themselves; while the road to regeneration is pointed out to them, whenever Fortune, who seems

capriciously to exalt, or degrade nations, shall afford them an opportunity of regaining with their independence, a portion at least of that pristine greatness, once the admiration and the wonder of the world.

My readers of other countries may find in these pages a useful political lesson, and many incidents, which, though related with all the strictness of truth, carry with them the wildness and extravagance of romance.

G. PÉPÉ.

LONDON:
DECEMBER, 1846.

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FIRST VOLUME.

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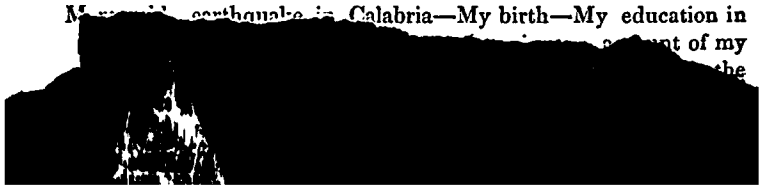

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MEMOIRS

OF

GENERAL PÉPÉ.

CHAPTER I.

1783—1797.

Memorable earthquake in Calabria—My birth—My education in the Royal College—My flight from it twice on account of my desire to embrace the military profession—I am entered at the Military College.

THE period of my birth, which occurred in February, 1783, was one in which Nature had inflicted a most cruel visitation upon my native province of Calabria.

A terrible earthquake was experienced on the 5th of February. The first shock was succeeded by another, no less violent, towards the latter end of March, destroying in the short space of scarcely two months, upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants. The earth had been so much convulsed, that nearly all the public buildings and the houses of two hundred towns and villages were thrown down, and, in great part, destroyed.

The small, but extremely ancient town of Squillace

was the place of my nativity. I was born soon after the first shock.

My father was Gregorio Pépé, and my mother, Irene Assanti. As our large family-mansion had been entirely destroyed by the earthquake, my mother had been obliged to fly from it. She was then far advanced in pregnancy, and notwithstanding the extreme rigour of the season, she gave birth to me under a hastily-erected tent, the only shelter which the misery of those days afforded her.

My parents had a family of twenty-two children, more than half of whom were boys. I was one of the youngest. In despite of the difficulty of rearing so numerous a progeny, my excellent father turned all his endeavours towards procuring us the best possible education. As soon as my brothers arrived at the age of ten years, they were sent to the best colleges of Naples, for the sake of better instruction; and before I had completed my seventh year, I was placed in the Royal College of Catanzaro. This establishment only admitted thirty boarders, and these by favour.

Although learned and worthy professors were employed here to inculcate certain laws of discipline, the general tone of education was inferior to what it ought to have been. The reason was, that the remuneration given to the teachers was so small, that instead of such offices being held by men fit for such employments, they were in the hands of ignorant priests, in every respect unworthy of the duties entrusted to their charge.

Amongst the superiors of the establishment, one alone was not in priest's Orders, and had been chosen out of one of the first families of the province. This

was the Governor, Gaetano Sanseverino, Baron of Marcellinara, of whose kindness I shall ever retain the most grateful recollection.

Whether from my extreme youth, or from the fault of my teachers (who were but ill-calculated to inspire children with the love of so dry, yet important a study,) I know not; but from the very earliest period of my entrance into that establishment, I conceived the most decided and insurmountable aversion from the Latin language. Such a feeling, however, did not extend itself to the studies either of ancient history, geography, rhetoric, and elementary mathematics, all of which I pursued with a degree of ardour which astonished my superiors, and which often led me to devote my hours of recreation to the cultivation of them.

My elder brothers, as I have already mentioned, had been sent to Naples. The two youngest, Ferdinand and Florestano, were placed in the Celestine Convent of Saint Peter, at Majella; but were subsequently removed to the Convent of Salmona, which establishment was exclusively devoted to the education of young men of the best families of the capital and provinces. Here they were treated with great luxury: notwithstanding this the convent gave to the country many learned monks. Nothing could be better, indeed, than the education bestowed upon their pupils by the monks, or kinder than their general conduct towards their youthful charges. Nevertheless, my brothers, although still young, had both of them expressed so firm and unconquerable an aversion from the ecclesiastical profession, that my father allowed himself to be overcome by their prayers and en-

treaties, and removed them to the Military College of Naples.

The indications of any particular disposition or inclination, which so often manifest themselves in early youth, generally exercise a very great degree of influence upon the future fate and character of those who exhibit them, and this was peculiarly my case.

The year 1797 had just begun when I reached the age of fourteen years. Had I chosen it, I might have pursued my studies successfully in the College of Catanzaro, but I did not, for my whole mind was filled with the most ardent and irresistible desire of entering upon a military career.

My brother Florestano, only five years older than myself, had just quitted the Military College with the rank of ensign in the Burgundian regiment of infantry, and my father had purchased for my elder brother a lieutenancy in a newly-formed corps of riflemen. The knowledge that two of my brothers were officers, added to the constant efforts made by the Government to inspire the nation with feelings of a military tendency, contributed to add fresh stimulus to my military ardour. Although at the period of which I speak, it was extremely easy to purchase a military commission, even for a boy of my years, my father, who had much at heart the literary education of his sons, had wisely determined that I should remain at Catanzaro until the attainment of my eighteenth year.

Fully aware that nothing else would shake my father's determination on that point, I came to the childish resolution of flying from college, in the hope of thereby

forcing him to purchase me the commission I so ardently longed for. I accordingly succeeded in making my escape; but I was soon taken again, and was conducted by one of my own relations back to my father's house at Squillace.

As my eldest brother Stefano had married the daughter of the Baron Marcellinara, nephew of Sanseverino, governor of the college, the latter, out of respect for the family connexion which existed between us, consented to receive me back again into the Royal College. This mark of indulgence, however, did not, in the remotest degree alter my disposition towards a military life, and I soon devised another stratagem, which I thought could not fail to induce my father to consent to my wishes.

I managed to find out a sergeant recruiting for a regiment of riflemen, and earnestly demanded of him whether he would receive me as a volunteer. The man, hoping most likely to profit by my simplicity, replied in the affirmative. I accordingly escaped for the second time from college. Presenting myself before the sergeant, to be formally enlisted, I received from his hands a piece of fifty grains, as earnest-money. Just as he was about, however, to ratify our engagement by inscribing the description of my person in the register kept for that purpose, an order was put into his hands to bring me forthwith before the Brigadier Wispeare, then president of the province. The poor sergeant was immediately imprisoned, as guilty of enticing away a pupil of the Royal College, still under age, and I was sent back to my school and placed under close confinement. Some few days after, my father himself obtained my release, and sent me to Naples under the care of another of my brothers, Giovanni Batista, sixteen

years older than myself, and of mature judgment. About four years after the occurrence of these events, the very same sergeant presented himself to serve in a company belonging to the Republic of Tuscany, in which I was lieutenant. Three-and-twenty years later still, the son of Brigadier Wispeare, then holding the rank of colonel, became the chief officer of my staff, when I was commander-in-chief of the army of the Two Sicilies.

Whilst I was awaiting the privilege of admission into the Royal Military College, I resumed the course of my studies. My brother Giovanni Batista being upon terms of the most intimate friendship with Pietro Colletta, then only a lieutenant in the artillery, (although many years later he rose to the rank of General,) the latter, to please my brother, questioned me in the elements of mathematics, to ascertain whether I was capable of passing the examination to be undergone before I could be admitted into the college.

This event took place, to my infinite delight, towards the latter end of the year 1797. I congratulated myself on my good fortune, at the same time that I approved of my father's wisdom in having placed me in a situation wherein, by my own exertions, I could acquire the military rank I so ardently desired, instead of purchasing a commission.

When I was presented to the director of the college, he began forthwith to admonish me *ex officio*. He told me that, as my brother Florestano upon quitting the school had left a very bad reputation behind him, it became incumbent upon me, by the regularity of my proceedings to efface the recollection of his misconduct. From other and better sources of informa-

tion, I acquired the knowledge that Florestano's errors had been restricted to too much elegance in his attire, and a too expensive taste for youthful pleasures and amusements. Such errors, even at this day, seem to me excusable enough in a youth, and ought to have been looked upon with leniency in consideration of his incessant and persevering pursuit of knowledge, and of the rapid progress which he made in all the studies of the college.

CHAPTER II.

1798.

Minority of Ferdinand IV.—He marries Caroline of Austria—Fall ofthe Minister Tanucci—Acton is called into the kingdom by the Prince Caramanico—Acton succeeds the Marquis Caracciolo in the foreign affairs—The administration of Acton—He calls foreign officers into the kingdom—The French fleet of Admiral La Touche threatens Naples—Origin in the two Sicilies of the Freemasons—The Queen joins them, and protects them—. They are afterwards persecuted by the Queen and Acton—First blood of the patriots shed on the scaffold—The prisons of the kingdom full of patriots of great name—Neapolitan cavalry assist the Austrians in Lombardy—Means employed by the Court to amass money—The prisons of the patriots are opened.

I INTEND, in the course of the present chapter, to give a summary account of the occurrences which took place in the kingdom of Naples towards the close of the last century, that I may throw more light upon the circumstances which occurred at the outset of my political career. During the short reign of Charles III., as well as during the minority of Ferdinand IV., our country, for the first time during more than two centuries, had experienced the blessings of peace. It was to the able administration of the wise and virtuous statesman, Bernardo Tanucci, that the kingdom of Naples was indebted for this benefit; and to his

efforts alone, did it owe its recovery from the effects of the Spanish and Austrian domination to which it had been so long subjected, and the prospect of still greater national prosperity for the time to come.

Such a favourable state of things, however, was not destined to last. The political aspect changed with the arrival of Maria Caroline of Austria, who had married Ferdinand IV., just come to his majority. This Princess was the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, and sister of Joseph II. and Leopold, with whom she had been brought up, in the midst of all the splendour of the Imperial Court of Austria. Although in the prime of youth, her mind was of the most powerful stamp, and her wit of the highest order. By nature she was both proud and haughty, and she nourished within her bosom the most inordinate love of power. It was not long ere she discovered the character of her husband. Ferdinand was, both by nature and education, weak, strongly addicted to pleasure, and utterly incapable of opposing himself to the strong mind of the young Queen. As soon as she was fully aware of this circumstance, she claimed in the most imperious manner the right of sitting in the State Council, and of having a voice in its deliberations. The aged Marquis Tanucci, fully impressed with a sense of the evils attendant upon such a concession, opposed her desire in the most vigorous and determined manner, on the plea that her request, if it were granted, would be contrary to the custom of the Bourbon family. Irritated at encountering this opposition to her wishes, the Queen formed and executed a plan of vengeance against its author. In a word, she brought about the disgrace of the Marquis Tanucci and caused him to be deprived of the office he had held during a long course of years with the greatest

integrity and honour. This truly able and virtuous minister was succeeded by the Marchese della Sambuca, who having been Ambassador to Austria, and being in special favour with that Court, was in every respect docile and obedient to the Queen's will.

At the period of which I write, the Neapolitan navy was utterly unable either to protect the commercial interests of the country or to defend its coasts. The Prince Caramanico, then in great credit with the Court, and especially with the Queen, proposed a means of ameliorating its condition, which was immediately carried into effect. A request was made to the Grand-Duke Leopold, to permit John Acton, an officer then commanding the Tuscan fleet, to reorganize the Neapolitan navy.

Acton, although of English origin, was born at Besançon, in France, and had acquired a considerable degree of naval reputation by an expedition he had made against Algiers some years before. The proposal was acceded to, and Acton came to Naples. He was extremely well received by the Court, and soon after his arrival was raised to the dignity of Minister of Marine. Such an event was fatal in its effects, and eventually led to the utter ruin of the whole kingdom. This stranger could not feel any real affection for our country, neither was he actuated by the stimulus of glory to labour in behalf of its welfare. Acton soon penetrated the ambitious feelings of the young Queen and availed himself of his knowledge to insinuate himself most artfully into her good graces, and to become her prime favourite and the confidant of all her schemes. In a short time, he contrived in addition to the office he already held, to obtain the appointment of Minister of War. As his

main object was the acquirement of absolute power, he took measures to keep at a distance all such persons as, either by the superiority of their talents, or from their influence at Court, could in any way interfere with his projects. Fearful of having discovered a rival in the Prince Caramanico, at the intervention of whom he had been first called to Naples, he exerted himself in such a manner as to cause him to be despatched, first on an embassy to London, and next to Paris; and finally he got him nominated Viceroy of Palermo. The Prince Caramanico expired shortly after his elevation to the vice-regal power, and his death did not occur without awaking some suspicion as to the manner in which it had been brought about.

The office of Minister for Foreign Affairs becoming vacant by the death of the Marquis Caracciolo, was then bestowed upon Acton, who a very short time after was likewise created General. Having thus acquired the utmost possible amount of power, he turned his whole thoughts towards consolidating its possession, and disposed of all things according to his own immediate will. All the other ministers having been created by himself, were completely subservient to his pleasure, and bound to him either by gratitude or fear.

Acton now put into execution a vast plan he had conceived for the increase of the navy, and caused many large vessels to be built. As we possessed no distant colonies to defend, and were unable to maintain a maritime war against any of the great European powers, of what avail was the increase of our navy? Of none, except to make it serve as an auxiliary either to France or England,—and such at a later period it became. A small but well-armed fleet would have

been quite sufficient to protect us against the Barbary corsairs, who in point of fact were the only enemies we had to fear. However, if our frigates and other large ships were useless to us—nay, almost ruinous, from the immense expense required to support them, they were far from being unserviceable to England, which country Acton particularly favoured. Accordingly, in March, 1795, our fleet, under the command of the brave Caracciolo, was sent to reinforce that of Admiral Nelson, then stationed in the Mediterranean.

Acton, although utterly destitute of the necessary knowledge to bring such an attempt to bear, next turned his endeavours to improve the state of our army, which was weak and inefficient in consequence of the long duration of peace. To effect his purpose, he ordered 14,000 men to be levied in that part of the kingdom which lies on this side of the Straits. They were obtained from the most abject part of the population, or taken from the prisons, where many of them were expiating crimes of an infamous nature. Next, this ill-advised minister summoned into the kingdom many officers of foreign birth, by whose aid he purposed to reorganize our army like a Sales di Grigioni, or a Pomereuil of France. The cases are both few and exceptional in which a Government can, with any degree of prudence, entrust the command of its army to strangers. In this error may be said to have originated all the misfortunes and humiliations to which the Neapolitan army was exposed.

In order to meet the great expenses to which these changes had given rise, as well as to support the extreme prodigality of the Court, the prime minister Acton was constrained, year after year, to increase the taxes of the nation. Such taxes were the more grievous to

bear, from the contrast they offered to those levied during the reign of Charles III, and the minority of King Ferdinand.

Notwithstanding these annual sacrifices, the state of public affairs continued to grow worse. Our finances were at the lowest ebb, our commerce was annihilated, and our manufactories, instead of being encouraged and protected, were ruined by the preference every where given to the productions of foreign countries. The interior of the kingdom was inaccessible, from the badness of the roads and the absence of bridges, although a heavy toll had existed, since the reign of Charles III., for the purpose of keeping both in a good state of repair. The administration of public justice was so loosely conducted, that it was a rare chance if a civil law-suit ever came to an end. The criminal department was worse still: the fate of the criminals depended entirely upon the venality of subaltern agents, vulgarly denominated "Scrivani criminali,"* who were by no means *bribe-proof*. In the hands of such men rested the security of property, the liberty, and even the lives of the citizens. Such a state of things very naturally gave rise to the formation of bands of robbers who infested the provinces; and at the period of which I write, certain of the protection of the "Scrivani," they even penetrated into the cities, where they committed every kind of misdemeanour in the open day, and with the greatest impunity.

The French Revolution, which broke out in 1789, awakened the suspicions and fears of the Court of Naples; more so, indeed, than the event justified, for

* Criminal scribes.

certainly France had then no idea of preaching the Propaganda throughout the other States of Europe. The preponderance of the English influence, abetted by Acton, and the relationship of our royal family to that of France, contributed to inspire sentiments of hatred against the revolutionary movement in that country. It was our Queen, in a journey she made to Vienna, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage, who gave the first impulse to the famous league of the sovereigns of Europe against France. On her return to Naples, the war was decided; and this unfortunate determination was the cause of a long series of evils both to the dynasty and the nation.

The fears and the suspicions of the Government were not a little increased by the establishment of the French Republic, and by the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, nor did the wily minister cease for a moment to aggravate both in the mind of the Queen, already profoundly exasperated by her sister's death. Warlike preparations, upon so large a scale as to render it impossible that they should escape the vigilance of the new Republic were set on foot, and were soon followed by the arrival of a French fleet of fourteen vessels in the Bay of Naples. The Admiral La Touche, who commanded this expedition, intimated to the Court of Naples, that it must declare immediately what part it meant to take in the events then going forward. Intimidated by the appearance of such a force, our Court engaged to observe a strict neutrality. This illusory engagement only sufficed to avert the immediate danger; a few months later, Acton, whose influence over the Queen's mind was all-powerful, secretly formed a league, offensive and defensive with England. The bond of neutrality was soon openly

broken by the landing of the allied forces at Toulon, where the Neapolitan Government sent as its contingent several vessels and other ships of war with troops, who distinguished themselves by the valour they displayed in that unfortunate enterprise.

Before I proceed further with this chain of events, it is necessary to recur to others of an anterior date. The progress of civilization in the kingdom of Naples has been recorded and testified in the learned works of Gravina, Vico, and Gianone; and at a later period still, by those of Genovesi, Galeani, Pagano, and Filangieri. But the new and *philosophical* political system which had spread over the whole of Europe, but more particularly pervaded France, had been secretly nourished amongst us by an association of Freemasons. I have never been able to acquire any positive information as to the period or manner of their first introduction into the country. What I have, however, fully ascertained is, that the most illustrious Lodge of Freemasons which has flourished in the capital of our kingdom since the beginning of the last century, was that founded by the much esteemed Raimondo di Sangro, Prince of St. Severo, which was composed of members equally renowned for their talents and their high sense of honour. It is an incontrovertible fact, that long before the French Revolution, the order of Freemasonry flourished, not only in our cities, but all over our provinces more vigorously than in any other part of Europe; and that it reckoned amongst its members men distinguished equally by their birth, fortune, and abilities. This circumstance, combined perhaps with the example of her brother, Joseph II., induced the Queen to associate herself with a body of female Freemasons; and to this day, the custom of drinking to her

memory is preserved in all the banquets of the order. Utterly incapable of any half sentiment, the Queen began by honouring her fellow sectaries with a degree of fervour which she afterwards showed in persecuting and driving them to the scaffold.

The kingdom of Spain, disappointed at having lost the Two Sicilies, endeavoured to insinuate itself into a share of its political management, pleading the youth of its sovereign. Amongst other requisitions, the Castilian cabinet insisted upon the abolition of Freemasonry throughout the kingdom. Finding that such a request was unavailing, and perfectly aware that the Queen was herself a sectary, they notwithstanding obtained from the Minister a promise that one of the societies should be broken in upon when in the midst of its operations. This was accordingly effected by the agency of a certain Pallanti, whose ill-advised zeal was punished by the Queen, who had him dismissed, and never again restored him to favour.

Immediately after the French Revolution, the Freemasons of Naples, casting aside the veil of mystery, laboured openly to attain what had hitherto been their secret aim—a Republic. They were the first who in the south of Italy joyously hailed the banner of liberty which floated on the masts of the French fleet, commanded by Admiral La Touche, and then stationed in the Bay of Naples. Their constant communication with the French on board the fleet, gave rise to the conversion of their lodges into political clubs, and caused their labours to become acts of conspiracy. Such a conspiracy was, however, limited to speeches and desires—to vague and unavailing projects; for the members having spent the greater part of their lives peacefully in the capital, and being rich

and youthful members of the aristocracy, such as the Colonnas, Riarios, Serras, and Cignatellis, had no knowledge of the provinces, nor had they ever held any communication either with the inferior or middling classes of the nation, without whose assistance no possible rise could take place.

"Ora incomincian le dolenti note."

From the very first outbreak of the French Revolution, the Queen had ceased to belong to the order of Freemasons. The hatred she conceived against the partisans of the new political creed, the unbounded ambition of her favourite—Acton—ever intent upon gratifying her vindictive soul, and the persecution of the liberals, which was carried to the utmost extent, tended more to increase their number and their influence than years of neglect would otherwise have done. The Government arrested all who were guilty of having held any communication with the French who had accompanied La Touche to Italy. All the young men belonging to the different clubs, as well as others who had, either by their discourse or their actions, shown any sympathy towards the rising Republic were likewise placed under confinement.

A tribunal, denominated "the Junta of State," was constituted, to judge the numerous prisoners thus arrested. Although it was chiefly composed of men devoted to the interests of the Court, there were some of them not completely devoid of every sentiment of humanity, and who raised their voices in favour of the inexperienced young men, whose chief crime had been a too great degree of imprudence. They represented to the King that it would be unjust to exercise all the severity of

the State Penal Code upon youths whose crime had been limited to emitting liberal speeches and opinions. These efforts however were unavailing, for the Queen, instigated by Acton, regarded them as the most formidable of her enemies, and imperiously demanded blood and vengeance. Her wishes were gratified. Three unfortunate youths were condemned to die on the scaffold. One of them, the virtuous Emanuel de Deo, who had scarcely attained his twentieth year, was offered his life on condition of betraying his accomplices. Such an ignominious offer was firmly and contemptuously rejected by the noble youth, who was accordingly put to death.

From the year 1792, the office of Reggente della Vicaria had been bestowed upon Luigi de Medici, a young man of noble birth and of the greatest rectitude in the execution of his magisterial duties. He had shown so much aptness in the management of business that he had acquired an unusual degree of credit with the Court. This awakened in the mind of Acton fears lest he should at some time or other gain sufficient power to deprive him of the monopoly of influence he himself possessed. Not satisfied with keeping him away from the Council, he determined upon effecting his ruin.

The wily minister, who, as we have already said, possessed the unlimited confidence of the King and Queen, and who could turn them any way his interest required, fixed upon a calumny of the blackest nature to bring about the overthrow of the man he feared. He made them believe that the late executions, far from having quelled the conspiracies formed throughout the kingdom, had only added fresh fuel to the flame: that they were at the then present moment fomented and joined, not merely by inconsiderate youths, but by

men of high standing and authority amongst the nobility, at the head of whom stood the Cavalier de Medici. At the same time, he affirmed that he himself possessed undoubted proofs of what he advanced.

Such proofs were, however, limited to a denunciation which had been extorted, by dint of promises, from one of the principal persons condemned by the Junta. The King and Queen overwhelmed by such an assertion, immediately authorized the formation of another inquisitorial Junta. It was accordingly convoked, and was composed of three malignant and ferocious satellites of Acton—Vanni, Guidobaldi, and the Prince Castelcicala, as President. From that period, the spies were multiplied, and they were, moreover, so rewarded and honoured by the distribution of orders, that many openly gloried in this vile employment, which they dignified by styling "fidelity to the sovereign." The newly-formed Junta received unhesitatingly all the denunciations of these infamous wretches, who were too often the instruments of private hatred and vengeance. Such reports sufficed to cause the arrest of many worthy men, who were thrown into obscure dungeons, where they languished without any attention being paid to their just representations, or without their being permitted to exculpate themselves from the crimes laid to their charge.

Acton obtained from the King, in private council, an order for the arrest of the Cavalier Medici. This order was put into execution in November, 1794. During upwards of four years, this arrest was followed by that of many members of the nobility and other persons of high standing; and at the incarceration of each new prisoner, the miscreant Vanni never failed to reveal to the Queen some new plot against the State.

At this time, war was raging over the rest of the Peninsula, between the Italian powers, Austria and the French forces, under the command of the then youthful Bonaparte. This General, by the force of his genius, soon reduced the whole of Piedmont, as well as the other feeble States of Italy. Our Court sent three regiments of cavalry to the assistance of Austria, in whose behalf they greatly distinguished themselves. The formation of the Cisalpine Republic, the departure of the Austrians from Italy, and the victory gained by the republican troops, inspired the Court of Naples with such dread, that it unhesitatingly accepted the truce offered by General Bonaparte. This truce was afterwards, at the instigation of the King of Naples, changed into a peace, the ratification of which cost us, besides other concessions, several millions of francs.

A four 'years' war, the maintenance of the Junta of State, and the sums expended upon the numerous spies kept by the Government, together caused such an immense expenditure as the Treasury was unable any longer to support. The yearly taxes with which the nation was burdened were unavailing in such an extremity; therefore another, of ten per cent., upon the income of the citizens was raised. This being found insufficient to surmount the difficulty, recourse was had to rapine, for so I must term the seizure of seven public banks containing the private property of the citizens, which the Government was bound to protect. These banks were forthwith declared to be in an exhausted state, and an immense quantity of bonds were put into circulation, not one written farthing of which existed in specie. Emissaries of the Government were sent through the provinces to fleece the poor fools who could be deluded into the purchase of

these bonds by the bait of a premium of two thirds of their nominal value. By such fraudulent means the Government succeeded in extorting the little money that still remained in the country. To accomplish fully this system of spoliation, the churches were robbed of their candelabras, and other gold and silver ornaments, with which they were richly endowed; and all the inhabitants who possessed such treasures were obliged to give up their silver plate, in return for which they received these valueless bonds.

But the term of the mournful tragedy of the State-criminals drew nigh. Four years of arbitrary imprisonment without even a notice of trial, awakened feelings of dismay amongst those interested in the matter; and even the plebeian class, notwithstanding its hatred of Jacobinism—which however was then beginning a little to cool—could not reflect upon so many miserable beings languishing in confinement without feelings of pity; and not seeing them condemned, began to look upon them as innocent.

The King was at length awakened to the necessity of shaking off this apathy, and ordered that the accused should be put on their trial. The great Junta of State was accordingly convoked in April 1798. In commission with the three inquisitors, Castelcicala, Vanni, and Guidobaldi, there were magistrates respectable for their integrity and knowledge. The examination of the prisoners, and particularly that of Medici, against whom all the efforts of the minister tended, offered nothing which could call for legal condemnation, beyond vague denunciations extorted from the fears of some of his fellow prisoners. Disconcerted at such a result, Vanni proposed that, in order to procure farther evidence, the prisoner should be subjected to violent

torture. Such a proposal was rejected with horror by the other judges. The prisoners were accordingly set at liberty, and were received by the people with triumph. The Government, to cleanse itself in the eyes of the nation, visited upon Vanni the effect of so many unjust and terrible punishments, and sacrificed him to the public wrath. He was dismissed from his office and sent from the capital, to the great satisfaction of the people. Although scantily supported by the Court in his exile, this ambitious man could never recover from the effects of the fatal error he had committed, and he terminated his wretched life by an act of suicide.

From what I have endeavoured to trace, it will appear that the last half of the preceding century was a period of incessant calamity to us. Our misfortunes began with the arrival of the Queen Caroline of Austria, and were prolonged by the power so ill bestowed upon her favourite, Acton. The Queen, proud both by nature and education, had endeavoured to seize upon the reins of Government, contrary to the constitution of the kingdom and to the Government, which were equally opposed to such a course. The Marquis Tanucci, deprived of office, died in exile, poor in the gifts of fortune, but full of honour and glory.

When John Acton had satisfied the ambition of the Queen, he turned his whole mind towards favouring the war carried on against France by the British Government. The navy, which it had cost so much to equip, was not for our use, for we needed it not; but it served to strengthen the English forces in the Mediterranean. It was Acton who caused the rupture of the treaty of neutrality, which rupture brought upon us so many calamities at the unfortunate expedition of Toulon. He introduced amongst us the infamous spy system,

and accustomed the Government to resort to acts of the most extreme despotism: despoiling the people of their property, in a mode injurious even to an absolute Government, throwing the citizens into the darkest dungeons upon the slightest suspicion, and leaving them year after year without attempting to prove their guilt, or giving them an opportunity of establishing their innocence. By Acton's advice, foreign soldiers were introduced into our army, men without either information or experience, and yet to whom a superior military rank was mostly confided. Such a system not only led to the defeat of our army in 1799, but was calculated in every way to weaken our confidence in our own strength and valour.

CHAPTER III.

1798.

Fervour of the young Neapolitans for the republican maxims—The Conte de Ruvo, Duca d'Andrea proposes to my brother to fly with him from the Castello de St. Elmo—The Conte* escapes with Lieutenant Aprile—Fear which the Government conceives on seeing the Expedition of Bonaparte for Egypt pass in sight of Sicily—The remoteness of Bonaparte from Italy encourages the Court of Naples to ally itself with Austria—Levy of forty thousand troops of the 2nd of September, 1798—Short and shameful campaign of the Neapolitan army, on account of its bad organization and of the incapacity of the General-in-chief, Mack—Timid and foolish conduct of King Ferdinand in that campaign—Precipitate flight of the King and his Court to Sicily on board the ship-of-war of Admiral Nelson—His arrival in Palermo—Various events in the capital after the flight of the Court and the Royal Family.

In 1798, the French Republic had existed five years: it had awakened in the minds of the youth of Naples the most ardent sympathy for its institutions, and a no less ardent desire to realize the possession of a like form of Government in their own country. The influence of such a feeling was almost universal, but it was more particularly indulged by those who really designed the national welfare, and by the unfortunate beings languishing in the State prisons.

The enthusiasm for the French Revolution and the knowledge of our own military capacity, of which the conduct of the Neapolitan troops, both at Toulon and in Lombardy, had given undoubted evidence, served to inspire our officers with the most warlike sentiments, and awakened within their breasts the most unqualified contempt for the weak and ill-advised policy which prevailed throughout the kingdom. I had myself scarcely attained my fifteenth year, but my heart already throbbed with the most enthusiastic feelings of republicanism.

The regiment of Rifles, of which my brother Ferdinand was lieutenant, furnished detachments to guard the Castle of St. Eramo, and he was often entrusted with the safe custody of the State prisoners. Amongst these was Ettore Carafa, Count Ruvo, of the family of Dukes of Andria, with whom my brother soon formed a close friendship. The Junta of State had already begun the trial of Medici and of several of the principal (so called) conspirators. The Count Ruvo, who not only indulged small hope of the result of his trial, but even expected to be condemned to death, one day confided to my brother his intention of making his escape from prison. His plan was to join the French army then stationed in Rome, which he regarded as being upon the very point of marching on Naples. Ferdinand, who in common with all the young men in the army, felt the warmest sympathy for the martyrs of republicanism, promised him to give all the assistance in his power towards the furtherance of his project. Fortunately, he revealed his intended imprudence to my brothers Giovanni Batista and Florestano. They were both greatly shocked at the rashness of which he had

so nearly been guilty, and gave him to understand that inevitable disgrace would have attended such a breach of military honour, in conniving at the escape of a prisoner especially committed to his charge. Giovanni Batista, who possessed a most excellent nature, was however utterly without a particle of enthusiasm; but I wondered greatly at the opposition of Florestano to this plan. He was a liberal in the widest signification of the term, and was often heard singing the inspired strains of the Marseillaise hymn. For my own part, I thought that in the holy cause of liberty, and to save its votaries from danger, it was our duty not only to dare every ordinary peril, but even to brave infamy itself. Such was the effervescence of my youthful feelings in behalf of freedom. Fortunately, Florestano calmly and sensibly combated them, and succeeded in annulling the rash promise which Ferdinand had made to the Count Ruvo. I continued firm in my opinion, although experience and reflection caused me subsequently in a great measure to modify it; and then I felt convinced that although every thing, even disgrace, may be hazarded for the love of country, it is by no means to be courted for the salvation of an individual; and the Count Ruvo was not, in point of fact, in any imminent danger of his life.

The attempt to escape from prison to which my brother refused to lend his assistance, was, however, put into execution. Lieutenant Aprile, a native of Caltagirone, in Sicily, was the person who abetted it, and who accompanied Count Ruvo in his flight. The Count was fortunate enough to succeed in reaching Rome, but Aprile was taken and condemned to death. This sentence was subsequently commuted into that of detention for life in the Fossa del Marittimo. I shall

have occasion at a later period of this work to recur again to the Fossa del Marittimo, Lieutenant Aprile, and the Count Ruvo.

In the month of May of the same year, 1798, the Court of Naples was greatly alarmed at the unexpected appearance in the Mediterranean of a powerful French fleet, carrying forty thousand soldiers under the command of General Buonaparte. The first impression created by the appearance of such a force was that the French were about to land in Sicily. Such a fear was, however, soon dispelled by the certainty that it was proceeding towards Egypt, and that as soon as the troops could be landed, they were to march against Alexandria. A little later, we received intelligence of the battle of Aboukir, and that Nelson had blown up the French ships, which after disembarking the army had anchored in the bay. This victory, combined with the absence of Buonaparte from Europe with his warlike army; the dispersion of the French troops in Lombardy sent to reinforce the army on the Rhine; the expected movement of a powerful Austro-Russian army, and the new confederacy against France formed by the rest of Europe, conspired to increase the desire of the infuriated Queen to injure France. She exerted herself so strenuously with the Neapolitan Government, that she succeeded in bringing about the rupture of the treaty of peace entered into a year before. Appearances, however, were in some measure preserved. The war began with the invasion of the Roman States, then forming a Republic, under the protection of the French legions.

The impatience of the King and his consort to begin hostilities was so great, that they would not await the arrival of the expected Austro-Russian army in Italy;

nor even allow time for their own troops to be put into a proper condition for war.

Towards the early part of September, sealed despatches were forwarded to every part of the kingdom by order of Government, with strict injunctions that they should all be opened on the same day, and at the same hour. These despatches contained a decree authorizing a levy of forty thousand men. The mysterious secrecy with which this levy had been ordered, caused a universal feeling of mistrust; and the precipitancy with which it was put into execution gave rise to some acts of injustice, and consequently produced a general feeling of dissatisfaction. These forty thousand men, just taken from the plough, were sent to the capital in the month of September, and there were mingled with twenty-five thousand old soldiers, few of whom, however, had ever faced the enemy. These men were destined to begin the campaign in the following month of November. This new levy of troops, utterly ignorant of everything approaching military discipline, and with only thirty days of hasty instruction, were sent to oppose the best-trained soldiers in Europe. It is thus that sovereigns delude themselves into the belief that their illusions can be realized. In the anxiety to bestow the necessary instruction upon the newly-raised army, even such youths as myself were summoned from the military schools to drill these unfortunate novices. The poor fellows inspired all who beheld them with compassion, for instead of making up for their want of knowledge by any feeling of national ardour, they showed no other sentiment than one of unmitigated aversion, disgust, and contempt for the career they were entering upon. These evils were increased by the fact, that few amongst the foreign

Generals selected to command them possessed any military experience. The Commander-in-Chief, the German General Mack, was utterly incapable of leading a well-regulated army, much less a band of newly-formed troops of whose very language he was entirely ignorant.

In the meantime, I was envying the fate of my two brothers, who were beginning the campaign with their respective regiments. Although so recently entered at the Military School, I was, on account of the proficiency I had made in my studies and by reason of the great scarcity of officers, created an ensign of artillery.

The undisciplined and ill-conducted Neapolitan army entered the Papal States towards the end of November. The French troops having withdrawn themselves thence, the Neapolitans entered Rome without the slightest difficulty, and there the Court established itself forthwith. After a few days of pretended and premature triumph, the King, alarmed by the victories of the French, no less than by the unmanageable state of his own army, fled precipitately from Rome towards Naples disguised in the attire of the Duke of Ascoli, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, and reached Caserta in the evening of the 11th. He would have shown more judgment if, instead of taking so inconsiderate a step, he had shut himself up with ten thousand men in the Castle of Gaeta. In that powerful fortress, and well provided with ammunition, he could certainly have prevented the enemy from penetrating into the interior of the kingdom. Another immense advantage of such a position was its standing on the open sea, with the facility which it offered for constant communication with the

capital, a circumstance which rendered it extremely well calculated for the defence of the country.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable condition of our troops, they might easily have given a great deal of annoyance to the enemy, had they been led by men possessing even an ordinary degree of military knowledge. A proof that this might have been the case is at hand in the instance of the French General Damas. Although then little experienced in the art of war, he sustained an engagement with great reputation, and what is still more to his credit, successfully executed a most able and honourable retreat whilst exposed to the constant fire of the enemy.

On examining the military operations of General Mack, it seems scarcely credible that Austria should have sent such a man to take the chief command of the army of the Two Sicilies. Although our troops were in the aggregate more numerous than those of the French, the columns sent to oppose the enemy were always far inferior to them in number. In like manner, our provisions were distributed in an inverse ratio to the number of troops to be supplied; the strong detachments not having wherewithal to live, whilst the smaller were revelling in comparative abundance.

The few right-minded and clear-judging persons whom the kingdom still possessed had at once foreseen, that with such a Sovereign and such a General nothing but mischance could attend the proceedings of our army. Accordingly, the disastrous effects of our campaign gave rise to no feelings of sorrow on their part; on the contrary, they hopefully anticipated that the foreign power against which we had been fighting would finally establish amongst us the rights of liberty, and that the

disgrace of our troops would be forgotten; or be looked upon as merely a transitory evil.

Immediately after his arrival at Caserta, the King issued an edict bearing a false date, and proceeding apparently from Rome. In this document, he called upon the people to rise and arm themselves in the defence of their religion, their Sovereign, and their liberty, promising to sacrifice his own life in support of their rights, and in the defence of their property and freedom. Such promises were ratified a little later by his flight into Sicily. After the publication of this edict, and of others of a similar nature, the country divided itself into two parties. The people were devoted to the King and his absolute power, to which they were utterly blinded by a state of mental exaltation which prevented them from seeing things as they really were, no less than by the efforts of fanatical priests, who under the mask of religious zeal instigated them to persevere, and caused them to rush headlong to resist the French and their allies. The smaller and more intelligent class of the nation declared itself in favour of liberty, and looked upon the invasion as an unavoidable and temporary evil.

The King returned to Naples, but learning that the enemy had entered the country, and was in possession of several of the most important strongholds, he was seized, in common with his Court, his ministers, and all their satellites, with such an abject terror, that he determined upon seeking his safety in flight. All the necessary preparations were made with the greatest possible mystery in order to hide the shame and pusillanimity of such an expedition. On the 20th of December, the Court embarked, carrying with them all the wealth and jewels of the crown, the most

valuable antiquities, the most precious works of art, and what remained from the pillage of the banks and churches, which had been lying in the Mint either in bullion or specie. Such a booty was enormous for the times, and amounted to no less than twenty million ducats. Early on the morning of the 23rd, a number of vessels were perceived to have cleared out of port during the night. From the royal standard floating at her mast-head, it was known that the King was on board the English vessel commanded by Nelson, which he had selected in preference to the Neapolitan frigate, under the orders of the brave Caracciolo. At the same time, printed placards were affixed to the walls of the city announcing that the King had passed over to Sicily, but only for a brief period of time, his object being to seek a plentiful supply of arms and men with which to return to the assistance of Naples. In the meanwhile, it was added, the Government of the city was entrusted to the Vicario-capitan-generale, the Prince Francesco Pignatelli. For three days the royal squadron was retarded by contrary winds; during which interval, deputations from the town, the nobility, and the magistracy went on board, supplicating the King to remain, and promising him to make every possible effort against the enemy. But all was of no avail: he remained inflexible to the entreaties addressed to him, and declared his intention of quitting the kingdom to be unalterable. The vessels set sail at the expiration of the three days; and tidings were soon received that they were baffled by a succession of contrary winds. The English ship in which the King and his courtiers sailed, had lost both her mast and her sail-yards; and, although commanded by Nelson himself, she had experienced the greatest difficulty in

making her way. The squadron finally came in sight of Palermo, but from the violence of the sea would have encountered great difficulty in entering the harbour, had not the captain of a frigate, Bausan, boldly braved the danger in an open boat, and safely piloted the royal vessel into port. A year after this circumstance, Bausan was exiled. At the same time as Nelson's ship, Caracciolo arrived off Palermo with his vessel perfectly uninjured.

Immediately after the departure of the King, General Pignatelli separated the functions of the Government. He conferred the military department upon General Mack, and the civil upon deputies elected by the city. These deputies, after a Convention formed with the Vicario, (Pignatelli) suspecting him of having conceived evil designs against the public welfare, immediately organized a band of militia, strong enough to maintain the public order: this body of men was denominated the *Civic Guard.* They proceeded to decree that the power conferred upon the Vicaric-Generale, should not be acknowledged; inasmuch as the statutes of the kingdom declared that in the absence of the King, the royal power devolved to the hands of the two bodies representing the nobility and the people, and could not be confided to a Vicario-Generale. The Vicario opposed this decree; but the town firmly held its ground until he was obliged to throw up his unconstitutional power. The pertinacity evinced by both parties gave rise to the formation of different bodies, representing the opposing opinions of the nation, and exposing the discordant state of the Government. On the one hand, the town endeavoured by every means to inculcate a spirit of subordination, and the maintenance of peace; whilst on the other, the

Vicario tended by the orders he gave to produce the most contrary effect.

At this period, General Pignatelli caused a hundred and twenty bombardier-boats riding in the Bay of Posilipo to be burnt. A few days later, the Count Thurn, a German in the Neapolitan army, on his return from Sicily, gave orders that at mid-day two Neapolitan vessels of the line, and three frigates should be blown up. The whole nation was seized with horror and dismay at witnessing the wanton destruction of vessels which had cost us a treasure to construct, and which might have been of such material service to the State.

CHAPTER IV.

1799.

Progress of the French Army—First tumults of the Neapolitan mob—The Vicario flies into Sicily after having armed the people—Their hatred against the patriots—The Duca della Torre and his brother are burnt alive—The patriots become masters of the Fort St. Elmo, and treat with the French—Desperate defence of the people—The French enter Naples, show themselves friendly towards the inhabitants, and proclaim the Parthenopean Republic—Satisfaction of the Friends of Liberty—Report of General Championnet to the Directory of France concerning the resistance his army had sustained.

THE French General Championnet had in the meanwhile taken possession of the fortresses of Civitella del Tronto, of Pescara, and of Gaeta. These forts had been commanded by foreign officers, who, lacking inclination, skill and courage to defend them, had surrendered them in the most cowardly manner. Gaeta, which might justly be looked upon as impregnable, was yielded in the course of a few hours by an old foreign General, who was so ignorant of the art of war, that he was wont to seek counsel from the Bishop of the town. The fortress of Capua, the nearest bulwark of the capital, was strongly besieged by the French General, and stood in great danger of being taken by

the obstinate attack of its assailants. Overcome by the fear of such a result, the Vicario-Generale Pignatelli secretly negotiated with the enemy, and concluded a truce of two months, upon the hardest terms. This was ratified on the 12th of January, 1799, and amongst other conditions were these:—the immediate surrender of the Fort of Capua with all its arms and ammunition, and an engagement on the part of the city of Naples to pay two million and a half of ducats, one half to be forthcoming on the 13th, and the other on the 25th of the same month. Such terms were more shameful and more injurious than a defeat.

On the evening of the 14th, two French Commissaries were despatched by General Championnet to receive the first payment about to become due. Not only was the sum in question not ready, but it was actually impossible to raise it, the King having carried off in his flight all the money of the treasury. These Commissaries had hardly made their appearance when the people assembled tumultuously. The commotion lasted the whole night, without, however, producing any bloodshed, for the people had been restrained from any great excess by the civic guard. The Commissaries succeeded in making their escape during the night, and returned to the camp of Capua.

The next day things began to assume a more gloomy aspect. The few troops that were in the city, instigated by fear, or perhaps desiring to ingratiate themselves with the people, yielded up their arms to them; the latter thus provided, attacked the quarters of the Guardia Urbano, deprived them of their weapons, and then dissolved the corps. They next proceeded impetuously towards the vessels which had arrived in the night, and which had brought back six thousand soldiers under

the orders of General Naselli. These men, extremely averse from the strict discipline of a military life, did not hesitate to join the people. This disorderly band, now possessing both strength and number, demanded of the Vicario that he should surrender to them the castles of the city. Pignatelli, partly out of fear, or perhaps because he was upon the point of flight, acceded to their demand, styling them in the edict which announced his acquiescence, enemies of the French and the faithful subjects of the King. In the Castles Nuovo and St. Uovo, the people found about forty thousand guns. The prisons and the galleys were next thrown open, and a set of miscreants were thereby added to the body of the insurgents. In this confusion the magistrates of the city sent a deputation to the Vicario, enjoining his immediate deposition and bidding him restore all the money of the State which he held in his hands. At the same time he was directed to publish an edict devolving his authority upon the city, and calling upon the people to pay full obedience to it. The Vicario replied that he must have time for reflection; but during the night, and notwithstanding his promise to attend to the demand of the city, he fled into Sicily, where he was imprisoned in a fortress.

During the two first days the people scoured the city, firing their muskets in the air as if to accustom themselves to the use of arms, or to excite their spirits, but they refrained from offering any insult or injury to the citizens. This reminds me that, chancing one night to return home at an advanced hour, I was arrested by a band of the popular force, denominated lazzaroni, and carried before their chiefs. These, after a brief but sensible admonition not to run about the streets any more at such an hour, sent me home escorted by a

piquet of their people. I offered a couple of piastres to them, but it was utterly impossible to prevail upon them to accept my gift.

The rabble finding themselves well armed, and in possession of forty thousand men as well as of the castles, regarded themselves as invincible. The magistrates had retired from their functions. Every form of justice was abolished, save that a certain weak respect for the municipal body remained. The audacity of the patrols who went the rounds of the city night and day, was carried to an excess that threatened to degenerate into absolute license. The insurgents hated the patriots, whom they designated by the term *Jacobins*, and were suspicious of being betrayed by the officers of the army. They refused to obey the latter, and elected to command them the Colonels, Prince of Moliterno and the Duke of Roccaromana, whom they looked upon as trustworthy, because one had lost an eye in the campaign of Lombardy, and the other had been recently wounded in fighting against the French. This selection was approved by the municipal body; indeed these new functionaries put as much restraint upon the fury of the populace as it was in their power to do, and succeeded, for some time at least, in keeping them within certain bounds. Their attempts would have been more effectual, but for a small knot of wily priests and malignant monks, satellites of the fallen regal government, who, seeing the municipal authorities issuing orders without the King's name being subscribed to them, mingled amongst the lower orders, awaking within their bosoms hatred and fury towards the representatives elected by the city, against whom they excited them to revolt. These emissaries taxed all the nobility of the realm with Jacobinism, and even suc-

ceeded in throwing suspicion upon Moliterno and Roccaromana.

Saturday, the 18th of January, was a day of terror and misery for the wretched city of Naples. These same priests and monks, wearing the habits of their sacred ministry, within the churches, as well as in the open piazzas, exasperated the fury of the credulous people to such a degree, that a miserable servant attached to the noble house of Filomarino, denounced his own master the Duke della Torre, and Clemente Filomarino, his brother. These two young men were equally distinguished for the cultivation of their minds, for their love of letters, and for the urbanity of their manners. The lazzaroni, beguiled by this servant, proceeded furiously to their palace, to which they set fire, destroying a splendid library, a collection of valuable prints, and a rare cabinet of Natural History. The wretched owners were forcibly dragged to the Strada Nuova della Marina, where they were placed upon a pile, and, horrid to relate, were mercilessly burnt to death. This ruthless deed overwhelmed the municipal body, which was immediately dissolved. The city, in a state of the greatest confusion, had become the prey of the furious populace, who having abandoned all restraint were carried away by a spirit of the most ferocious license.

The Archbishop of Naples, actuated by a spirit of Christian zeal, ordered that in the night of this direful day holy processions should proceed through the town, bearing the relics of St. Gennaro, and that hymns and prayers should be offered up; and from time to time he addressed the people, exhorting them to calmness and moderation. Whilst this was proceeding,

the Prince of Moliterno, with bare head and feet, attired in the tattered garments adopted by penitents, advanced towards the prelate, and requested leave to harangue the people. He did so, protesting that the following day he would place himself at their head, march against the French, and exterminate them, or expire in the attempt. In the meanwhile, he exhorted them to retire quietly to their homes, and to repose themselves that they might be better able to encounter the fatigues of the following day's battle. This discourse produced the desired effect, the multitude dispersed, and the city became somewhat calm.

The patriots, however, over whose heads was suspended such imminent danger, did not rest. Forming secret assemblies, they consulted together upon the best means of escaping from the ferocity of the mob. Few in number, and mostly unarmed, they could not adopt the measure of openly facing the popular party. Seeing no other medium of safety, they decided upon imploring the assistance of the French army. Accordingly, a deputation was sent to Capua to exhort General Championnet to march upon Naples, promising him every possible assistance to facilitate his entrance into that city. The General replied: "that not having troops enough to take Naples by storm, he could not think of moving, unless the fort of St. Elmo, which commanded the city, was in the hands of the patriots." Although this fortress was in possession of the lazzaroni, Nicolino Caracciolo, brother of the Duke of Roccaromana, had been nominated its commander. The latter, accompanied by a small band of followers, entered the castle, and under pretence that it was not sufficiently well victualled, he gave money to the lazzaroni, and sent them about the town

to procure provisions. By this stratagem he got rid of the greater part of these people. He then ordered the sentinels to be changed, and confided these posts to the patriots, who introduced their partisans in such numbers that they were then a match for the lazzaroni. They who returned from their victualling expedition in the town, were ordered from the castle walls to surrender themselves and lay down their arms, which they did, and were forthwith conveyed to prison.

When this had been successfully executed, the tricolor flag was hoisted at the battlement of the castle as a signal to the French to march towards the city.

The lazzaroni, undisciplined and without officers to lead them, after opposing the French in the country surrounding the city with an extraordinary degree of valour, were driven back into the town, which they began to defend with the greatest obstinacy and at a heavy loss to themselves. During three days, the French army experienced the greatest difficulty in penetrating into the town. Although it was unprotected either by walls or bastions, it was most stoutly defended by a numerous body of men fighting with the most determined courage, which they derived in an equal degree from religious fanaticism and from an implacable hatred of the French.

The assailants were divided into five columns. One remained in reserve, another was directed towards the elevated point of Capo del Monte, where it stationed itself without the least difficulty; the next advanced in the direction of the Bastione del Carmine, another was sent towards the bridge of the Maddalena, and the last and strongest marched upon the Porta Capuasca. After driving thence some bands of lazzaroni and taking several pieces of cannon,

they entered the gates of the city and encamped on the Piazza Capuana. A heavy fire proceeding from the different houses thereabout, in which the lazzaroni had concealed themselves, caused great damage to the French troops, and finally obliged them to change their quarters. This same body of Frenchmen again advanced, possessed themselves of a battery of twelve cannons, immediately before the city gates, and proceeded cautiously, as soon as night came on, into the Piazza, where they set fire to the houses from whence had proceeded the murderous discharge in the morning. The people terrified by the sight of the flames, and still more so at seeing the Castle of St. Elmo in the hands of the patriots, fled into the interior of the city.

On the following day, the combat was continued on both sides, but without any great degree of success. When the lazzaroni beheld the tri-coloured flag waving over the fort of St. Elmo, from whence shots were being fired upon the people assembled beneath, they perceived that they had been betrayed; this circumstance did not, however, diminish their audacity or weaken their courage. The next day, which was the 23rd, the fighting became most terrific and obstinate, and caused much bloodshed to both parties. The infuriated people behaved on that day with marvellous intrepidity, but the art and discipline of the enemy prevailed. All the castles were held by the French troops. A column of the latter, joined to a band of brave patriots, issued from the Castle of St. Elmo, and after a long but hotly contested battle, put a termination to the conflict.

In the midst of so much destruction and misery, General Championnet, who wished to bring about a cessation of hostilities, ordered the flag of peace to be hoisted from the Largo delle Pigne, where he was

encamped with the French column. Well acquainted with the Italian language, he called the people to him, and in terms of kindness and benevolence urged them to cease all demonstrations of a hostile nature. He showed them that as the French troops were in possession of the forts of the city, any resistance on their part would be at once unavailing and injurious. He solemnly affirmed, moreover, that both individuals and interests should be respected; that their common religion should be held in veneration, and that every devotion should be paid to their protector, St. Gennaro. This affectionate discourse produced the greatest effect, and was much applauded by the people, who entreated the General to order a guard of honour to be placed at the shrine of St. Gennaro. Two battalions of grenadiers were immediately sent to the cathedral; they were accompanied thither by the people shouting "God save St. Gennaro! God save the French!" The rumour of this event was soon spread throughout the city. The people dropped their arms, and all hostile demonstrations ceased. General Championnet, in the midst of his troops, and to the sound of music, made his public entrance into the city, and immediately issued a proclamation, in which, in the name of the French Republic, he declared the city of Naples to be free; that his army would assume the denomination of the "Neapolitan Army," and that they would cause all French subjects to respect the public worship, the sacred rights of person and of property, and that the tranquillity and welfare of the citizens would in future be entrusted to the magistracy.

The French troops had scarcely entered Naples, before the very mob who had so frantically fought against them, casting off every sentiment of hatred and anger,

received them like beloved friends, so powerful was the effect produced by the magic cry of liberty. The joy was so universal, that even the adherents of the fallen government participated in it, and enjoyed the consciousness of being saved from the fury of the populace. But more than all the others, did the Republicans exult and congratulate themselves on the accomplishment of their ardent wishes: they might be seen in the streets embracing each other, even though they were strangers. In my youthful enthusiasm I could scarcely contain my happiness, and to this day, I still recollect the pleasure I felt at hearing people calling one another by the dear name of *citizen*—that title of equality. The public joy was alone lessened by the spectacle of the many dead bodies lying unburied in the streets. Their number, French and Neapolitans, must have amounted to about three thousand. In the course of the night the town was cleared of so melancholy a spectacle. During three nights the whole city was illuminated. The sky was clear, and Vesuvius, which during five years had remained calm, sent forth flames, as if it sympathized with the universal happiness.

The following is the report addressed by the General in Chief, Championnet, to the French Directory, detailing the result of his operations.

" Au quartier-général de Naples le 5 pluviose, an 7.

" Championnet Général en Chef au Directoire exécutif.

" Citoyens Directeurs,

" Je vous annonce que l'armée française occupe Naples et tous ses forts. Trois jours de combats consécutifs ont suffi à peine pour soumettre l'immense population de cette ville, soutenue par les débris de

l'armée royale qui s'y étaient jetés. Le délire et le fanatisme avaient armé soixante mille hommes. Le même nombre était sur mes flancs, sur mes derrières, mais les Français avaient à venger tant d'outrages que la valeur a supplée au nombre.

" Vous connaissez les conditions de l'armistice que j'avais conclu, vous en avez senti les avantages; le résultat est celui que je vous avais offert. En sauvant l'armée française, j'ai détruit celle des Napolitains. Le Général Mack s'est retiré en Allemagne; le roi fui en Sicile; les patriotes ont le dessus; la révolution est faite: un monarque de moins, une république de plus: voilà l'histoire des affaires.

" Je réunissais l'armée devant Capoue, tandis que le Général Rey continuait à diriger les colonnes mobiles pour désarmer les environs de Sezza (Sessa), les bords du Jurigliano et rétablir les communications qui ne commencent à être un peu moins incertaines que depuis trois jours seulement.

" L'armée vivait sur la foi des traités; les rapports journaliers m'apprenaient que la tête du Général Mack était mis à prix; qu'une grande fermentation régnait dans Naples. En effet, le Général Mack est obligé de se réfugier parmi les Français. Les lazzaroni désarment une partie de l'armée royale, s'emparent des canons, des pièces d'artillerie, et menacent de nous attaquer. Les soldats désarmés arrivent en foule: on les reçoit, on les enrôle. L'effet suit de près la menace des lazzaroni; ils attaquent les avant-postes de Ponte Rotto; ils sont repoussés. Je ne demandais que ce coup d'éclat: d'ailleurs aucune des conditions imposés par le traité n'était remplie. J'étais donc dégagé du fantôme d'armistice que j'avais conclu.

" L'armée, toute faible qu'elle était, se trouvait réunie,

La division du Général Rey manquait seulement au cadre de mes forces; mais il fallait voler au secours des patriotes de Naples; le mouvement s'exécuta.

" La première division, commandée pendant l'absence du Général Le Moine, par le Général Dufrosse, fit prisonniers à Aversa 300 cavaliers; un colonel s'empara d'un équipage de pont, de 150 caissons et de 15 pièces de canon. La deuxième division, commandée par le Général Duhesme, prend position, après avoir battu en diverses rencontres des masses de paysans, et brûlé un village.

" Le Chef de Brigade Broussier, qui se retirait de Bénévento, et faisant l'arrière-garde de la division du Général Duhesme, avec le 17ème de ligne et le 7ème régiment de chasseurs à cheval, s'est enveloppé par 6,000 paysans. Il se fait jour. Broussier cherche une position avantageuse; il feint de fuir; dresse une ambuscade, y attire l'ennemi, le charge et lui tue 800 hommes, en blesse 1,000. Ce combat s'est donné près des Fourches Caudines.

" J'ordonne le lendemain aux deux divisions de marcher en avant et de resserrer la place de Naples, de couronner toutes les hauteurs et de culbuter tout ce qui se présenterait. Je l'avoue, je ne m'attendais à aucune résistance. Cependant la fusillade s'engage avec la première division; l'ennemi est repoussé, il perd du canon. Tandis que cette action se passe sous Capo di Chino, la 12ème de ligne marchait pour s'emparer de la belle position de Capo di Monte. La position est emportée à la fin du jour.

" Le Général Duhesme trouvait plus d'obstacles sur la gauche; il marchait pour resserrer la ville: il est attaqué sur trois colonnes; mais la 27ème légère, les grenadiers de la 73ème, et un bataillon de la 64ème de

ligne, repoussent, culbutent les lazzaroni et les troupes de ligne qui sont mêlées parmi eux. Cette action est très vive ; le Général Mounier, donna l'exemple de l'audace : il tombe blessé. Le Capitaine Ordenneau, aide-de-camp du Général Duhesme, est mis hors de combat par un coup de mitraille. La blessure du Général Mounier est jugée dangereuse. Ce malheur ajoute aux regrets de l'armée qui perdrait un de ses meilleurs généraux. Le Général Broussier, l'adjoint-général Thiebault poursuivent les brigands ; ils les jettent dans la ville ; on ramène 20 pièces de canon, le feu est mis aux maisons, les rues sont jonchées de cadavres ; la nuit met fin à ce combat ; le Général Duhesme replie ses troupes. La situation de Naples devenait affreuse pour ses habitants. Je crus devoir les faire sommer de se rendre, de déposer les armes. Les lazzaroni reçurent le parlementaire à coups de fusil : cet excès de délire m'affligea. L'armée passe la nuit en position sur les hauteurs de Naples.

" L'insolence des assiégés m'avait aigri ; les braves gens que l'armée avait perdus, les assassinats partiels que la lâcheté commettait tous les jours, justifiaient le besoin de vengeance. Je donne l'ordre de l'attaque pour le lendemain. Les colonnes marcheront armées de torches incendiaires ; elles n'avanceront que de ruines en ruines ; elles fusilleront ce qui portera les armes.

" Sur ces entrefaites, j'apprends que les patriotes Napolitains sont dignes d'être les amis des Français. Ils se sont emparés du fort St. Elme. Le brave Moliterno y commande. Je profite de la nuit pour y jeter deux bataillons ; ils y sont reçus au cri de ' vive la république.' Le canon du fort St. Elme tonne. Ce signal est convenu. L'armée s'élance : elle attaque avec fureur ; elle est reçue de même. Jamais combat

ne fut plus opiniâtre : jamais tableau ne fut plus affreux. Les lazzaroni, ces hommes étonnants, ces régiments étrangers et Napolitains, échappés des débris de l'armée qui avait fui devant nous, sont des héros renfermés dans Naples. On se bat dans toutes les rues; le terrain se dispute pied à pied; les lazzaroni sont commandés par des chefs intrépides. Le fort St. Elme les foudroie; la terrible bayonette les enfonce; ils se replient en ordre, reviennent à la charge, s'avancent avec audace, gagnent souvent du terrain. Cependant la moitié de la ville est conquise à la fin du jour.

" Je vous prie d'adresser une lettre de félicitation aux braves Pignatelli, originaires de Naples, chauds patriotes, d'un courage à toute épreuve. L'un d'eux chef de légion, s'est emparé de Castelnuovo, son frère chef d'escadron, chargeant à la tête de quelques chasseurs a pris 4 pièces de canon.

" J'espérais que l'exemple terrible de la vengeance forcerait les lazzaroni à demander quartier. Loin de là ils escarmouchent toute la nuit, multiplient les attaques et attendent avec courage la marche des colonnes françaises. J'ordonne donc une troisième attaque : l'enlèvement du fort Neuf; celui del Carmine et l'incendie du quartier des lazzaroni (Basso-porto). Le combat recommence avec fureur; les Français sont vainqueurs sur tous les points; le Château Neuf est emporté; il ne reste plus que celui du Carmine.

" La ville est menacée d'un sac général. Enfin j'offre encore des paroles de paix. J'intéresse les patriotes échappés au malheur : je persuade les prêtres, le peuple les écoute; un de leurs chefs est gagné. L'espérance renaît, le citoyen paisible se montre, le calme se rétablit, et ce même peuple qui se battait en désespéré pour la cause d'un Roi perfide, revenu de son délire, bénit les

Français, fait retentir l'air de 'vive la république:' les hommes de la guerre ne sont plus que sur les décombres qui nous environnent. Le pavillon tricolore flotte sur tous les forts: ils reçoivent la garnison française, l'armée prend position: je la proclame, armée de Naples. C'est une récompense qui doit immortaliser sa gloire.

"L'histoire fidèle dira un jour que cette armée, attaquée à l'improviste, manquant de tout, ne recevant aucun renfort, abandonnée à sa seule énergie, a envahi le royaume de Naples, battu et détruit une armée de 80,000 Napolitains parfaitement organisés; que cette armée a combattu la masse énorme d'une population effrénée mille fois plus dangereuse que des troupes réglées, a pris 300 pièces de canon, tout le parc de l'ennemi; et qu'enfin après un combat aussi sanglant qu'étrange, elle a soumis un peuple déchaîné contre elle, et lui a fait don de la liberté."

CHAPTER V.

1799.

The Parthenopean Republic erected by General Championnet—Operations of King Ferdinand in Sicily—First causes of discord between the patriots and the French, who order the disarming of the population—I leave the Military College to serve in the National Guard—Championnet, recalled by the Directory, is replaced by General Macdonald—Cardinal Ruffo lands from Sicily—His proceedings—Horrors committed by the ferocious Mammone—War by the royal party against the French and Neapolitan republicans—Progress of Cardinal Ruffo—The Austro-Russians descend into Italy and oblige the French to retire from the kingdom, leaving only a few garrisons in some places—The Neapolitan Republicans alone against the population, incited and assisted by English, Russians, and Turks—The Cardinal, in sight of the capital, assaults the Fort of Vigliena—The column of Schipani receives orders to relieve Naples—I receive two wounds, and am made prisoner.

THE day following his entrance into Naples, General Championnet published an edict, wherein he proclaimed, in the name of the French Republic, that Naples should be formed into an independent Republic; that it was to be governed by an Assembly composed of twenty-five magistrates, divided into six authorities, and denominated, as in France, *Committees*, under the

special appellations of Central, Interior, Justice, Police, Finances, War and Legislative; and that these committees together should form a provisional government. He then proceeded, with great military pomp, and followed by a brilliant retinue to St. Sorenzo, in the great hall of which he pronounced a discourse, wherein he constituted the provisional government of the Republic, and entrusted to twenty-five magistrates, previously selected by him, the power of governing the Republic, until the people should have fixed upon a settled form of government. His discourse was answered in an energetic speech of the representative, Carlo Lambert, who, having taken refuge in France on account of his liberal principles had returned to his own country with the French army.

The Assembly broke up in the midst of shouts of applause. On the same day edicts were sent by the provisional government into the different provinces, proclaiming the change which had taken place in the State, and setting forth that, until further instructions should be received, the then existing authorities were to govern according to the rules of the Republic.

A few days afterwards, General Championnet, accompanied by the principal officers and generals of his army, proceeded in great state to the metropolitan church, to worship the relics of St. Gennaro, and to offer up thanks for the termination of the revolt. Every thing had been prepared in the chapel for the execution of this ceremony. The General and his suite knelt devoutly; the people, attracted thither in crowds, were absorbed in the contemplation of the

phials, in order to draw from the proceeding an omen of felicity, or the reverse. The miracle of the liquefaction of the saint's blood was happily accomplished; and the credulous multitude departed with the impression, that their own change of state was an undoubted result of the divine will.

If the French, as well as our own provisional government, had possessed greater sagacity or exercised more tact towards the popular party; if they had acted in a manner tending to make the former imbibe a right notion of their real interest; if to this end they had used actions instead of words, it cannot be doubted that they might have awakened in them as strong a hatred of despotism, and as powerful a feeling of enthusiasm, as their forefathers had shown at an earlier period in the revolt of Masaniello. Those brave men, although equally forsaken by the aristocracy and the wealthy, *had the heroism to resist, during a period of nine months, in the streets of Naples,* the Viceroy of Spain, who had bands of experienced soldiers under his command, and a numerous fleet at his disposal.

There can be no doubt that General Championnet displayed much sagacity and honesty in the selection he made of the twenty-five representatives, composing the provisional government of the rising Neapolitan Republic. Nevertheless, although they were able, honest, zealous persons; although, moreover, they were animated by sentiments of real patriotism, they were extremely deficient in the experience requisite for the management of important state affairs, which can only be acquired by time and practice: they could not, therefore, establish and consolidate freedom amongst

an ignorant people, already weighed down by several centuries of shameful servitude. There is a very great difference between theoretical and practical statesmanship; a difference which is to be discerned when existing freedom is to be preserved, but which is at once glaringly apparent when freedom is to be established.

Sicily was become the refuge and the asylum of a dastardly prince and his adherents, who breathed forth the most violent hatred, and the most pertinacious spirit of vengeance. They sent forth against us large naval and land forces; they lavished wealth; they published absurd and insidious edicts, wherein they excited, with threats, the pacific citizens, nay, the whole population to revolt. By resorting to rewards and promises, they succeeded in gathering together the very scum of the populace, who, having escaped from the prisons and galleys, infested the provinces where they committed fresh crimes.

Amongst these insidious instigators of evil were many ministers of religion, who, endowed with immense wealth, and being the sole support of numerous families, declared open war against the new order of things: and did so far more effectually than if they had been bands of armed troops. Whilst affecting to inculcate their evangelical ministry of peace and concord, they went about, headed by a dignitary of the church, bearing the title of Generalissimo, scattering the brand of discord in every direction, and exciting the people to a civil war.

Added to these evils, the mischief which had been committed by the regal government, by the spoliation of the wealth of the State, which had left the public

treasury completely bare, the badness of the harvest that year, and the consequent scarcity of provision within the capital; and what was still worse, the difficulty of procuring any from without, on account of the paralysed state of our inland and maritime commerce—all these circumstances tended to produce a state of the most deplorable misery. The exorbitant taxes laid upon the capital, and the rule of the Liberator-General, were impositions the heavier to bear, from the impossibility of satisfying them in the impoverished state of the country. The General was inflexible in exacting immediate payment, and would not admit even the slightest delay. These impositions struck out the first spark of discord between the Republicans and the French, and produced a universal feeling of discontent against both.

One of the first decrees issued by Championnet ordered that the entire population should be disarmed. Such a measure—which had been universally adopted by the French in the countries conquered by them—was both dangerous and impolitic applied to us. Setting aside the impossibility of executing such an order, it fell more directly upon those whose self-defence required that they should retain possession of their arms, since it was quite impossible to prevent the evil-intentioned from concealing theirs; and, as it proved, this decree awakened mutual suspicion and mistrust, and utterly destroyed the sympathy at first experienced on both sides, and which it was their common interest to preserve. If restitution of the arms which had been taken from the Arsenal, and from the War-Offices had been insisted upon, the proceeding would have been perfectly correct, since they might

have been required to equip the new army which was about to be formed.

In the meantime, the formation of a National Guard and the organization of a new and more powerful army, proceeded very slowly. This delay, with regard to the former, proceeded from the little confidence felt by the Republicans in the body of the people; and towards the latter it arose from the ambition of the French to prolong their dominion in the country. The first error admitted excuse; the second was unpardonable.

For my own part, my soul burned to serve the Republic in a military capacity; but my brothers opposed my desire on the plea of my extreme youth. I was then sixteen years of age. When a National Guard was decreed, a dear friend of my brother Florestano, with whom I afterwards contracted a great intimacy, Gaetano Coppola, was created captain of the newly raised corps. This choice was founded no less on his personal merit, than upon the circumstance of his being brother to the Duke of Canzano, who had been long imprisoned on political grounds, and who was one of the noblest martyrs of despotism. This excellent young man, handsome in person, of good and amiable deportment, kind-hearted and generous in the highest degree, endowed with every desirable quality, loved his country for its own sake. He had no false or vulgar ambition. I touch upon these attributes to his character because I shall hereafter have occasion to speak of him more than once. At the instigation of my brothers, who wished me to remain in Naples, he persuaded me to serve in the company then under his command, and he made me drill-sergeant. As I was

fresh from the Military College I was extremely glad to enter even into this militia, persuaded that, at a later period, it would open to me a path into the regular army.

If my memory does not fail me, the first corps of troops of the line formed by the Neapolitan Republic was the legion of Infantry commanded by Ettore Carafa, Count Ruvo, of the family of the Dukes of Andria, to whose flight from the Castle of St. Elmo, where he was confined for State reasons, and whose safe arrival amongst the French at Rome, I have already alluded. This young man, besides the *prestige* of his illustrious name and of his great wealth, was gifted with a fervid and cultivated mind. He was brave, and so warm were his feelings of patriotism, and so measureless his ambition, that it would be difficult to say which held the mastery over his soul.

It is certain, that if the Republic had lasted, he would have attained to a high standing in it. As he had known my brother Giovanni Batista intimately, ever since the period of his own imprisonment in the Castle of St. Elmo, where my brother used often to be on guard, as I have already mentioned, he caused him and my brother Florestano to be named captains in the legion under his command. I would fain have entered it likewise, even as a private, but my brothers firmly opposed, and prevented the execution of such a scheme.

The new Government occupied itself but feebly in the formation of a new army. This fatal neglect principally arose from the extreme penury of the treasury, and from a mingled feeling of confidence and hope that the French army would remain some

time in the kingdom. Besides, the Government paid small heed to the insurrection of the people throughout the provinces. General Championnet, although obliged to raise the most exorbitant taxes in order to meet the urgent necessities of his own army, was by no means unwilling to favour, to the utmost of his power, our rising Republic; which disposition was recognized and acknowledged in the popularity he had acquired.

The French Directory, pretending to exercise over Naples the right of conquest, sent us a civil commissary, by name F——. This man was one of those voracious blood-suckers whom the French Government was wont to fasten upon the newly-formed Republics which it created, and upon which it bestowed the derisive title of "independent." These said commissaries, under the shadow of the protection of their ruling powers, committed every kind of insolence and rapine with impunity.

When the commissary, F—— reached Naples, he prepared in the name of his Government to regulate not only the possessions belonging to the crown, such as palaces, royal villas, and other freehold property, but even those appertaining strictly to the nation; namely, the Bank, the Mint, the public libraries and museums, as well as the valuable antiquities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, even those still underground. General Championnet opposed himself with the utmost firmness to so Vandal-like a decree, and aptly foreseeing the inevitable consequences of its being put into execution, after much warm altercation with the commissary, ordered him out of the country.

The Neapolitans enthusiastically applauded the recti-

tude of the General's conduct, and became more sincerely attached to him than ever. This act excited the displeasure of the French Directory, and orders were issued to deprive General Championnet of the command he held. He was accordingly arrested, carried to Paris, and tried before a court martial, which acquitted him. Reinstated in the command of his army, he died a short time after at Antibes, poor in fortune but rich in glory.

His loss was deeply felt at Naples, the more so that he had been succeeded by General Macdonald who, entirely devoted to the Directory, was far from enjoying an equal popularity, or inspiring the same feeling of confidence as his predecessor. The evil brought about by the untoward disposition of the French Government towards us was incalculable. A feeling of hatred against the French revived, and it was strengthened by the return of the miscreant F——, now more insolent than ever. General Macdonald was quite powerless to oppose the vexations he inflicted upon us.

The Government had from the very first sent into the different provinces commissaries selected from the patriotic associations, less on account of their intrinsic merit than in a spirit of intrigue. Such meetings, although in some respects mischievous, are nevertheless extremely useful—nay, almost necessary in moments of peril, when extreme energy is essentially requisite. As the faults to which I allude were not compensated by any of those noble acts of generosity and patriotism to which civil discord often gives birth, the disorders of these associations remained without anything to make amends for their existence.

Whilst the Government was occupied in dictating

the fundamental laws of the Republic, which only wanted an army to consolidate its existence, the Bourbon party in Sicily, abetted powerfully by the English, left no means untried to urge the people to revolt.

Without the support afforded by Sicily to the discontented, they would easily have been put down by the republicans who had their real interest at heart, and who exercised over them that moral influence which never fails to belong to the opulent classes of society. A basis of support is a thing of first-rate importance, is indispensable to those who would bend their energies to overthrow a standing government. Cardinal Ruffo landed in Calabria; Apulia was overrun by four Corsican adventurers, one of whom assumed the title of the hereditary Prince Francis, son of Ferdinand IV.

The other provinces were infested by a set of ruffians, the residue of the gallies, who had previously sought a refuge in Sicily, and by others sprung from the very dregs of the populace. These wretches, more or less loaded with crimes, and signalized by their brutal ferocity, caused themselves to be acknowledged as the chiefs of numerous bands, the first knot of which was formed by the baronial men-at-arms, and by the Dalmatian troops who had been dismissed from the army where they served until it was disbanded, and had since wandered about in desperate gangs, living upon the produce of the alms they demanded. The others were composed of the numerous criminals delivered from the prisons.

As the proclamations, issued in the name of King Ferdinand and of Cardinal Ruffo, promised to all

such as should take up arms for the Holy Cause, or for the Holy Faith—for thus they denominated the King's cause—the property and estates of the patriots, that is to say, of all the wealthy, as well as the pillage of all the towns and villages which should openly resist them; it happened that many accustomed to gain an honest livelihood by their own labour, with other equally worthy persons, in order to escape from the threats implied in the proclamations, joined these bands, increasing them in a considerable degree. The clergy was not backward on this occasion in calming the consciences of the timid by exhortations full of insidious pretences and fallacious excuses. One of the most dreaded members of these bands was a certain Gaetano Mammone, by trade a miller, whose ferocious cruelty would exceed the bounds of human belief and be at once reputed false if the most flagrant facts were not at hand to bear witness to it. The band to which he belonged infested the neighbourhood of Sora, which became the scene of the most horrible carnage. He butchered in the most dreadful manner all the victims which fell into his power, and with his own hands murdered nearly four hundred of them, who were chiefly Frenchmen and Neapolitans. Blood-thirsty by nature, he seemed to revel in shedding blood, and carried his cruelty to such a pitch, that when seated at his meals he delighted in having constantly before him a human head newly divided from the trunk, and streaming with blood. This monster, the perpetrator of so many horrors, was nevertheless greeted by King Ferdinand and his Queen Caroline in the most affectionate manner by the title of "dear General," and of "faithful supporter of the throne."

Such is the spirit of hatred and vengeance in the hardened hearts of princes.

The Republican Government and the French General, aroused by such shocking events, at length decided upon putting down the insurgents. Having delayed to do so far beyond the time their duty called upon them to act, it was at least essential that they should begin with as large a force as circumstances would admit. Two columns were accordingly devoted to this service, the former composed of about five thousand Frenchmen commanded by General Duhesme and of the Neapolitan legion under the orders of Ettore Carafa, consisting of twelve hundred men; the second column, of the strength of fifteen hundred men, was entrusted to Giuseppe Schipani. This person was a native of Calabria, and was no less renowned for his patriotism than for his personal valour. General Duhesme was to proceed into Apulia to disperse the insurgents, and then to penetrate into Calabria, where, conjointly with Schipani's forces, he was to engage Cardinal Ruffo. Schipani had received instructions to increase his column by enlisting all the Calabrese patriots who were flying before the ferocity of the Bourbonites, and to oppose the progress of the Cardinal, without however coming to open hostilities before he should join Duhesme. The selection of Schipani for this undertaking was a very great error.

This arduous and important enterprise required a commander of great military experience and capacity. It was notorious to all such as were acquainted with the brave Schipani, that, although a devoted and sincere patriot, he was greatly deficient in those par-

ticular points. The result was as might have been expected. Scarcely had he reached the first frontier of the interior of Calabria, than resolving—although there was not the slightest necessity to do so—to take possession of Castelluccio Soprano, a little village situated on the summit of an extremely steep hill, he met with so obstinate a resistance, that his troops were put to flight, and he was obliged to draw back as far as the city of Salerno. This retreat was much more mischievous in its effects than a positive defeat would have been; for the rumour of this disaster exaggerated and even changed its real circumstances, and as is usual in such cases, gave strength to the opposite party. The troops under General Duhesme experienced a very different fortune. He began by taking the rich and populous town of St. Severo, which is situated on the edge of Mount Gargano. This city was most bravely defended by its own mountaineers, aided by the insurgents of various of the provinces. After a most obstinate resistance, far greater than could possibly have been anticipated from so undisciplined a multitude, they were at last overcome, leaving upwards of three thousand dead on the field. About four hundred of the assailants were killed and wounded.

According to the rules of war, especially of civil war, Duhesme ought to have proceeded immediately in the direction of Taranto, in order to subjugate the whole of Apulia; instead of this, the different corps composing his columns were scattered in every direction, thus giving ample scope to the Bourbonites to recover from their surprise, and to consolidate the revolution in the provinces of Basi and of Lecce by

securing the city of Andria, containing a population of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Eight thousand men of the King's party occupied the city of Bitonto, where they were soon joined by several hundred infantry sent from Sicily, who had just landed. It now became necessary that the General-in-Chief Macdonald should send another column of troops, commanded by General Broussier, amongst which was the well-organized legion of the brave Ettore Carafa. The assault of Andria was an indispensable necessity, for it was surrounded by strong walls, was well provisioned, and offered the greatest possible obstacle to the advance of the French army. Ettore Carafa, availing himself of the influence which the ancient dominion of his family over that city, and his illustrious birth afforded him, exerted all his endeavours to induce its inhabitants to yield under the most advantageous conditions. But their inflexible obstinacy, and the stubbornness of the Bourbonite chief, rendered the assault of the town inevitable.

Ettore Carafa and his legion performed prodigies of valour on this occasion. My brother Florestano, who commanded a company of grenadiers, was about to scale the walls of the city at their head, when he perceived an aide-de-camp of General Broussier urging the Neapolitans forward with an appearance of mistrust in their courage; upon which he exclaimed: "I suspect, you will hardly excel us to-day," and then setting at nought every instigation of prudence, he proceeded forthwith to mount the walls. At this juncture, a musket ball passed through his chest, and he fell senseless amidst the dead and dying. He was

conveyed thence with others of the wounded into the neighbouring city of Barletta.

The French endeavoured to storm Andria by dint of their powerful artillery on one side, and by scaling the walls on the other; but this was not to be done without great loss. Their opponents defended themselves with Saguntine bravery. The commander of the French artillery, a very brave officer, was killed while placing the guns to destroy the gates, and the enemy continued to fight desperately even after the French had entered the town, when many thousands of them perished. I cannot here refrain from alluding to a noble and generous trait of Ettore Carafa, which reflects the highest honour upon him. Two French soldiers, instigated by an atrocious spirit of vengeance, no less than by the most disgusting profligacy, had laid violent hands upon a young girl of gentle parentage, who was about to fall a victim to their brutality, when Carafa perceiving her danger, rushed to her assistance, and putting one of her assailants to death, saved her from the other at the imminent risk of his own life. When the tumult of battle was in some measure subsided, the French troops passed rapidly from a state of furious exasperation into a jovial disposition of mind, and many amongst them paraded the town attired in pontifical attire, of which they had possessed themselves at the pillage of the town.

The terrible example of the taking of Andria did not suffice to discourage the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Trani, the inhabitants of which had been joined by the Bourbonites of the surrounding cities. The promises of speedy succour from Sicily, and the

presence of the English fleet, which continued to coast along the shore, supported and fomented the valour and pertinacity of these brave men. The city of Trani, no less populous than that of Andria, and far stronger, likewise fell, after a terrible slaughter of the vanquished, and at an expense of much loss to the French themselves. If from the heroic resistance of these two cities no manifest political advantage had been derived, it sufficed to convince the whole of Europe that the Neapolitan army had not been disbanded some months previously because of its lack of individual courage, from which quality, nurtured and improved by proper institutions and discipline, the compact efficiency of an army can alone be acquired.

The advantage thus obtained over the Bourbonites by the Republican troops was unfortunately rendered barren to them by the preparations made by the Austrians and Russians to drive the French from the upper part of Italy. This impending danger compelled General Macdonald to keep his army together, in the event of a retreat becoming necessary. Thus it happened, that seeing no Republican troops advancing against him, Cardinal Ruffo, although both timid and slow in his movements, continued to progress. He took peaceable possession of the city of Monteleone, from whence he directed his march through Cubro in the direction of Cotrona. This extremely ancient city, situated upon the borders of the Ionian sea, very poorly fortified, and ill provided with food and ammunition, could offer but little, if any, resistance to the reckless, furious bands which assailed its walls. The Cardinal, not possessing wherewithal to remunerate his followers, had promised them in lieu of pay the

pillage of that wealthy city. The wretched inhabitants of Cotrona, finding themselves weak and incapable of offering any efficient resistance to their aggressors, offered to surrender under certain conditions. Regardless of their request, the inexorable priest ordered the town to be assaulted, which injunction was carried into effect in the course of a few hours. The carnage on this occasion was horrible. The Cardinal's ferocious troops spared neither age nor sex, but perpetrated the most unheard-of acts of wanton cruelty. Several young men of the best families, amongst whom was the Chevalier Giuseppe Soriano, were mercilessly butchered. After two days of sack, bloodshed, and every other excess, a large altar was erected in the principal square of the city; and there, after a sacrilegious priest—yclept "warrior of the Holy Faith"—had celebrated mass, the Cardinal himself, decked in the holy insignias of his sacred calling, first proceeded to bestow an eulogium upon the conduct pursued by the assembled multitude during the preceding days; then extending his arms towards heaven, and making the sign of the cross with his right hand, he absolved the crowd of miscreants around him from all the crimes they had perpetrated during the course of the siege, and bestowing his benediction upon the heads of his troops, retired. By such means did the wily churchman extend his influence over his followers, and make a mockery of that very religion in defence of which he professed to act.

From Cotrona he directed his march upon Catanzaro, the capital of inner Calabria, and wholly devoted to the French party. This city, which was powerful from its strength, and the firm determination of its numerous

inhabitants to resist unto the very last any attempt that might be vindictively made against them, capitulated upon honourable terms. He then proceeded to Cosenza, the capital of Lower Calabria. Having obtained possession of it by treachery, he next went forward towards Rossano. After overcoming Cassano, he entered into Basilicata, a province abounding with corn, cattle, towns, and inhabitants. As soon as the Cardinal had succeeded in subjecting this part of the kingdom to the King, he penetrated into Apulia, besieged Altamura, a richly populated city, powerful both by its situation and the valour of its inhabitants, and well known for its warm adherence to liberty.

The courage displayed by the inhabitants of Altamura during the course of this siege is indeed worthy of commemoration, and their defeat would not have been effected, had not the Cardinal possessed amongst his undisciplined band many veteran soldiers of great military experience and sagacity, who had been sent from Sicily to his assistance with a train of artillery, and a detachment of cavalry. The defence of Altamura was truly heroic, nor did it yield until after it had exhausted every possible means of resistance. The night preceding the entrance of the Cardinal within its walls, its most ardent defenders, in order to avoid the brutality of their aggressors, issued forth, and crossing the army of the enemy, escaped unmolested. The fall of this city was succeeded by three days of the most horrible carnage, depredation, and outrage: even a monastery of nuns was broken into, and, as usual, the Cardinal applauded such infamous deeds.

At this period, a new alliance was formed between the Russians and the Turks. The combined vessels and troops of these nations occupied several isles of

the Archipelago, formerly subjected to Venice, and blockaded Corfu, then in the possession of the French. This Turco-Russian fleet, coasting along the shores of Apulia on the Adriatic, favoured the emissaries sent from Sicily by Queen Caroline to the assistance of Cardinal Ruffo. It is less surprising that Turks should lend their aid to a member of the holy purple, when it is remembered that at an early period of the history of Italy, the Pope's guard were entirely composed of a body of Mussulmen.

It appears scarcely credible that in such a state of things the French Directory, instead of providing for our safety, should have sent an organizing commissary, the citizen Abrial,* to improve the condition of the expiring Parthenopean Republic. Strange was it, that so many honest and well-informed men, whose bosoms teemed with the love of their country, and who composed the Government, should not have perceived that in the critical position of the State it was far more urgent to act, than to sit down and merely discuss the matter. The commissary Abrial formed the new Government upon the same footing as that of France, the legislative power being entrusted to twenty-five citizens, the executive power to five and to four ministers. The choice of the members devolved upon Abrial, who retained in office several of the former representatives, to whom he added some other functionaries. When the new Government was thus established, and the various powers divided, the members of the legislative body, delivered from the most urgent State-affairs, gave themselves up with the greatest possible ardour to the formation of new

* A man noted for his integrity, knowledge, and love of liberty.

laws. Codes of finance, of feudality, of worship, of public instruction, were drawn up; and they decreed on the same occasion the erection of a Pantheon, wherein should be recorded the names of the first victims of despotism—viz., of Deo, Galiani, and Vitaliano; of a monument to the memory of Torquato Tasso, to be erected at his birth-place of Sorrento; and finally, of the erection of a tomb more worthy of the ashes of Virgil than the existing one. All these projects doubtless, were excellent in themselves, only that in the critical juncture of the country it was far more urgent to provide against the imminent dangers which threatened the Republic than to labour in behalf of its former grandeur.

The ill-success encountered by the French army in Upper Italy obliged General Macdonald to withdraw his troops towards the Po. He commenced his movements early in May, having first placed detachments in the Castle of St. Elmo, and in the fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, with strict injunctions to defend their posts, but not to afford any assistance to the Republic. This ill-advised demonstration of selfish indifference was of no real utility to the French, whilst it materially hastened the destruction of the Neapolitan commonwealth. If the six thousand Frenchmen occupying those three garrisons had joined the Neapolitans, the defeat of Cardinal Ruffo's forces would have been inevitable; whilst the safety of the fortresses of St. Elmo, Capua, and Gaeta might have been judiciously confided to the National Guard. The excuse advanced by General Macdonald for acting thus—that the first duty of a commander is to provide for the safety of his troops, is in itself highly erroneous, for an inevitable consequence of the destruction of the Republic was

that of the different fortresses of the kingdom, and the surrender of their garrisons. Another great error committed by General Macdonald at the moment when he was constrained to make his retreat, was the promising his own prompt return, and the speedy arrival of a Spanish and French fleet, bearing ammunition and troops for the succour of the Republic: he even went the length of stating the names of the vessels which were so speedily to assist us. These flattering hopes tended to prevent the Government from taking a just view of the imminence of our case, and, consequently, from resorting to such energetic measures as might haply have saved us.

Thus, the Republicans of Naples, and of the provinces who had fled to the capital were deserted, and left to defend themselves against almost the entire population of the kingdom. And not these alone: against the British and Sicilian fleets which supported them; against the Russians and Turks who had already landed at Taranto under Count Micheroux, who commanded likewise several detachments of English troops, and some cavalry and infantry regiments in the pay of King Ferdinand.

But so great was the enthusiasm, and so powerful were the patriotic sentiments burning the hearts of the republicans, that notwithstanding so formidable an opposition, and the scantiness of their means, had they but possessed a competent chief to direct their movements, they would in all probability have succeeded in retarding the downfall of their country, or, perhaps, have achieved its preservation. The French army might then have been less unfortunate in its campaign in Italy, or might even have been as successful as it was in the subsequent year at Marengo.

The expedients resorted to by the Government at this period were weak and undecided, and fully corroborated the saying of the learned Florentine secretary: "That both men and governments perish oftener from the effect of half-measures, than from an excess of daring." The organization of four legions of infantry and four regiments of cavalry, the latter to be raised in Apulia by General Frederici, was decreed.

The officers of the legions, with a small quantity of soldiers, and a regiment of cavalry under the orders of Ferdinand Pignatelli, Prince of Strongoli, were placed under the command of General Matera, with orders to join General Frederici in Apulia. Schipani was sent into the province of Salerno, against Sciarpa, a famous rebel chief; General Spano was likewise to follow Frederici into Apulia. General Bassetti was directed upon Capua, and General Manthone, who held the chief command, remained with a body of about three thousand men and one legion, composed of Calabrese of respectable families of the better class, who though novices in the art of war, were full of valour and resolution. If General Manthone, who was an old major of artillery, an honest and intrepid man, and a devoted votary to the cause of liberty, had possessed the necessary experience and knowledge for a commander-in-chief, he would have disposed his army very differently in this emergency. If, instead of scattering the different small columns entrusted to the above-mentioned officers, he had drawn them into one strong body, and marched at once against Cardinal Ruffo, there can be little doubt that he would have obtained a complete victory. Such a result would have materially altered the fate of the Republic, and

would have rendered it formidable in the eyes of the enemies against whom it had to contend. The republican forces, in themselves weak, and rendered still more so by being divided into so many different sections, were necessarily driven back or beaten. Generals Frederici, Matera, Schipani, Spano, and Bassetti, engaged in so many different directions, were repulsed with considerable loss. Even Manthone himself, not being able to advance beyond the Barra, situated about four miles distance from Naples, was obliged to make a hasty retreat. Towards the latter end of May the aspect of our affairs was so gloomy, that the Parthenopean Republic found itself restricted to the capital, and to that portion of country which lies between the Granili and the Torre dell' Annunziata, with Capua and Gaeta, garrisoned by French soldiers. In the Abruzzi we still held Pescara, commanded by the brave Ettore Carafa, who although only possessing a handful of men, made numerous sallies and harassed dreadfully the famous chief Proni, who was at the head of upwards of twelve hundred men.

Before proceeding with the eventful annals of these republicans, inexpert in warfare and in state policy, but magnanimous of heart and full of patriotism, I must return to cast a glance upon the small columns under the Generals Schipani and Matera, in which I began my military career; a career, the opening of which was so gloomy that it would have disheartened any youth of less ardent perseverance than myself.

My brother Florestano, dangerously wounded under the walls of Andria, was conveyed to Barletta, where he remained with little hope of recovery, an inmate in

the house of a worthy family of that town. My other brother, Ferdinand, obtained leave to attend him until his legion, commanded by Ettore Carafa, Duke of Andria, just promoted to the rank of General, should proceed to Pescara. I was then in Naples, enrolled in the ranks of the National Guard, in the company of my friend, Captain Gaetano Coppola, and under the vigilant care of my elder brother, Giovanni Batista, who still continued to oppose my earnest and repeated request to be allowed to serve in the regular army. I was soon, however, and in despite of his opposition, appointed cornet in the Lucano legion. At the period of which I speak, the different legions bore the names of the regions of our forefathers, when they enjoyed glory and freedom, such as Sannita, Campana, Bruzia, Calabria, &c., &c. The officers of four different legions formed one battalion, and served in the corps of General Matera. This officer was a native of Trapani in Sicily, and had sought a refuge in France in 1795, against the persecutions directed against him on political grounds in his own country. He distinguished himself greatly in the French army, attained the rank of Chief of a Battalion, and had served under General Joubert as his aid-de-camp. When the French came to Naples he returned, and was created General of Brigade by the Republic. The experience he had acquired in France caused him to be ranked amongst our most able Generals; but not being allowed to proceed according to the dictates of his own judgment, as will be seen hereafter, he was not more fortunate than his brother officers.

The battalion in which I served was composed of eight companies. The Captain of the eighth,—Mondau,

—in my brother Florestano's Burgundian regiment, caused me,—because I had come out of the Royal Military College,—to be named Sergeant-Major, thus putting me over the heads of other officers, who although for the most part holding the rank of Captain, were then serving in the capacity of simple volunteers. I was overjoyed to find myself with a knapsack on my back and a gun on my shoulder. My first day's march was to Nola, a distance of sixteen miles; the second was as far as Monteforte. Half way between Nola and Monteforte, we crossed the rough ground called the Cardinale, where we stopped to take some repose. General Matera having been informed that the Abate Antonio Jerocades of Calabria, equally celebrated for his philosophical attainments and his poetical genius, resided in the humble retirement of his rectory situated on the brow of one of the neighbouring hills, invited him to come and address the troops. Ever since my sojourn in the College of Catanzaro, Jerocades had been known to me by reputation, and I had imbibed so much esteem and veneration for his character, that it amounted to enthusiasm. I have still fresh in my memory some of his masonic poems, which were commonly sung at Catanzaro. Acceding to the request of Matera, this worthy man came down to Cardinale. I did not lose a single word of the eloquent discourse with which he exhorted us to fight bravely in defence of our freedom. His speech was like an electric spark which vibrated in all our breasts, and we proceeded from Cardinale to Monteforte joyfully singing patriotic hymns as we marched along.

After encamping upon the heights which are close to Monteforte, the General proceeded to push on the

greater part of his column upon Avellino, leaving only a small body of cavalry, which—such was the scarcity of horses—was not yet mounted in the direction of Montorio. Supported by the battalion of officers, he purposed an assault upon several hundred insurgents who infested that neighbourhood. On reaching the place where we expected to find them, we discovered that they had retreated, leaving no clue to the direction they had taken. Our column then returned towards Avellino. During this counter-march, the eighth company bringing up the rear, we were unexpectedly assaulted in flank and in our rear, by a band of peasants armed with carbines. The road through which we were passing was a kind of ravine, overhung on both sides by an elevation; from these heights our assailants discharged a brisk volley, killing and wounding many of our men; amongst the wounded was d'Ambrosio, who at a later period of his life acquired the reputation of a most able General. We marched on in the greatest confusion, and Matera perceiving all the disadvantages of our situation, assembled us upon the elevated ground in such a manner as to enable our dismounted cavalry to protect our retreat. This was the first day of my being exposed to fire, and it was very nearly being the last, for our rear-guard was closely pursued by the enemy, who took many of our men prisoners, and, as we afterwards learnt, put them to death in the most cruel manner.

Having assembled the army at Avellino, it proceeded on the following day as far as Aviano. At this place Matera received tidings that Frederici had been obliged to retreat, driven back by the hordes of Cardinal Ruffo. Our General, perceiving that he had not strength enough to resist the attack of the

enemy, directed his march towards Benevento. Thus ended all my hopes of reaching Apulia with the liberating army, and of beholding again my brother Florestano, who still languished a prisoner at Barletta.

On reaching Benevento we found its gates closed upon us. Whilst we were parleying with the authorities of the town, some of the warmer of the Pope's partisans began a sharp discharge of musketry against our camp, which lay beneath the walls. We immediately drew forth in order of battle, and the very first bomb that issued from our ranks killed an old woman in the town, a circumstance which caused such a panic amongst its inhabitants that they came to conditions very favourable to us, furnishing us amply with provisions upon the sole agreement that we would not penetrate within the walls of the city. The situation of our General was become such, that he had no alternative but to return to the capital, which we accordingly reached after two days' march.

Upon the very first discharge from the walls of Benevento, the cart containing the baggage of the officers of my battalion fled; I thereby lost my valise, and was obliged, on my return to Naples, to have recourse to my brother, Giovanni Batista, for the means of providing myself with the necessary wearing apparel. The bankers, Falconnet, through whom my father sent my monthly allowance, refused to advance me any money, without an order to that effect from himself. Such a course was perfectly regular, according to the usual forms of business; but as it was utterly impossible for me to obtain such an authorization from my parent—all communication between Naples and Calabria having long since been interrupted—my brother Giovanni Batista obtained an order from the Government obliging Falconnet to

transmit to us the pecuniary resources we stood in need of, and to place them to the account of our father. I found my brother at this period deeply afflicted by the news so unfavourable to the hopes of the Republic, which was constantly pouring in upon us. Gaetano Coppola used to prophesy to me our inevitably tragical end, saying "Behold these streets; before long they will be inundated with blood; in every square of this vast city scaffolds will be erected, and few of us will escapè the ferocious wrath of Caroline of Austria!" This unfortunate augury was but too truly verified. Nevertheless, such forebodings did not prevent me from accompanying himself and his brother Nicola Coppola to the *Sala patriotica*, which was held in the palace of the ancient Accademia de' Cavalieri, where a pen was handed to me, to inscribe my name on the roll. I did not hesitate an instant, and that signature was the origin of the many vicissitudes of my after-life. The title of that roll was the "solemn oath of freedom or death."

The battalion of officers was transferred to the command of General Schipani, who held his camp with about two thousand men at the Torre dell' Annunziata.

As I have already stated, in the early part of June our Republic was restricted to the capital itself; and the troops most in advance being those of Schipani, were stationed at the Torre dell' Annunziata. As all communication by land with Naples was intercepted by the forces of the Cardinal, Schipani was obliged to have recourse to the sea, which was protected by the republican fleet commanded by our brave Admiral Caracciolo, who with some gun-boats and other small vessels, and by dint of great sagacity and address, succeeded in keeping the British vessels away from the coast.

Such was the resolution of Schipani, who was daily gaining experience in the difficult art of warfare, that we were continually fighting, from morn till eve, and at times even during the night. Not that we assumed the offensive towards the enemy, which continually harassed us, although in despite of the inferiority of our numbers, it never carried its attacks to any great length, contenting itself with depriving us of rest, and obliging us to keep close to the shore where we were under the protection of Caracciolo's fleet. Pompeia, Boscotrecase, and other points in the immediate vicinity of Torre dell' Annunziata, were the scenes of action on which during perpetual fighting, our little army performed prodigies of valour for men who were such novices in the art of war.

By this time, Cardinal Ruffo's army had increased to upwards of forty thousand men, who having been for several months engaged with the French army, the republican regiments and the patriots, and having besieged and taken many populous cities, had already acquired, if not a strict martial discipline, at least a certain regularity of warfare. Besides, this numerous army was strongly supported by detachments of English, Russians, Turks, and Dalmatians, by regiments of cavalry and infantry landed from Sicily, supported by which it regarded the time as opportune to march against the capital.

This powerful Bourbonite force was in itself more than sufficient to cope with the small Republican body, intrenched within the walls of Naples, and surrounded by a people already seduced by secret machinations to revolt. Nor did the wily Cardinal omit to bring into play all the powers of religion to stimulate the fanaticism of the numerous bands of the Holy Faith.

As the ancient protector of the city of Naples, St. Gennaro, had fallen into great discredit with the lower orders for having performed a miracle in honour of the French, they turned all their idolatry upon St. Antonio, whose feast fell upon the 13th of June, and it was determined that this day should be selected to attack the capital. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 13th, the Cardinal ordered an altar to be erected, upon which he celebrated the ceremony of the mass, which was followed by an exhortation addressed to the new and favourite saint and by his usual benediction to his troops, after which he proceeded with the best part of his forces to attack the town on the side of the Ponte della Madalena. No less cautious in this instance than he had been ever since his first landing in Calabria, he ordered that the Duke della Roccaromana, one of his Generals, with the force under his command, should keep within sight of Capua, to oppose the advance of the French troops stationed there, should they make an attempt to send a detachment towards the fort of St. Elmo. He likewise caused the garrison of this stronghold to be watched, and entrusted this charge to his favourite, Panedigrano. This man, a returned galley-slave (and not a priest, as a fanciful writer, Botta, has stated) with a thousand chosen Calabrians and several other bands more numerous than these, took up his position at Resina, with his left wing upon the mountains, and his right towards the sea, to oppose General Schipani, in the event of his attempting to come to the assistance of the Republican Government. To these he added other precautions, placing a Calabrese corps to watch the fortress of Vigliena, not from any fear of its feeble garrison, but lest Admiral Caracciolo might strengthen it by throw-

ing troops into it, either from Naples or from the camp of Schipani.

After having taken these prudent measures, the Cardinal, trusting to the superior number of his forces, drew up before the Ponte della Madalena, having in his first line the Russians, Turks, and several squadrons and battalions landed from Sicily. The republicans, although forsaken by the French garrisons of Capua and of St. Elmo, who refused to give the slightest assistance, and fully aware that the Cardinal was about to attack them with ten times their own force, yet disdained to yield, or to show themselves unworthy of the magnanimous sentiments they had so zealously disseminated amongst the people, who were, nevertheless, not only deaf to the voice of liberty, but were the vehement supporters of the arbitrary power. The members of the Government, the ministers, and such citizens as were incapacitated from bearing arms, and who were devoted to the liberal cause, retreated with their families to the Castel Nuovo. The few republican troops, the Calabrese legion, and the most zealous patriots, formed themselves into two separate columns. The smaller of these was directed upon the Borgo St. Antonio, and the stronger composed of picked men, commanded by General Wirtz, a native of Switzerland, was charged to prevent Ruffo from entering Naples. Wirtz had served as Colonel, under Ferdinand IV., but instigated by the purest love of liberty, he fought for the Republic, the flight of the King to Sicily having relieved him from his oath of allegiance. Having with him the main part of the republican forces and the most serviceable artillery, instead of waiting till he was himself attacked, with the utmost intrepidity he assaulted the Bourbon army,

and was nobly supported by the fire from the battery of Vigliena, and by the gun-boats of Admiral Caracciolo. The loss on both sides was considerable at the first onset, but especially on that of the enemy, as the republican artillery from land and water was directed at once upon their front and flank. Moreover, the skill and daring were most conspicuous of men devoted to a sacred and noble cause, in the ranks of whom were seen the most able officers of the dispersed army of the Two Sicilies, and patriots who, although not military men, made ample amends for their want of experience by their sagacity and valour. Had the disproportion of strength been less between the hostile parties, the republicans would undoubtedly have gained the advantage. Notwithstanding the inferiority of their number, they would have prolonged the defence of the capital, but for two unfortunate circumstances. The former of these was the fall of Vigliena, to which we shall recur later; the second was the death of the valued General Wirtz who, struck by a ball, fell dead, leaving his troops without a leader. Without this misfortune they might have made their retreat in good order to the castles of the capital, and imposed a condition that Naples should not be abandoned to murder and pillage.

When the small army of the expiring Republic saw the body of their General carried away from the field, and felt themselves warmly pressed both in front and on their left, they hesitated; and although there was enough to dishearten them altogether, they yielded ground but slowly, and continued to fight until they sheltered themselves in the Castles Nuovo, dell' Uovo, and in the vast Certosa of San Martino, which is protected by St. Elmo. The smaller column,

which had been directed towards the Borgo di St. Antonio not having encountered the enemy, was retreating in good order at sunset, but having reached the Largo delle Pigne, they heard in the direction of the Porta di San Gennaro, shouts of "Long live the King" proceeding from a band of lazzaroni assembled there. After having effected their dispersion by a discharge of artillery, the small column retreated into the Castel Nuovo.

Amongst the many who perished on this disastrous day were two men highly respected both for the elevation of their minds and the warmth of their patriotism. One was the Abate Giuseppe Costari, keeper of the royal archives, and an ardent defender of the rights of the Neapolitans against the pretenders of the Court of Rome; the other was Luigi Serio, an able lawyer, professor of eloquence at the University of Study, a most able extemporaneous poet, and formerly a friend of the Emperor Joseph II. Serio had been seen to fall sword in hand in a street adjacent to the Castel del Carmine, but the place where Costari met his death was never discovered.

The republican Government, on the 13th, perceiving that the troops of the Cardinal continued to advance, and all correspondence with General Schipani, who lay encamped between Torre dell' Annunziata and Castellamare, being cut off by land, sent by sea injunctions to this General to hasten to the rescue, either by crossing the neighbouring hills, or by pursuing the seashore. Schipani received these orders at sunset on the 13th. Foreseeing that his few troops, accustomed though they were to take the field daily, could never succeed in reaching the capital, and still less in saving the Republic, he determined upon ending his career

in a manner worthy of the noble cause for which he had endured so much. He raised his camp at daybreak on the 14th; but before stating the manner in which he terminated his destiny, and that of his brave followers, it is requisite to point out the fate of the immortal garrison of Vigliena.

This garrison was composed of about a hundred and fifty Calabrians, who had been detached from the Calabrese Legion, which had been organized in Naples by the students and other young men of Calabria, ardent friends of liberty, who were in the capital when Championnet entered it. All the members of the legion belonged to families more or less opulent, and the hundred and fifty sent to Vigliena had been selected from the best riflemen. The fort Vigliena should more properly be termed a masked battery, since it had been erected for the sole purpose of defending the coast. On the 13th, when the Cardinal perceived that his troops were exposed to the fire of Vigliena, he ordered that it should be attacked by a chosen band of Calabrese, and it was a heart-rending sight to behold Calabrese fighting against Calabrese with the utmost valour in so fratricidal a war. The assailants recognised their countrymen by the obstinacy of their resistance, which caused them so much loss that they were obliged to beat a retreat, and implore assistance. The Cardinal sent to their aid some select battalions of regular troops, besides several hundred Russians, and sundry pieces of cannon. With these a considerable breach was effected, but the defenders of Vigliena would not yield. Thrice were they assaulted by the Royalists, who were twice repelled, but on the third attack they penetrated into the fort. The besieged, now reduced to about sixty

men, collected together in a corner of the castle, continued to defend themselves most bravely. Seeing their number diminishing every minute, Tuscano, a young priest of Cosenza, who commanded the garrison, and who was already severely wounded in the head, preferring death to submission, dragged himself with difficulty as far as the powder magazine, to which he dauntlessly set fire. At the horrible explosion which issued, the bodies of the vanquished and the conquerors were blown confusedly into the air to the amount of several hundreds. One of the garrison, named Fabiani, who had perceived the design of Tuscano, as the latter was with pain and difficulty making his way to the powder magazine, managed to effect his escape by jumping into the sea, and swimming until he found a refuge within the Castel Nuovo, where he related the particulars of the heroic deed.

The Cardinal, struck with dismay at the catastrophe of Vigliena, and the great loss of men it had entailed upon him, became conscious of the effects which would result from the junction of Schipani with the republicans, who had retreated within the castles of Naples and the Certosa of San Martino. He therefore sent off towards Portici and Resina a considerable portion of his troops, now every where victorious, making at the same time dispositions that these, preceded by the Russians and Turks, should, on the 14th of June, encounter the only armed corps remaining to the conquered Republic.

The intrepid Schipani, as we shall hereafter show, resolved to obey the order sent to him; nor was his daring plan relinquished when he learned that soon after issuing it, the republicans had been beaten, and driven to seek refuge in the different castles, and that

the Cardinal was prepared to oppose him with forty thousand men. Unable to re-establish our prostrate liberty, and disdaining to enter into a treaty, he resolved that his life and that of his followers, should cost dear to the Bourbonite army. At dawn, on the 14th, he raised his camp, and began his march, his troops amounting to about fifteen hundred men, including the battalion of officers in which I served. Our superior officers alone were aware of the fall of the capital, but none of us were ignorant of the formidable army against which we were to be led.

In the council of war, which had taken place shortly before, not a single voice was heard to propose surrender, but the whole discussion had turned upon the most advantageous mode of directing our march and giving battle to the enemy. On our right, upon the heights which we must pass to reach St. Elmo, were scattered bands from Calabria and other provinces, who were by no means raw soldiers; on our left, along the high road, flanked by houses, and parallel with the sea-shore the regular troops landed from Sicily lay in wait for us, who were amply provided with artillery, and were moreover animated by the presence of the Turks and Russians. The latter route was, however, selected, most likely to avoid the mountains and thus enable our corps to maintain the advantage of keeping compact, and under the eye of its brave leader. The battalion of officers formed the vanguard, and about sixty of the most determined men in it occupied the extreme point. I was amongst these. Schipani recognised me, and being himself a Calabrese, he smiled upon me with an expression of countenance of great calmness, saying: "The Calabrese

always shine in an arduous undertaking." Pleased and elated by these words, I gratefully saluted him. We repulsed the enemy from Torre del Greco to Resina, and although we were grievously harassed by the warm fire they kept up against us from the windows, we succeeded in depriving them of four large pieces of artillery. This favourable circumstance so raised my youthful spirits, that I felt convinced that before long we should reach the Ponte della Madalena amidst the cheers of the patriots. The vanguard fought its way into Resina; but at a small distance from the royal palace of Portici we encountered a most determined resistance; amongst other mischances there was a battery so well defended that it stopped our march, which until then had almost been one of triumph. General Schipani tried to open a passage for us on both sides, but in vain; at three hours before sunset the obstacles acquired greater intensity, when a body of Russians followed by about a thousand Calabrese of Pano di Grano advanced against us with fixed bayonets. In this *mêlée*, rendered fearful by the obstinacy of our defence and the narrowness of the road, which was close to a fountain, I received a thrust from a bayonet in my right arm, and then a blow from a sword on the temple. I fainted, and remained during some minutes senseless under a wounded horse, which somehow had fallen upon me. It was not without much difficulty that I succeeded in freeing myself from this immense weight, when I discovered that I had lost my hat. Saturated with blood, I began to follow, as I best might, several of my comrades who were minutely acquainted with the route, and who had taken a small road leading through an archway close to the fountain. We were

now about thirty officers armed with guns, the remainder had been either killed or made prisoners, nay, several of the latter had even been killed after they had been disarmed. General Schipani, having vainly sought a soldier's death in the field, endeavoured to save himself disguised as a peasant, but being betrayed, he was made prisoner, taken to Ischia and given up to the infamous judge Speciale, who lost no time in putting him to death upon the scaffold.

Our small band being hotly pursued, my comrades at length found it necessary to yield. I happened to be in advance with another officer, and we pursued our flight. On reaching Ponticelli, however, we were stopped by a body of peasants armed with scythes; after depriving us of our guns, one of them gave me a blow in the side with the butt end of mine, the violence of which struck me to the ground. When the pain had in some degree subsided, and I was able to stand, we were conducted to La Barra, and confined in a damp and unwholesome warehouse, where I found many of the companions with whom I had quitted Resina. We lay upon the ground, which seemed to have been inundated on purpose to increase its natural humidity, and were guarded by peasants who called in their women to behold us, as if we had been a horde of savages, and who vied with their companions in reviling and insulting us. Notwithstanding this injurious treatment, the sorrow of this direful day had so crushed our very souls that, speaking comparatively, it was easy to endure the pain of our wounds, hunger, and thirst, and all the other sufferings heaped upon us. Our jailers talked together of the fall of the capital and of the death of many illustrious patriots, amongst others, of Michele, surnamed the Puzzo, an ancient chief of lazzaroni, and

consequently a partisan of the Republic, to which he owed the rank of colonel. They added many other atrocious circumstances, and we believed that their conversation was a tissue of falsehood got up to irritate us and increase the bitterness of our lamentable condition; but in the midst of what was feigned and false, they related things which unfortunately were only too true.

CHAPTER VI.

1799.

With my fellow-prisoners I am led to the Ponte della Madalena—Strange spectacle in the place where we were confined—I become acquainted with Vincenzo Russo—Antonio Jerocades—Some madmen of the Hospital of Incurables are arrested with us—Situation of my brothers—The patriots in the two castles of Naples fight with unexampled valour—The powder-magazine of the Castel Nuovo threatened with fire—The Cardinal proposes to the patriots to capitulate—Capitulation of the republican Government signed by Cardinal Ruffo—The Capitulation is annulled—Weakness of Nelson—Execution of Admiral Caracciolo, and infamous proceeding of Nelson—The Conte de Ruvo beheaded—I embark in the corvette Stabia, am conducted to the Junta of State, and by order of the Judge Speciale, am imprisoned with chains on my feet, in a cell in the Vicaria—My father sends my eldest brother to Naples to obtain my liberty—I am exiled.

At break of day, on the 15th of June, a company of the Cardinal's troops entered our prison with orders to lead us to the Ponte della Madalena. Our number had been greatly augmented during the night, by the arrival of many other officers of Schipani's band, who had been captured by the enemy. What with the fatigues of the preceding day, the want of food, and the wounds from which, more or less, we were all

suffering, few of us were capable of standing erect, far less of walking. Seeing the state in which we were, our jailers recognised the necessity of giving us some nourishment, and we were, accordingly, provided with a small ration of bread and water each, with which to restore our strength.

A wound I had received on the forehead, from which the blood had trickled, mingling with the smoke and dust, had so begrimed my face that I could scarcely open my eyes. Fortunately, my wounds were not very serious, and I believe that the copious loss of blood they occasioned tended greatly to prevent their having any serious result. Several of our companions were so much hurt that they could not rise from the ground where they had fallen, and were left there to perish. Before we started upon our march, the miscreants sent to conduct us stripped us of every thing we had, except our shirts. I recollect too, that one of them, observing the difficulty with which I extricated my legs from my boots, proposed to shorten the operation by cutting off the leg itself, so rapaciously did he await the possession of the boots. We were fastened two by two, and marched towards the capital.

At the outset, we found the walking barefooted most painfully fatiguing; but before we had proceeded far we became so inured to this mode of marching, that it almost seemed to me as if I had been accustomed to it all my life.

The greater part of us did not believe in the downfal of Naples; but this illusion was soon dispelled by the mournful spectacle which presented itself to our gaze, and which I believe very rarely has been equalled. Men and women of every condition were being barbarously dragged along the road, most of them streaming with

blood, many half dead, and stripped of every article of apparel, presenting altogether the most deplorable sight that the mind can conceive. The shrieks and howlings of that ferocious mob were such, that it seemed to be composed, not of human beings, but rather of a horde of wild beasts. They cast stones and every species of filth at us, threatening to tear us to pieces. Strange was it to behold those once honest lazzaroni with their open countenances, accustomed to shed tears of tenderness while they listened to the mountebanks, as they recited the misfortunes of Rinaldo and of Buovo d'Antona, guilty of such acts of barbarous cruelty! But so it was; and one of the chief causes of the change which had taken place in their nature may be attributed to the clergy. These holy men, fearful of losing their acquired property, in the new order of things, became from the very first the ministers of the regal Government, insinuating themselves everywhere, and under the cloak of religion instilling into the credulous multitude ideas not only opposed to Christian charity, but even devoid of the spirit of common humanity.

I was cast, together with my companions, into a large room on the ground-floor, opposite the public granary, and there again we beheld scenes of cruelty, the remembrance of which makes me shudder. I still have a vivid recollection of remaining at first a stupified beholder, rather than one of the victims, of what was going on around me. I beheld many persons of note, men of birth, education and fortune, confounded with the multitude. Priests, laymen, monks, friars, artists and officers of every rank might be recognised in this crowd. Many of them, as I have already stated, were in a state of nakedness; others were disguised in clothes that had been put on to conceal their real condition and

to shelter them from the horrible persecutions of the popular fury; amongst the latter was a young man from Catanzaro, by name Gaetono Rodino. He was attired as a priest, but his garments were literally torn to pieces. I recognised amongst others the Padre Cavallo, a learned Oliventano monk, and a professor at the University; likewise the father Belloni, a Cordelian monk, and one of the preachers in favour of the republican cause, who was afterwards condemned to death. Whilst some of our fellow-captives were being conveyed to the neighbouring granary, we heard a sudden discharge of musketry fired against the patriots who had just appeared at the Ponte della Madalena. In our uncertainty we naturally believed it to be an attack upon our comrades, and at once inferred that a similar fate awaited us. The timid began to recommend their souls to father Cavallo, entreating his blessing, which he charitably bestowed upon them; but the greater number preserved the calm, steady demeanour of men above the chances of fortune, and ready to meet the death which awaited them. Some few there were who loudly accused the Chiefs of the Government, to whose weakness and inefficiency they attributed the death they supposed awaited us.

It was during this imprisonment that I first became acquainted with Vincenzo Russo. This young man was richly endowed with learning and eloquence; and was moreover a zealous republican, was a nephew of the Cavalier Vicenzio, protho-notary of the kingdom. He, overcome by the exhortations of his uncle, had been induced much against his own inclination to procure political evidence, under promise that his name should not be revealed. But when, two years later, he beheld himself included in a proclamation to appear,

together with two hundred and fifty others, before the Junta of State, to confirm what he had before advanced, he fled first into Switzerland, and then to Milan. The life he led during this period of exile, was so pure and irreproachable, that he became a model of probity and virtue, so much so, that he obtained the appellation of Cato. The rule of life which he had laid down for himself was so exemplary that it created in those who did not know him well, a suspicion of his sincerity. He returned to Naples as soon as the kingdom had been formed into a republic, and in one of the latest ordonnances issued by the Commissary of the French Directory, Abriel, he was created a representative of the legislative body. Russo had proposed to reduce the salary of the members of that body to a few ducats a month, and he himself individually refused to accept any pecuniary remuneration for the office he held. For some years, he had lived with such extreme frugality that his whole daily nourishment consisted of a piece of dry bread and a few chesnuts. He had been seen the preceding day fighting upon the bridge of the Madalena, and being one of the last to retreat, had been taken prisoner by the lazzaroni.

We were soon removed from our place of confinement, and conducted by small parties of ten and twenty at a time to the public granary. Although the distance thither was but short, many perished by the way under the brutal assaults of the ferocious populace. This horrible butchery took place within a few steps of the abode of Cardinal Ruffo. The vast halls adjoining the public granary and destined to contain corn intended for the consumption of the city, were converted into prisons. The utter want of

every kind of cleanliness, the husks of the different grains which were still scattered about the place, the insects which abounded there, and the immense number of persons who were crowded together in it, rendered it an extremely unhealthy abode. In the hall where I was, there were upwards of three hundred prisoners, who had no other resting-place than the bare ground. Besides my friend, Vincenzo Russo, with whom I soon formed the closest intimacy, there were the Marquis Bevio, a man of great moral worth, and the Abbate Marino Guarano, Professor of Jurisprudence at the University. Here I met for the second time my friend Jerocades, who together with Russo, possessed my entire esteem, and in whom I equally admired firmness of purpose and elevation of mind. There were likewise confined with us several Celestin monks from San Pietro a Mayella, amongst whom was Father Carafa, besides many literary men, and finally, there were a great number of lunatics. There had been brought away from the Hospital of Incurables, confounded with their keepers. This had occurred from the circumstance of the young medical students within the hospital having kept up a brisk fire from the windows upon the Bourbonite troops as they passed along the Largo delle Pigne. Thus attacked, the latter took the hospital by storm, put a great number of its inmates to immediate death, and made the rest prisoners; and amongst these were many lunatics, taken on the suspicion that they were feigning insanity to escape from the hands of their enemies. One of these poor wretches was the cause of a most disastrous scene, which we witnessed. Having struck one of the royal officers on the face, the latter called out " to arms!" and as soon as he was surrounded by his fol-

lowers, he rushed furiously upon the lunatic, whom he clove in two by a sabre-stroke. During this time, the sentinels placed in the street to guard the royal granary fired musket-shots at the windows, and the bullets rebounding from the ceiling of the building, wounded and killed several amongst us.

The horror many of us felt in such a scene of confusion and filth, amidst such a multitude of half-naked, wretched human beings, was such, that we were stupified almost to madness. On his first entrance amongst the thronging mass, the Marchese Bovio thought himself surrounded by lazzaroni, and Marino Guarano was half distracted. I myself, covered with blood and dust from head to foot, was taken by many for a lazzarone, for they supposed that spies had been introduced amongst us. Few of the unfortunate beings confined in this wretched place could preserve their equanimity, but the youngest were still full of the most enthusiastic republican ardour, and never accosted each other but by the denomination of *citizen*. The good Jerocades would often say to me: "You are young and innocent, I am old and guilty." Touched by his discourse, and compassionating his sufferings, I could not refrain from tears, and comforted him to the utmost of my power, styling him "Father of the Patriots." He alluded to a moment of weakness into which he had fallen a year before, when he had allowed a certain confession to be extorted from him, whilst languishing in a gloomy prison, suffering under bodily infirmity and from the pangs of hunger, at the advanced age of eighty years. This circumstance had drawn down upon his head the accusation of being a denunciator; but such an imputation was, in point of fact, wholly undeserved. I continued to console

him, saying: " You were not guilty, worthy Jerocades. Nature never intended your soul for crime; they who did not make allowance for your moment of weakness were ungenerous." Nor could I help regarding the numerous patriots who looked with anger upon the almost religious veneration which I bore to this venerable old man as guilty of the greatest injustice.

Jerocades, unjustly accused of corrupting the principles of the youth entrusted to him, was removed by order of Medici, Regent of the Vicaria, to S. Pietro a Cesarano. This building was a place of retirement for priests, and was situated on the heights of the Cardinale. From thence the Inquisitor Vanni caused him to be conveyed to Naples, were he was cast into a horrible prison in the Castel dell' Ovo.

As far as I have been able to learn, Jerocades never gave more than two courses of lectures at Naples, in which he imparted the doctrines of his master, Genovesi. I am assured, and I believe, that in these lectures the energy of his style, and the matter of his discourse, tended to instil into the hearts of his youthful auditory a love of justice and a reverence for virtue.

Had I not been an eye-witness of the horrible scenes and mournful transactions which occurred in Naples in 1799, I could never have understood the intoxicating enthusiasm of the French on the accession of their Republic. Notwithstanding the miserable condition to which we had been reduced, none of us despaired of possessing ere long national liberty. Such hopes were fostered by the imaginary conquests of the French in the upper part of Italy, and by the constant expectation of the arrival of the much-talked-of Spanish and French fleet. The inference I

draw from our sanguineness is, that the more desperate the condition of man, the more ardently does he grasp at the faintest hope.

The first day passed without our receiving any kind of nourishment, and we were dreadfully tormented by hunger and thirst; on the subsequent day, our tortures were increased tenfold by the almost unbearable heat of the place and the season. Our excited imaginations led us to fancy that we were destined to renew the horrible tragedy of the Tower of Pisa. The officers on guard assured us that our sufferings were an inevitable result of the confusion produced by having upwards of twenty thousand prisoners within the walls of the granary.

It was not before the morning of the third day that they began to distribute to us a certain quantity of bread and water. I still recollect the eagerness with which I swallowed the water given to me, until want of breath compelled me to desist. As the first distribution of bread was effected with the greatest confusion, I experienced no small difficulty in obtaining rations for myself and for such of my friends as did not possess the strength to push forward to get some for themselves.

Soon after, many relations of the prisoners began to make their appearance, bringing with them food, raiment, pillows and blankets. It is observable that the women were foremost and least regardful of consequences on this occasion. Unfortunately, many of the captives had no friends, or they had been pillaged, and could afford no relief to their suffering relatives. Many more had sought safety in concealment, and were not aware of our condition; so that at least one half of us languished without any relief, and lay half

naked on the bare ground, subsisting upon a scanty allowance of bread and water. To invigorate our strength, impaired by the effect of the intense heat which almost suffocated us during the day-time, we were wont at night to gather round the windows of our prison and inhale the fresh breeze blowing from the sea. I must not omit to observe, that the absence of all covering, and the lack of food, by checking all tendency to inflammation, contributed in a great measure to heal our wounds.

It appears incredible, and yet so it was, that amid all the torments and cruelty by which we were persecuted, our courage, far from sinking, seemed hourly to acquire new force and energy. We had four poets amongst us, who sang by turns extemporary hymns to Freedom. The brave Gaetano Coppola, after fighting most valiantly, was taken prisoner and conducted to a different place of confinement from that in which I languished. My brother Giovanni Batista, although forming one of Coppola's company, had succeeded in concealing himself, and it was only after a lapse of twenty-two days (which seemed to me an eternity) that he succeeded in discovering my prison. He had looked upon me as killed on the unfortunate day of Schipani's defeat. His first care was to provide me with clothes, linen, and a daily meal, which was brought to me from a neighbouring tavern.

As soon as the Cardinal had entered the city, and the communication between Calabria and Naples was open, my poor father received intelligence that of four sons sent by him to the capital, only Giovanni Batista was free, and that he lay in close concealment; that I had been killed in battle, and that Ferdinand and Florestano, both seriously wounded, were prisoners at

Barletta. Immediately on the receipt of this sad news, the excellent old man despatched his eldest son, Stefano, to Naples, enjoining him to spare no expense towards alleviating the distress of his brothers.

They who visited us in our dreary captivity, mostly faithful servants, or the mothers, sisters, and daughters of the prisoners, kept us informed of what was passing in the city. By these means we learnt the principal events which had taken place—the fall of the republicans confined within the forts of Castel Nuovo, of the Uovo, and of Castellamare, and of the French troops stationed at St. Elmo, Capua, and Gaeta. We were informed likewise, that Ettore Caraffa was still bravely defending himself in the Abruzzi.

The defenders of the republican garrison of Castellamare, after a most strenuous resistance, being simultaneously attacked by the batteries on land and by the Anglo-Sicilian vessels on sea, were obliged to surrender. The conditions of this capitulation were, that they should be allowed to proceed to France with their families and property, that whatever land they might possess in the country should be held inviolate, and that the safety of any part of their families remaining should be guaranteed. These conditions were strictly adhered to on the part of the King by the British Vice-Admiral Foot, and the prisoners were duly conveyed to Marseilles.

The resistance offered by the republicans within Castel Nuovo and the fortress of the Uovo was not less obstinate. It is worthy of remark, that whilst the Bourbonite troops were firing from the Castillo del Carmine against the Castel Nuovo, a red hot shot fell into a small room, setting fire to some old wood, which

was rapidly in a blaze. As the building in which the fire originated was close to the bastion of the Marina, on which the powder magazine was situated, great alarm was experienced. Although in point of fact there was little probability that the ascending flames would ignite the powder, which lay several feet under ground, the chief officer gave directions that the fire should be extinguished. A communication was formed with a spring of water situated at a considerable distance, and in the course of six hours the conflagration was subdued. During all this time our artillery never ceased their fire, (although surrounded by flames,) and such pertinacity of resolution astounded the enemy, as they afterwards acknowledged.

A strong battery raised by the Bourbonites at the Villa Reale at Chiaja harassed the Castel dell' Ovo. The republicans in the Castel Nuovo, and those stationed at St. Martino concerted a nocturnal sally with the intent of destroying the battery. At midnight, which was the appointed hour, the two parties issued forth, putting to death such soldiers of the Holy Faith as fell into their hands by the way; the smallness of their number precluding the possibility of their taking prisoners. They proceeded with the utmost circumspection until they met, when, owing to the obscurity of the night, they mutually mistook each other for a party of the enemy, and came to blows. It was not until some blood had been shed, and one man killed that the mistake was discovered. Exasperated at this untoward event, they swore to revenge upon the enemy the death of their comrades. In this frame of mind they assaulted the battery, put to death the guards, spiked the cannon, set fire to the carriages, and [redacted]ed to their quarters. The intelligence of

this nocturnal sally, and the cries of the wounded and dying wretches caused so much alarm in the Russian and Papal camp, that the drums beat an alarum, and the troops were kept on the alert during the remainder of the night.

The Cardinal, dismayed by the boldness of this expedition, mistrustful of the chances of war, doubtful of the result of the contest between the powerful armies in the Mediterranean, and perceiving that he had opposed to him a people possessing all the dauntless energy of despair, began to tremble for himself and for his hostages who were confined in the Castel Nuovo, amongst whom was his own brother. Having consulted with the principal officers of his army, he determined to treat for peace. A message was accordingly despatched to the French General, Mejan, who held the fortress of St. Elmo, proposing an accommodation, called for by the times, suitable to the royal dignity, and not dishonourable to the vanquished. The deputies from the Cardinal, and an envoy from Mejan referred this offer to the French Directory. Time was demanded for decision; accordingly, at the instance of Mejan's envoy, a truce of three days was agreed upon. After an anxious consultation, since there seemed small hope of the appearance of the promised Gallo-Spanish fleet, and since it was very questionable whether the French had indeed been victorious in Upper Italy, they all inclined to accept the proposal of the Cardinal. One voice alone was opposed to this, and that was Manthone's. He counselled an extreme and desperate measure, quite of a piece with his magnanimity of resolution, but hardly wise in the actual condition of the Republic. He urged that the united republicans, in the several castles co-operating with the French garrison, should sally

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forth at night, liberate the republicans confined in the prisons, and, strengthened by this accession of numbers, fall upon Capua and thence push forward to Gaeta. Five thousand Frenchmen, and about fifteen thousand republicans would thus, he urged, be enabled to join the patriots of Rome and of the other Italian provinces. This great and able scheme, although audacious at first sight, was by no means impossible of execution, nor devoid of probability of success; for, under such circumstances, had the Bourbon forces attacked us, they must inevitably have been defeated. But to put so vast a scheme in execution, it was indispensable to have a commander certain of being most scrupulously obeyed; and Manthone had not done enough to inspire a sufficient degree of confidence. Another objection was that such an assemblage of undisciplined troops could not easily be submitted to the necessary degree of discipline; for these always demand to know, and will examine into the motives of every measure that is put into operation. Another drawback to such a plan was, that French soldiers, under the command of many leaders, could not be expected to join in so great an undertaking with the necessary ardour to ensure its success; although, could that have been infused into them, and the scheme carried out to a prosperous termination, it would undoubtedly have greatly bettered the condition of their own armies in Upper Italy.

The republican government, having maturely balanced the state of things before them, viewing the precariousness of depending upon foreign aid, the great difficulty of opposing the enemy in front, or of opening a passage by means of which to unite with the French troops at Capua, with many other difficulties of an

almost insurmountable nature, determined upon coming to terms. Conditions of peace were committed to writing, and General Oronzio Massa Leccese was chosen to negotiate them. This officer had already served in the artillery, but had retired in 1793 when the Government became a tyranny. At a later period, he entered the service of the Republic, and was promoted to the rank of General. Few men were more distinguished for intrepidity, for grasp of mind, or generosity of character. He accepted the mission offered to him much against his will, foreseeing in the future all the evils likely to result from it, and of which he was one of the most illustrious victims.

The contending parties were assembled at the Cardinal's residence; and as the Directory did not place sufficient confidence in King Ferdinand and his Vicario, it was found necessary to include in the treaty the Russian and Turkish Generals, the British Vice-Admiral, Foot, and the Commander Mejan. On presenting the conditions, which the Cardinal deemed too stringent, General Massa pronounced a temperate, firm, and dignified speech. Yet there was that in it which not a little alarmed the Cardinal. The speaker threatened that if the conditions he proffered were not acceded to, the hostages should be sacrificed, the city should be burnt to the ground, and in every castle and every public edifice, the heroic catastrophe of Vigliena should be renewed. The Cardinal's pride was shaken by so forcible and so significant a speech: he consulted with his colleagues, and at length agreed that if General Massa would withdraw several expressions in the treaty derogatory to the royal dignity, the conditions should be complied with. The General yielded to this

request, and the treaty of peace was drawn up, and contained the following articles.

1.—That the castles of the Uovo and Nuovo, with the arms and ammunition contained within their walls, should be given up to the Commissaries of the King of the Two Sicilies, and of his allies, England, Russia, and the Ottoman Porte.

2.—That the republican troops should evacuate the above-mentioned castles with the honours of war, and that their persons and property should be religiously respected.

3.—That the before-mentioned troops should be permitted to embark in government vessels and be conducted to Toulon, or to remain in the kingdom at their option, and this latter without any injury or molestation being offered either to themselves or their families.

4.—That the same conditions should be extended to all persons of both sexes detained in the fortresses ; as well as to the republican prisoners taken by the royal or allied troops during the course of the war, or in the camp of St. Martin.

5.—That the republican troops should not quit the castles until the moment fixed upon for their embarkation.

6.—That the Archbishop of Salerno, the Count Micheroux, the Count Dillon, and the Bishop of Avellino should be kept as hostages in the fort of St. Elmo until news of the arrival at Toulon of the republican troops should have reached Naples; and that the prisoners and hostages in the hands of the King should be set free immediately after the signature of the capitulation.

Then followed the signatures: Ruffo and Micheroux, for the King of Naples; Foot, for Great Britain; Baltic, for Russia; and Acmet for the Ottoman Porte. Massa and Mejan were the witnesses on the republican side.

In the course of the following day, vessels were prepared to convey the republican troops to Toulon. The Cardinal called upon Ettore Caraffa, Count of Ruvo, to give up the forts of Civitilla, Tronto, and Pescara, upon the same terms as those granted to the city of Naples. Next he published, in his capacity of the King's Vicar, a proclamation declaring the war at an end, and the city free from factions; that the citizens then again united were true and loyal subjects of the Prince, and that the King pardoned his enemies with a paternal spirit, ardently desiring an end to the bloodshed and persecutions which had desolated the kingdom. We were doomed ere long to experience the falsehood of such high-flown and deceitful declarations.

Towards evening the patriots began to evacuate the different castles, not as had been agreed upon with the honours of war, but shamefully driven before the Russian soldiers, until they reached the vessels destined to bear them thence. This was a sad omen of future misery and of new disasters. The anticipation of a favourable night-breeze alone prevented them from immediately weighing anchor.

On the following day, Nelson's fleet, composed of numerous ships of the line, made its appearance in the Bay of Naples. Although the expected breeze had arisen during the course of the night, the vessels containing our people had not yet set sail. On the next day, they were towed from their moorings and stationed immediately under the cannon of the Castel

del Uovo. Their helms and sails were dismantled, their anchors cast, and guards were put on board; in a word, they were converted into regular prisons. When an appeal was made to Nelson, inquiring the motives of such a proceeding, he was not ashamed to publish an edict of Ferdinand, stating, that Kings did not treat with subjects, that the treaty entered into by his Vicar, Cardinal Ruffo, was null and void, and that the rebels should be made to feel his royal power to the utmost. Here the conqueror of Aboukir became an accomplice in the violation of a compact: a conspirator against the rights of man, and an abettor of the many horrors perpetrated in Naples to satisfy the vindictive feelings of the Queen. Such complicity was the more unpardonable in him, that it was his duty, and that it was in his power, to have averted such misfortunes. But who can claim exemption from human weakness? That great Admiral, whose actions had reflected such lustre upon the British Navy, seduced by the blandishments of a vile woman (Lady Hamilton,) of whom he was madly enamoured, consented, at her instigation, to become an executioner for the King of Naples, instead of an agent in the protection of his crown. He was the prime agent dooming to an ignominious death so many illustrious victims, illustrious not only by birth but from their actions.

Domenico Cirillo, Mario Pagano, Conforti, Baffi, Ciaja, Bisceglia, De Manthone, Filippi, Ettore Caraffa, Massa, two bishops, the Prelate Troise, the worthy and learned Piemontel, and many other martyrs owed their deaths to him. The following fact, however, of itself suffices to stamp the perfidious cruelty of Nelson. Admiral Caracciolo, trusting in the good faith of those who had signed the treaty of capitulation, had first with-

drawn to Calvivano. On hearing of the violation of the treaty, he concealed himself temporarily until he could devise better means of safety. His place of concealment was betrayed by one of his own servants, and he was taken. Admiral Nelson requested of Cardinal Ruffo that he should be surrendered into his hands, in order, as was supposed by many, that he might spare the life of a brave man who had often been his own companion in arms. This supposed act of generosity, on the part of Nelson, was warmly applauded, when casting aside every feeling of shame, he proved that his only object in obtaining possession of the person of our valiant Admiral was to wreak upon him the most cruel vengeance. The British Admiral assembled on board of his own vessel a court-martial composed of Neapolitan officers under the presidency of Count Thurne. After listening to the charges brought against him, the accused demanded, as was his right, that the witnesses and documents referred to should be produced and examined. Nelson replied to this, that any further delay was idle, and his subservient council condemned the unfortunate Caracciolo to be imprisoned for life. This sentence was changed into one of death, and he was ordered forthwith to be hung at the mast-head. Caracciolo requested that he might be allowed the privilege of a noble, and die by the axe ; or else as an officer, that he might be shot, but the ruthless Nelson was inexorable.

As soon as the council broke up, Francesco Caracciolo, the descendant of one of the most illustrious families of Naples, an officer of extraordinary merit, a man of the most elevated mind, distinguished by the eminent services he had rendered his country; betrayed by his own servant under his own roof,

betrayed by Lord Nelson, formerly his brother-in-arms, betrayed by his judges, who not long before had been officers under his command, and many of whom had benefitted by his kindness, was conveyed, laden with chains, on board the frigate Minerva, (rendered famous by his exploits,) and hung up at the mast-head like a felon. He rendered up his glorious soul pitied by the virtuous, and leaving his enemy loaded with everlasting shame and opprobrium.

After the publication of the edict to which I have alluded, the King's Commissaries several times a day came on board the vessels, whence they took so many prisoners. These were put in chains and cast into horrible dungeons whence they emerged only to be cruelly put to death. Many of those remaining on board, either from the difficulty of proving the acts they had committed, or owing to their prudence in concealing their real names, did not awaken in a sufficient degree the royal anger, and after fifty-seven days' detention in the Bay were exiled and conveyed to Marseilles.

Count Ruvo, after surrendering the fortresses of Civitilla and Pescara, arrived in Naples with his companions, intending, in conformity to the terms of the treaty of peace, to embark. They were, however, arrested and thrown into prison. Such acts of atrocious injustice so emboldened the lazzaroni, and the hordes of the Holy Faith, that they resumed their ferocious proceedings, which had been suspended for some time, and committed the most cruel and outrageous excesses under the very eye of Cardinal Ruffo, who affecting to be intimidated by them, tolerated and fomented their license.

The fortress of St. Elmo was yielded up by the

French Commander, Mejan, who was taxed with weakness in having been over-hasty in signing the treaty, which guaranteed "the surrendering the different castles to his Sicilian Majesty and his allies; that their garrisons should be regarded as prisoners, but conveyed to France, and that all Neapolitan subjects should be given up, not to the ministers of the King, but of the Allied Powers." The day following the surrender of the castle, when all the troops were drawn out ready to evacuate it, commissaries of the Bourbonite police were seen running along the ranks, seizing upon the Neapolitans, and loading them with chains; not one escaped their vigilance. Amongst those thus arrested were the Generals Belpulsi and Matera. The latter, although a Neapolitan by birth, had served in the French army, and had risen to the rank of a superior officer in their service; and he wore at the moment of his seizure the French uniform. The ministers of the Allied Powers present did not reclaim the prisoners; thus breaking one of the conditions contained in the treaty. Capua and Gaeta likewise surrendered under the mockery of a siege.

After twenty-two days of insufferable torments, we who were detained in the Camerone of the Granili were conveyed on board the corvette Slabia, which had been converted into a prison for our reception. Here, immediately under the aim of the British cannon, we lingered in a state of unbearable suffering, almost deprived of food, with no better resting-place than the bare boards, and with not even a single blanket to shelter us from the cold. But what tended more than all to cast a gloom over our spirits was the outrages committed in the city, and the violent death of so many of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen. Nothing could

exceed the ardour with which, notwithstanding the youth of most of us, we discussed and reasoned upon the various political errors which had led to our fall. Spite of our distress, our minds did not restrict themselves to this one topic; moral and philosophical subjects had their turn. Vincenzo Russo was one of the most eloquent of our speakers. The Professor Filippo Guidi devoted two hours daily to give mathematical lessons to such of us as showed any disposition for such studies. Many of the prisoners subsisted entirely upon the rations granted by Government, others had parents and friends who provided them with food and clothing. We had with us several poets, who seemed to accomplish their natural destiny by living in a state of poverty. They ameliorated their condition by reciting extemporary verses, and were rewarded by their audience either with money or food. Such as did not possess the gift of extemporizing in verse, did so in prose, and some of their eloquent discourses excited in our breasts an universal feeling of admiration.

We were, however, again taken from the corvette Slabia and conducted to the prison of the Vicaria. As we proceeded thither across the streets, we were assailed by the insults and acclamations of the mob, as thirsty for our blood as they had been in the first days of the fall of the Republic. Within that prison, if I do not err, were confined upwards of two thousand persons; but we were not permitted to receive from our friends any article of food and raiment that could contribute to the alleviation of our sufferings. Here I found myself associated with companions of superior order. Most of them were young men of good family, and many had distinguished themselves by their scientific

and literary attainments. We were for the most part gay, regarding little our confinement, which would have been very tolerable had we not often heard at midnight, when a visit was paid to us by our jailors, one or other of our names called out, which we well knew was a summons of conveyance to the chapel. The prisoners taken to this building were after three days withdrawn thence and conducted to the scaffold. Neither the death of our friends, nor the vexations of every kind imposed upon us by the Government and the people, could in any way diminish the ardour of our republican enthusiasm, which on the contrary seemed to acquire new vigour with time. Vincenzo Russo, whom I looked upon as a second Cato, would, by the eloquence of his discourse alone, have awakened in my breast such feelings had they not already existed.

I was one day summoned to the Junta of State before the Judge, Speciale, (whose name is execrable, owing to the ferocious acts of barbarous inhumanity by which he sullied his judicial career): he accosted me thus: "Why, you look like a brute!" alluding to the manner in which I wore my hair and beard, or rather the down which was beginning to appear upon my chin, and my tattered trowsers and bare legs. To such an insolent address, I replied in a tone of at least equal sharpness, at which he was so enraged that he seized hold of his ink-stand to fling it at my head, saying, "Do you suppose that you are too young to be hanged? Mind we don't have you in a noose." To this he added, that I was accused of having fought in Schipani's army, and that my name was inscribed upon the book found in the Sala Patriotica in which was registered the oath that the subscribing parties would be free or die. I replied that the accusations were

true; and then to the question, what was my age, I replied twenty years, adding four to the real number, in the hope of being exiled. The pitiless Speciale, however, condemned me to be confined in the *criminali*, such was the appellation bestowed upon the dark and gloomy dungeons, otherwise called *segreti*. I was accordingly placed in a dark room, or rather cavern, where I discerned by the faint glimmer of light which penetrated into it, three men in a state of nudity, and loaded with chains. Soon after my arrival, I was likewise chained and manacled. Two of my fellow captives had the appearance of malefactors, but the third recalled vividly to my mind Voltaire's Lusignan in his tragedy of Zaire, which I had been perusing a few days before. His body was covered with hair, his head bald, a long and thick black beard contrasted forcibly with his ruddy lips and pearly teeth. He was the first to address me, and in soothing terms exhorted me not to be cast down by my condition nor to lose my courage. I replied that it never yet had failed, nor ever would desert me. He then proceeded to question me touching my name and family, and asked what had been my course of study. When I had answered these questions, he informed me that he was called Lemaitre, Marquis of Guardia-Alfieri. I asked him who were the other two prisoners, and he replied in the first instance by a sign that betokened nothing favourable of them, saying presently, "They are two unfortunate men, detained here by a calumnious accusation;" but as soon as he saw them in a profound sleep, he informed me that they were two notorious malefactors.

I found him to be a deeply learned man, endowed with a memory rarely equalled. He related to me in the most concise manner the history of Freemasonry in

the kingdom, as well as of the republican conspiracy and its authors, and proceeded to state that he had been arrested some years since on account of this conspiracy. He did not, like Jerocades, penitently tax himself with error and weakness, but said that he had accused his companions of trifling delinquencies in order to conceal more serious acts on their part, which might have endangered their safety, for they were regarded by Government as capital offences. Such an account of himself did not tend to awaken my confidence; but as I was by nature extremely confiding, I soon looked upon him as upon Jerocades, in the light of a martyr to the cause of freedom, although perhaps betrayed into weakness for a moment by the tyranny of the Government.

Whilst I continued his fellow-prisoner, he exercised me in the studies of ancient history, geography, mathematics, and even in the elements of astronomy. My self-love was gratified by being looked upon and treated, though within the walls of a gloomy prison, as a distinguished patriot; and, moreover, I really derived much advantage from my connexion with a man of so much erudition as Guardia-Alfieri. I felt my obligations so strongly, that in spite of the cravings of an appetite ill-satisfied by the portion of bread allowed me, I rejoiced in my confinement, which was not however extended beyond thirty days. I was then conducted back to my former prison. The boldness of my replies to the Judge, Speciale, had already been communicated to my companions, and Russo in particular congratulated me upon the result of this my first trial. But I was only allowed to enjoy the society of this valued friend for two or three days. He was taken away from us at the dead of night, conducted to the

chapel, and from thence led to the place of execution. He died as he had lived, with the greatest fortitude. As he ascended the scaffold, he attempted to address the multitude, but in vain, for his voice was drowned by the clamour of an infuriated mob, which at that period was so blind and deaf, that the voice of truth and the sight of patriotism had no effect upon it. The judges of the Junta of State had decided to send as many victims at the time to the scaffold as possible, in order to retrench the remuneration usually bestowed upon the executioner for each separate victim. So base and ignoble an agreement could only have been conceived by such infamous beings!

In the state of uncertainty in which we were left respecting what occurred beyond the prison walls, we were often led to believe the most improbable news. I recollect that one night we all went to bed without undressing ourselves, impressed with the firm conviction that a new revolution was about to break out, and that the republican party would triumph and hasten to deliver us from bondage.

My eldest brother, Stefano, who had been sent to Naples by our good father to exert himself for my liberation was a well-informed, kind-hearted young man, but anything but a republican. His sympathies were all in favour of King Ferdinand. This bias was most probably superinduced by feelings of private interest, for all the estates belonging to the family were settled upon him as the eldest son, and the law of primogeniture had been abolished by the Republic. Having by dint of money succeeded in getting sight of my examination before the Junta of State, and finding there that I had declared myself to be twenty years of age, he immediately wrote to my father requesting my

register of baptism to be forwarded to him. Before he could receive it, however, I had been condemned to be exiled for life, as guilty of having taken up arms against the King, and of having signed my name in the register of the Sala Patriotica. The patriots within the Castel Nuovo were guilty of great imprudence in not destroying this register, which they might easily have done, since the communication between the Castle and the Sala Patriotica was open for several days. By so doing they would have destroyed the gravest evidence against more than twelve hundred persons, who were condemned to be exiled for ever from their native land. The reasons adduced by the patriots for not having destroyed this book was, that the cause of liberty required that as many individuals as possible should be compromised.

One night in the month of December, I was conveyed, together with about a hundred of my companions, to the docks, where we were placed in a large room to await the moment of going on board. The first person I recognised amongst the prisoners was my dear friend Gaetano Coppola, whose side I did not quit for a moment. His mother, the Duchess of Canzano, although brought up and accustomed to the greatest degree of luxury, was not enabled to bestow upon this son, whom she idolized, more than thirty ducats, for everything she possessed had been pillaged. The terror which had seized her on beholding the danger of her children had completely driven from her mind all sense of the importance of placing her money and jewels in safety, which she might have done easily, for her brother, the Prince di S. Lorenzo, was a jealous partizan of the Bourbon cause. Owing to this want of foresight, every thing she possessed fell into the hands of the pillagers. As I stood awaiting the moment to

depart, I heard my name called. The speaker was a clerk of my father's banker, Falconnet, who delivered me a draft upon a banker at Marseilles for such an amount as I might stand in need of. The clerk brought me also a quantity of clothes and linen.

We were put on board three vessels freighted at the expense of the Government, and a fourth, a smaller one, provided by the two excellent sisters, the Duchesses of Cassana and Popoli, both of whom were exiled after having endured a long imprisonment and many insults from the riotous mob. We were in all from six to seven hundred; and including those who preceded us and the others who were to follow, the number of the Neapolitan exiles amounted to at least four thousand. A man-of-war convoyed our vessels, and just as we were setting sail with a favourable wind, an immense body of the people, embarked in boats of every description, came alongside us, inveighing against us in the most ignominious terms, and prophecying that we should perish miserably and never more behold our native land. Although at my time of life I assuredly did not possess the virtue of Themistocles, who would have wished such wretches good in return for evil, nevertheless I did not quit the country of my birth without feelings of bitter anguish. Nature has imprinted upon the human heart such deep and indelible feelings of love for our fatherland, that I sorrowfully quitted a country, which, twenty years later, I was obliged again to forsake, and perhaps for ever; a country to which I have devoted the most intense and persevering, though vain, attachment during the whole course of my existence, and for whose sake my heart has been so often and in many ways torn with anguish. If my extreme youth at the period of which I speak had

allowed my mind to dwell more maturely on what had passed, the patriots of the different factions would have been equally the objects of my warm admiration, and I should have been still more afflicted at my fate. From the heroic resistance of the people of Andria and Trani, as well as from other examples, I should have drawn the conclusion that a people endowed with such energy would form an admirable army in the service of a just instead of a despotic Government. The cool intrepidity and dauntless indifference to death displayed by the heroes of Vigliena, and by the brave patriots of Castel Nuovo and of St. Uovo, sufficiently demonstrate that nothing was wanting to insure our success but fortune. After years of the most abject servitude, a small spark had sufficed to inflame all hearts, and to call forth such brilliant examples of virtue, courage, and heroism as might vie with the brightest deeds of antiquity.

CHAPTER VII.

1800.

We sail for Marseilles—An epidemic disease breaks out on board—We hear of General Buonaparte's return to France—Our arrival at Marseilles—Separation from Gaetano Coppola—I go to Dijon, and am incorporated in the Italian Legion.

THERE were many patriots on board the ship in which I sailed; amongst them men no less distinguished by elevation of principle than by the integrity of their private lives.

A very few days after our departure from Naples a most destructive epidemic broke out in the vessel. Four young men of naturally good health and robust constitutions were its earliest victims, and many others lay suffering from its effects, a prey to violent fever and delirium. Amongst these was my beloved friend, Gaetano Coppola, who was for some time in imminent peril of his life. In the height of the disorder, his agitated mind pictured himself and those nearest and dearest to him as about to perish under the hands of the public executioner. We had fortunately amongst us several medical men of talent, who vied with each other in their affectionate attendance upon him; but so violent was the delirium under which he laboured that

at times he became quite unmanageable. This dreadful visitation was looked upon as an effect of the sudden transition from the close and confined atmosphere of the prison to the sharp sea-air.

After a voyage of two-and-twenty days, we reached the Port of Marseilles. Immediately on our arrival, the patriot exiles who had preceded us hastened to see us. They had been, like ourselves, exiled upon the dishonourable evasion of the express terms of the capitulation. The first piece of intelligence which they imparted to us was the arrival of General Buonaparte in France. They informed us, that after quitting Egypt in a French frigate, he had had the good fortune to escape the vigilance of the British cruisers, and that he had been received everywhere on his journey through the country with the greatest enthusiasm. Upon hearing these tidings, one of our comrades, Alessandro Petrucci, exclaimed, "The liberty of France is no more!"

We were conducted from the vessel to the Lazaretto to perform quarantine. I almost carried Coppola, who was too feeble to support himself, and assisted him and three other invalids to establish themselves in one of the small chambers belonging to the infirmary. I did my best to be of use to all four, and carried faggots of wood to warm them with. The time we stayed in the Lazaretto only just sufficed to admit of Coppola's gaining sufficient strength to walk alone. Not only did we receive the warmest welcome from the patriots of Marseilles, but we were quartered in the houses of the citizens, and such amongst us as were in distressed circumstances received a daily pecuniary allowance. I was quartered with Coppola; and a very few days after our arrival, I was in my turn attacked by the epidemic

which had raged on board the ships. My illness first manifested itself by a sensation of such intense cold as to benumb my very senses; this was followed by delirium and the same visions as had been experienced by my friend, who attended upon me with the most unremitting kindness and the most tender solicitude. As soon as I recovered, Coppola informed me that a Genevese merchant named Durant, who was established at Marseilles, had insisted upon our taking up our residence with him. Durant was a most honourable man, a warm patriot, and well known to the Duke of Canzano, brother of Gaetano Coppola. The Duke of Canzano had been sent by the Neapolitan Republic as Ambassador to the Republic of Rome. After the fall of the latter, the Duke retired to France; but being a Spanish Grandee and possessing a property in the Peninsula, he had a sufficient fortune to live handsomely, and he had requested M. Durant to provide his brother with everything of which he might stand in need.

We found ourselves so comfortable in the house of M. Durant and led so agreeable a life, that in some respects we might easily have forgotten that we were exiles. At length, my friend was summoned by his brother to Paris, and took leave of me after recommending me in the most earnest manner to the care of our host. This was a superfluous piece of friendship, for the worthy man had become so attached to me, that he treated me as if I had been his own son, generously proposing to me that I should live with him until I should obtain permission to return to my native land.

During General Buonaparte's absence in Egypt, the French Republic had remained in the hands of the

Directory, (composed of men unfitted by the luxuriousness of their lives for the cares of Government), which, far from prospering, was reduced to the most deplorable condition, seeming to totter upon the very brink of ruin. The powerful army on the Rhine, which hitherto had been victorious, now retreated with great loss; added to this disaster came the unfortunate result of the Congress of Rastadt, and the assassination of the French envoys, and lastly, notwithstanding the signal victory of Zurich, Italy had again fallen into the power of the Austrians. The unexpected return of the hero, so illustrious by his victories, awakened universal joy, and impressed the nation with hopes of better times. Young Buonaparte was looked upon, not only as an invincible General, but as a most able statesman and administrator of public affairs; nor was such an opinion erroneous, as he had already shown by overthrowing the Directory on the 18th Brumaire and giving a new form to the Republic. He then caused himself to be made First Consul, supported by two colleagues, and began to reorganize the army whilst he meditated still greater changes.

Meanwhile, the papers announced the formation of an Italian Legion at Dijon. Although almost incapacitated for such an undertaking by the excess of weakness resulting from the fever under which I had suffered, I immediately started to incorporate myself in this body, and to follow the bent of my inclinations, which more than ever urged me towards a military life. Vainly did my small circle of friends endeavour to dissuade me from such a resolution, and as vainly did the worthy M. Durant represent to me the advantages of my sojourn in his house. My soul languished for military employment. I was seized with so ardent a

longing to be at Dijon, that it seemed to my youthful imagination that my presence was indispensable, not only to the formation of the Legion, but to its entrance into Italy. Gaetano Coppola, on the other hand, wished me to accompany him to Paris; but all my views, nay, my peace of mind itself, was fixed on the Italian Legion. Although Coppola was a brave man, he held the military profession in horror, regarding it, as he said, in the light of a refined, yet most humiliating slavery. He continued faithful to this opinion through life, as I shall hereafter show.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to undertake so fatiguing a journey, I took leave of the worthy M. Durant, and quitted all the comforts of his hospitable house. He provided me with money, for which I gave him a draft upon Falconnet, my father's banker at Naples, and then I started for Dijon with a company of Italian patriots. We had an indemnity allowed us for the expenses of our journey in proportion to the rank we had held, and every given number of officers had a baggage waggon awarded to their service. This expedition was composed of about sixty individuals, mostly Neapolitan exiles belonging to families of the highest respectability. It was unfortunate, however, that the dissipated conduct of some members of our party was not a little calculated to cast a stigma upon the Italian character. Amongst so numerous a body of refugees as had been driven out of Italy, there were necessarily many whose errors tended to cast a shadow over the reputation of their more deserving comrades. At a later period of my life, when I became acquainted with the French, Spanish, and Polish exiles, I learned to be rather more indulgent towards the foibles of my own countrymen. I must, nevertheless, admit that the

dishonesty of the Italians was so adroitly pursued, that it was more difficult of discovery, and consequently when discovered was more injurious in its effects. Amongst others, we had in our party a Sicilian named Tannelli, whose morals were not only lax, but whose heart was depraved. This man by dint of intrigue, and without having ever served in a military capacity, contrived to obtain a Colonelcy, in possession of which rank he died some years later in the service of Joachim Murat. Amongst our Italians, those who were most successful in getting a living, were the priests and physicians; the former by celebrating mass, for which they were handsomely remunerated by the French devotees, who were very numerous; and the latter, because the medical science was successfully cultivated amongst us at that period, and was consequently in great repute. If we must believe General Carnot, it would appear that the Italian exiles entailed upon France as much expense as would have sufficed for the maintenance of a regular army. It must be admitted, however, that a great part of the funds appropriated to the use of my countrymen was diverted from its legitimate purposes by the administrators. It served at all events to enrich *them*, and they were Frenchmen.

The Italian Legion consisted of six thousand men, who were of the greatest service in the course of the war in Italy. Three battalions were stationed in Dijon, and three more, with the cavalry and artillery, in Bourg en Bresse. The depôt was at Pontveaux. This town had been the birth-place of General Joubert, who had lost his life the preceding year at the battle of Novi, where he was Commander-in-chief.

On reaching Dijon, I presented myself to General

Lecchi, who had been entrusted with the organization and command of the Legion. He told me that all the officers' posts had been filled up, and that the unemployed Italian officers were to proceed to the depôt, where they would receive the half-pay allotted to French officers not upon active duty. He informed me that many officers, rather than proceed to the depôt, had entered as volunteers in the cavalry of the Legion, where they received the same pay they would have had in the former case. I did not hesitate a moment in saying that I would do the same, for I was, both, by reason of my youth and my natural temperament, little inclined to withdraw from active service. Accordingly I was ordered to proceed to Bourg en Bresse, where we were all equally impatient to descend into Italy, and although the army to which our Legion belonged bore the title of "*army of observation*," we were all impressed with the persuasion that it was destined to effect the conquest of Italy.

I entered as Lieutenent-volunteer in the first company of cavalry rifles. My Captain was a Lombard, named Soffietti; the chief of my squadron, the Neapolitan Caracciolo, and my Colonel was a Venetian, named Viviani, all of whom died Generals. Amongst my companions, I recollect Colonel Manthone, brother of the General of the Republic, one of the most illustrious victims of the year 1799, and Major Malavolta of Calabria and Aloe; both of these were officers, but they served as volunteers. I was in my seventeenth year, and the youngest in the Legion. I did not then foresee that out of six thousand men, I should be twenty years later selected to assume the chief command of the army fighting against Austria, under ominous circumstances, contending with insurmountable obstacles, and in the cause of the independence of Italy.

CHAPTER VIII.

1800—1801.

Passage across the Great St. Bernard—The Italian Legion at the Campaign of Marengo — I join the depôt at Pavia — I am employed in the Legion of the Tuscan Republic—The change of Government in Tuscany causes me to return to Milan—I proceed a second time to Florence, and obtain an order from the General-in-chief Murat to be employed in the French army in Egypt.

The day so ardently sighed for by the whole Legion at length dawned. At the beginning of May, 1800, we commenced our march towards Switzerland. Reserving only two or three shirts in my knapsack, I sent my portmanteau containing my clothes with the baggage, which proceeded slowly in the direction of Mont Cenis. The cavalry regiment being short of horses, we were nearly all on foot, with our carbines on our shoulders and our knapsacks at our backs.

Of this memorable campaign, I shall recount only that which happened of most note to our Legion. Were I to say more, I should be constrained to repeat much that has been published on this subject in many works, not one of which, however, has, in my opinion, been exact or free from poetical embellishment.

The Legion having arrived near Lausanne, we halted

in a little plain to wait for the First Consul Buonaparte, who was coming to muster us. Notwithstanding the lapse of forty-two years, I have him still most vividly present to my mind. His person was very slight, and his countenance extremely pale; he wore a General's double-breasted uniform of blue, richly embroidered with gold; white pantaloons, with Hessian boots and gold-laced hat, completed his attire.

Dismounting from his horse, he began to question the front rank as to the place of their birth. The cavalry being on the right, I, not only from being in the front rank, but also on account of my stature, was the first he perceived serving in the ranks, though in the uniform of an officer; and on asking General Lecchi to explain this circumstance, he was informed that I was one of several officers who, for want of vacancies, had requested to serve in that capacity rather than to be excluded from the campaign. The First Consul then ordered that we should from that moment receive our full pay, and that on entering Italy we should be employed on active service, according to our respective grades. Then taking the carbine from my hand, and examining it, he said that the flint was not very firm.

"It will be firm enough," was my reply, "in the first encounter we have with the enemy."

After having walked through two ranks of volunteers, he remarked Major Orazio Malavolta, a very fine-looking Calabrese, and said to him: "You are a Neapolitan." The other answered: "How do you know that, Citizen Consul?" "By your nose." This reply became a standing jest in the Legion for a long time after. To another of our comrades who was a Milanese, he said, "In a few days we shall be at

Milan," and as whatever issued from his lips was Gospel, we began to look eagerly forward to such an event, and counted the days that must be devoted to our march into Lombardy, without even casting a passing thought on the Austrians, who were then in possession of it. Skirting the Lake of Geneva, after passing Vevay, we reached Villeneuve, where we found a great number of cases filled with biscuits, of which we received an ample six days' provision.

At length we arrived at the foot of the Great St. Bernard. Half of us, after having entrusted our carbines to our companions, began amid these eternal snows to drag up the heavy artillery wheels and other parts of the ammunition which had been dismounted. We accomplished this by placing them in the hollow trunks of trees felled for the purpose, to which were attached strong ropes. Neither the peasants nor their mules could effect this. When we had attained the summit of the mountain, each of us received a cup of wine from the monks; to me they gave a double share, first because I was a private; and next, because I was an officer. Once within the convent, and seated at a long table with the officers, I drank another cup of wine, and had besides a portion of cheese, but no bread, for each had a ration left of the Villeneuve biscuit. The distribution of wine for the soldiers, and of wine and cheese for the officers was committed to the monks, a large sum of money having been given to them for that purpose by the First Consul. Up to that time, I had always abstained from wine, and fatigue alone induced me then to drink a little; but if the double portion invigorated my strength, it materially deranged my stomach and my head. The worst was, that my boots being quite worn out, I was constrained to walk

for three days bare-footed, and in that condition, and with the most arduous exertions, I crossed the great St. Bernard. Mountains and snow produce great exhiliration of spirits, and gay we all were even on our descent, though we slipped and fell about at every step, and often dangerously. In the course of our march, we used frequently to sing a composition of one of our officers, beginning: "Amici Italiani—andiamo, andiamo al campo." Poetry rather military than beholden to the muse, as will be perceived. When on the summit of the great St. Bernard, my fancy led me to compare the Consul Buonaparte to a mighty magician, who by means of his enchanted wand, transported us at his will and pleasure, so great was the confidence we reposed in him.

After having taken several hundred Austrians prisoners at Acosta, we advanced towards the fortress of Bard, but before arriving in sight of it, General Lecchi received orders to return to the Alps with three battalions, two chosen companies denominated "Infernale," and the regiment of cavalry rifles, who, as has been already stated, were scant of horses, and therefore seldom mounted. The other three battalions of the Legion, and the artillery, had been sent elsewhere, under the orders of the Adjutant-General Tuiller. On commencing this countermarch, our imaginations depicted to us the probability of our being compelled to reclimb St. Bernard; and the steep which descends towards Italy, being much more precipitous than the opposite side, we should in such an event have been compelled to abandon our artillery and other munitions of war. We were soon undeceived, for we redescended the Alps on the side of Valdobia in order to penetrate as far as Vavallo, and what we encountered in that

direction, made us look upon the passage of the St. Bernard as mere child's play. These mountains were in truth well nigh inaccessible, and to our still greater misfortune, our provisions of bread and biscuit were exhausted, and our strength began to fail. I well recollect that on reaching Valdobia with the greatest danger and difficulty, excessive hunger made me eat with avidity the green endive which grows there to some height. Afterwards I drank some milk, sold to me by a shepherd, when I was presently seized with the most dreadful pains. The third day we began the ascent of the last of those mountains, which once passed, led us to Vavallo. This last mountain seemed endless, and the summit, when we had attained it, presented the exact appearance of a cone of ice. On the great St. Bernard, a road had been opened for us by the sappers and peasants; but here, no trace of man, nor even of an animal was perceptible. Finally, when with great labour we did attain the summit, the descent on the opposite side yawned at our feet, so precipitous and so rugged, that we looked in each other's faces in speechless stupefaction. But descent was inevitable, and we were obliged to slide down sometimes in a sitting posture, sometimes on our stomachs: for even seated, and holding our carbines in our hands by the two extreme ends, to maintain our equilibrium, we vacillated at every obstacle which the snow presented, and rolled over in spite of ourselves.

The superior officers, and the few riflemen who were mounted, unable to lead their horses, abandoned them to chance by urging them down the sides of the mountain, and many of them were buried in the snow. I have never been able to account for the little notice taken of this memorable enterprise, worthy not only of

the pen of a poet, who would find all exaggeration impossible, but of a strict and sober historian; and it is marvellous that even Botta, a native of Piedmont, should have neglected to get together sufficient information concerning it.

Arriving late at night at the foot of the mountain, we procured some bread several months old, some cheese, and a very small quantity of wine at a miserable village, more like a place of shelter for animals than for men, and where the natives live like demi-savages. As the enemy was close at hand, we were obliged to be on the alert. A French emigré, the Prince de Rohan, Commander of an Austrian division, at least twice as numerous as ours, and possessed besides of a considerable quantity of artillery, and a good number of well-mounted cavalry, defended Vavallo and the strong points about it. It was a splendid day for us poor Italians! Alone in our danger, and alone in our glory, we achieved by the sheer force of boldness and enthusiasm, an exploit which has rarely been equalled. What is better still, we encountered and beat an enemy whom the Italians, sooner or later, must overcome if they would gain their freedom. And, certainly, at that time, if any one had predicted that fifteen years hence the Austrians would keep under the yoke twenty-four millions of Italians, we should have laughed at such a prophecy.

At early dawn we were again on our march, headed by the company denominated "Infernale," whose deeds richly entitled them to such an appellation. This company was chiefly composed of Cisalpine, Roman, Tuscan, and Piedmontese sergeants and riflemen. More intelligent and braver soldiers never took the field than these men. From the point from which we

started up to Vavallo, they never wavered. The distance they had to accomplish was a hard march, and the enemy committed a great fault in defending this pass by small detached parties, and at a considerable distance from the main body, which occupied a formidable elevation. Our only manœuvre consisted in continuing to advance at an accelerated pace. Officers of all ranks, soldiers, drummers, trumpeters, all were equally out of breath; but nevertheless we still urged forward, and that, too, notwithstanding a brisk fire from the artillery and musquetry of the enemy stationed on the elevation above our heads. The column proceeding along the main road often outran our supporters in flank, who were opposed by every kind of obstacle. We pushed forward, heedless even of the dead and wounded falling around us. The Austrians did not attempt to charge us with their bayonets, or even to dispute our passage. On arriving in sight of Vavallo, we were so exhausted that for the first time we were forced to slacken our speed, and prepare to encounter greater resistance than had hitherto been opposed to us, but which we felt the necessity of overcoming. Our situation was one of great difficulty—we had the choice of these alternatives —to starve, to lay down our arms, or what was still more mortifying, abandon all chance of success; rather than do which, we would all have sacrificed our lives on the spot. The Austrians having again concentrated their forces, were waiting in order of battle to defend the bridge by which Vavallo is entered. Although in some confusion, we formed ourselves into three columns, and without regarding their offensive fire, advanced with such impetuosity that they retreated, leaving about four hundred prisoners with some artillery in our hands. What chiefly ensured our victory in

such a conflict, with an army so superior to ours in number, arms, and position, was the extreme rapidity of our charges, the result of that enthusiasm which animated us, and the effect of that agility by which my countrymen are characterized. Another source of our success was, the opinion entertained by the Austrians, that to cross the mountains from the side at which we descended upon them was impossible, and they neglected on their part to send out to ascertain our strength. This error was inexcusable, and led to another still greater, which was that of scattering small posts along a spacious track of road.

I do not exaggerate when I say that in the campaign of Marengo, the operation the most arduous and the most dangerous was that which the Italians performed at the battle of the Iesia, destitute, as they were of artillery, against an enemy well provided with it. The Italians besides had no other cartridges than those they carried in their cartridge-boxes; so that had the Austrians offered a stouter resistance, we should have had no other resource than our bayonets. The entire army which had been sharing in the glories of the celebrated campaign of Marengo, unanimously applauded this feat of ours, no less remarkable from the courage it evinced, than from the exhibition of an unusual degree of military perspicacity, and our Infernal companies were the theme of general praise. It is right to admit that the French have always borne testimony to the achievements of the Italians, both in their speeches and in their writings; nevertheless, in the course of the campaign in which we fought as auxiliaries in the ranks of that warlike nation, it was often experienced, as Tasso says, "I premj usurpa del valor la prode."

After leaving Vavallo, we had several skirmishes, from all of which we came out well: at Sesto we possessed ourselves of a store of provisions. From Milan we were directed upon Brescia, there to encounter the insurgents of Valtelina, who were encouraged by the Austrians. Whilst we were thus engaged, we received intelligence of the celebrated battle of Marengo. Our not having borne a part in the deeds of that great day, caused us almost as much grief as if the Italian Legion had been branded with cowardice. I have frequently listened to dissertations on the battle of Marengo from general officers who had been present at it, and I have read whatever has been written on the subject.

After forty-five years, the illustrious historian, Thiers, describes this battle with great exactness—except that he deceives himself, when he judges the position of Grouchy at the battle of Waterloo to have been similar to that in which Dessaix (a General beyond all praise) found himself placed.

Dessaix had been charged to follow the route of the enemy, and not finding them, he was imperatively bound to hasten to the spot where the sound of the artillery announced their presence.

Grouchy, on the contrary, had received orders to pursue, and in every event to keep the numerous forces of Austria in check. He could not, without fresh orders from his Commander-in-chief, turn his back on these, and change his adversaries at pleasure.

From the descriptions commonly given of the battle of Marengo, it is generally believed, that had the arrival of Dessaix to oppose the progress of the enemy been less prompt, the defeat of Buonaparte would have been inevitable. But in examining attentively the skill with which the First Consul had distributed his forces;

the confidence with which he inspired his soldiers and Generals, who surpassed the Austrians in valour, in intelligence, and in patriotism, I am persuaded that Melas would never have beaten his adversary. My own military experience, such as it is, leads me to maintain the prevalent opinion—that since Cæsar, of all the Generals who have commanded the armies either of Italy, of Spain, of Austria, or of France, no one has equalled Napoleon. Further; I think, that although dazzled by the splendour of a crown, he committed errors fatal to himself and to France; nevertheless, no other General in Europe could have surpassed or even equalled him.

During the truce which followed that great battle, all the volunteer officers of the cavalry regiment of the Italian Legion were sent to Pavia, where the chief depôt of the Italian officers was established, and where we were to remain, until called into active service according to our respective ranks. It happened, however, that many officers in reserve at the head-quarters of Pontveaux in France, who had never yet been engaged in any campaign—some influence having been exerted in their favour—were employed in preference to us of the Italian Legion. But what cannot be accomplished by craft and intrigue! Thus goes the world; thus has it been in the past times; and thus will it still be in the times to come!

I shall never forget the miserable period of my sojourn at Pavia in company with my fellow officers in reserve. During the whole course of my life, so full of vicissitudes, never had I been in such a state of extreme misery. I lived solely upon a ration and a half a day, which was the portion likewise allowed to my comrades. In order to make this slender provision go as far as pos-

sible, several Calabrese officers, amongst whom were Malavolta and myself, messed together. One of us prepared a rice soup, which added to a very small portion of boiled beef, black bread, and a little water, formed the whole of our nourishment during four-and-twenty hours. The French Government owed us several months' pay, which we vainly expected to receive. What I cannot account for is, that it never occurred to me to draw upon my father through M. Durant at Marseilles, or upon the Neapolitan banker, Falconnet. A hundred francs would have been a real treasure to me in the state of misery in which I was at that period placed. I had positively not two sous with which to purchase some Indian-corn bread to appease the cravings of an appetite by no means satisfied with the ration and a half allowed me; indeed, we were all obliged to dispose of a portion of our scanty allowance to procure materials for cooking the remainder. During all this time, my poor family was mourning me as dead. To such as endeavoured to inspire my parents with the hope that such was not the case, they replied, "How can we believe that a poor youth, unprovided with the means of life, should not crave assistance from a family so truly attached to him, from a father who has spent and still spends so much upon his children?" This was told me at a later period.

My distress was heightened by the loss of my portmanteau, which was stolen from me, and which was well supplied with excellent linen and clothes purchased at Marseilles at the moment of my departure thence. I say that it was stolen, because the explanation given to me that it had been lost with many others at the passage of the Alps seemed to me very far from satisfactory. Amidst so many misfortunes, one greater

was produced by ourselves, and this was a mania for duelling, which excited us to fight each other with the ferocity of mortal enemies. We had a great many wounded, and some seriously; but we had few deaths to deplore, for we generally fought with sabres. As I was by nature somewhat insolent, I got involved in two different rencontres. One was with a mess-mate named Frotta; he received three wounds in the arm, and after picking up some earth to staunch the blood with, he would have resumed fighting but for the interference of Malavolta. The other was with a man of the name of Cirillo; I clove his hat in two, and he wounded me in the arm. He was a brother of Carlo Cirillo, a brave and honourable officer, who nineteen years later served me in the capacity of aid-de-camp.

Besides this duelling mania, I was seized by another, much more harmless, however, in its effects, and far more entertaining, and that was a passion for declamation. I got by heart the whole of Monti's Aristodemo, besides many scenes from Alfieri's tragedies. I was billeted with another Calabrese, Fabrizio Pocrio, uncle of the celebrated advocate, Baron Pocrio. He was older than myself, and I looked upon him somewhat in the light of a father. As he possessed a taste for declamation at least equal to mine, he encouraged this disposition in me, and often accompanied me to Milan to witness the representation of some tragedy. It must not be supposed that we indulged in such a pleasure, but at the expense of great privations and difficulty. Besides the indispensable necessity of walking the twenty miles which separate Milan from Pavia, we required at least ten sous to procure the refreshment of a little white bread and milk on the way; also three francs to pay for our entrance into the theatre. To

accomplish all this, we used to borrow four francs from some exile in better circumstances than ourselves, or from a Milanese officer, related to General Pino, of the name of Lonati, who had been my fellow-prisoner at Naples. At this period a circumstance occurred, which from its strangeness seems worthy of being recorded here. One day I was surprised to behold Fabrizio Pocrio enter the house, his countenance bearing the expression of some great misfortune. He threw himself hastily upon his bed, and gave vent to the most violent paroxysm of grief. After some time, and by dint of entreaties on my part, and perhaps from an instinctive feeling of soothing his sorrows by sharing them, he imparted to me that he had been gambling, and had just lost five thousand Milanese livres. "When and how did you become possessed of such a sum?" was my first exclamation. He then related to me that he had carried it about him in gold since he had quitted Naples, sewed up in a belt which he wore round his body, and that he had increased this sum by the fruits of his economy, whilst he was Commander in a small town in Lombardy. I asked him whether he possessed this money during the time that we were depriving ourselves of bread for want of money to purchase some. He replied that he had always kept it in his belt in case of any greater emergency, but that seduced by the hope of increasing his treasure by means of *rouge et noir*, he had played and lost all. On hearing this account of his rash behaviour, I had not the heart to blame him, or to add to the bitter reproaches which he addressed to himself. This event served to stamp my horror of gaming.

In the meanwhile, completely tired of languishing in that tedious depôt, I obtained, by means of a friend, a

letter of recommendation to General Miollis, who commanded in Tuscany, which had just been constituted a Republic. By the advice of my friend Lonati, I drew a bill for two thousand livres upon my father through Falconnet the banker at Naples; but without waiting for an answer, and provided with a trifling sum which I had borrowed from Lonati, I procured a passport and started for Florence. On my arrival, I presented myself before General Miollis, and laid before him my situation and the service I had seen. He gave orders to General Francesco Pignatelli to employ me as Lieutenant in the Legion he was about to form for the service of the Republic of Tuscany, and in that capacity I made the campaign of 1801. After divers marches and counter marches, and several encounters with the Aretine insurgents, headed by General Spanocchi, and with several bodies of Neapolitans, we wound up with the battle of Siena, out of which city General Miollis drove the Neapolitan troops, commanded by General Damas, a French *emigré*. Miollis' division was composed of several bodies of French, of Cisalpines, of one battallion of Italian officers, and of the Tuscan Legion, in which I served. The day of the battle of Siena, witnessed the melancholy spectacle of Italian fighting against Italian. The Neapolitan army was extremely ill-organized. Almost all the officers had begun their career under Cardinal Ruffo; but being commanded by a very able officer, if they did not achieve any great exploit, they behaved in a manner which could not reflect any dishonour upon them. They offered a sufficient degree of resistance, and although their retreat was over a most unequal soil, they effected it with as much regularity as if they were exercising on the parade. General Miollis was informed

by Damas, that his having evacuated Siena was merely the result of a superior order which he was bound to obey. The batallion of officers was formed of those who had composed the depôt of Pavia, turned to this account by the Cisalpine Republic, in order to do away with the necessity of paying them for nothing. Notwithstanding the individual bravery of its members, this body always served ill, a circumstance which arose from the feeling of discontent and humiliation experienced by officers obliged to descend to the rank of privates.

The truce of Luneville, concluded between France and Austria, put an end to the Tuscan campaign. The King of Naples, under the protection of the Emperor of Russia, avoided, not only the peril of a second flight into Sicily, but he obtained peace from the French Consul, Buonaparte. Peace was concluded at Florence, and upon the hardest conditions. Amongst others were the following: that the French troops should occupy the provinces of the kingdom of Naples along the shores of the Adriatic, their expenses to be defrayed by the King. That the King should issue an edict declaring that all his subjects, banished, fugitive, imprisoned, or concealed for political causes, should all, without exception, be set at liberty, allowed to return to their native land and to be put in possession of their property which had been confiscated. This peace caused great dissatisfaction to many Neapolitans and Romans, who thereby lost all present hope of the downfal of the Papal Government, and of the Bourbons of Naples.

In the meanwhile the French Republic after having, through the medium of the First Consul, erected Tuscany into a Republic, by the Treaty of Luneville

formed it into a kingdom, under the title of Etruria. The young Duke of Parma became its sovereign, and his former dominions were yielded to the Cisalpine Republic. At about the same period, the Autocrat, Paul I., Emperor of Russia, formed the Ionian Isles, then under his subjection, into a Republic. This political monstrosity furnished ample scope for mockery and merriment to the liberal portion of the British press.

The Legion in which I served was now dissolved, and although I might easily have continued my career in the kingdom of Etruria, I regarded such a course as an ignoble one, and did not for an instant permit my mind to dwell upon it. The method taken to dissolve our Legion was no less strange than unworthy. We received orders to proceed to Lucca; arrived there, we were drawn out in order of battle, and were not a little surprised to behold opposed to us, with their artillery pointed at us, that very Italian Legion with which I had crossed the St. Bernard. I shuddered at the sight, but we were forced to swallow the bitter pill. It was in this before unheard of and shameful manner that the French employed one Italian Legion to disband another, which certainly had done them good service; and this, because its politics did not quite harmonize with such as they for the present pleased to encourage. I might now have returned to Naples by availing myself of the treaty of peace concluded at Florence, but regarding such a step as humiliating, I forbore to do so.

After reflecting upon my condition, I demanded a passport for Milan. My friend Lonati, whom I found there, introduced me to the banker, Soresi, who having received the amount of my check, paid into my hands

a thousand livres, which appeared to me a treasure indeed. And now I conceived the design of entering the French army, then serving in Egypt. Such a scheme put into execution would not only satisfy my ardent desire of visiting that distant country, but it would enable me at the same time to enter my native country, not by favour of a royal edict, but by right as a French officer.

My intention was to embark at Taranto. Accordingly, I returned to Florence, where Murat was Commander-in-chief of the French army, which extended itself from that part of Italy to Apulia. Just as I was introduced into his apartment, I met a grenadier coming out, who had been exercising the General in the accomplishment of fencing. Murat was then about thirty years of age. He was handsome, of a martial aspect, and most elaborately elegant in his attire. I was but a poor Lieutenant at the time, and could not help fearing that I should not be permitted to speak to him. Nothing, however, could be more affable than his deportment, and on my requesting to be sent to Egypt, he inquired whether I had any relations in the kingdom of Naples, and why I did not avail myself of the pardon of the King, which was guaranteed hy the French Government. I replied that my father was a man of large property, and that he wished me to return home, but that I preferred a military career, and that I hated the Government of Naples. Then I proceeded to relate to him my political and military vicissitudes, and placed in his hands a testimonial given me by General Lecchi laudatory of my conduct in the campaign of Marengo. My extreme youth evidently produced a great impression upon him, which was not lessened by the ardour of my speech and manner. He asked what

he could do for me; I replied that my sole desire was to proceed to Egypt, and to be incorporated in the army stationed there.

Upon this, he gave me an order which would ensure my reception with the rank of Captain, and directed me to sail for Alexandria in the first French vessel which should quit Taranto. Who could then have foreseen that the vicissitudes of that brave warrior, those of my hapless country, and even my own, would one day be so closely connected, or would have terminated so disastrously!

I was now at the zenith of my wishes. I had already received another supply of money from my father, and a most affectionate letter from my brother Florestano, who languished at Naples in the hands of surgeons, still suffering from the dreadful wound he had received at the assault of Andria two years before.

CHAPTER IX.

1801—1802.

I arrive at Naples—See my brother Florestano—Pay a visit to my father—Return to Naples—Melancholy suicide of a friend of my brother and myself—I proceed to Taranto with the intention of sailing thence for Egypt—My return to Milan—Conspiracy to excite a rebellion in Naples—The Papal Government causes me to be arrested at Rome—I am set at liberty, and return to my family, where I remain some time, and then again proceed to Milan.

I STARTED upon my journey, and after crossing Tuscany and the States of Rome entered the Abruzzi, and reached Chieti, then the head-quarters of a French General. This General was in the habit of keeping open house during the evening, and a faro table, which was the chief amusement, generally caused his officers to leave with empty purses. It is truly surprising that in a well organized army, a General should have been allowed to follow such practices, which are in every respect subversive of discipline.

Although the ill fortune of Fabrizio Pocrio was still fresh in my mind, yet actuated by youthful vanity, I could not forbear risking a trifling sum. This was followed by another, and another, until I had lost all the money that I possessed. In this extremity I knew

not what course to take. Not only was I without funds to embark for Egypt, but I had not even wherewith to take me as far as Taranto. After turning over and over in my mind the means of unravelling the disagreeable perplexity in which I found myself, I decided upon proceeding to my brother Florestano at Naples. But how was I to defray the expenses of my journey? Young men soon become acquainted with each other. It was my good fortune to meet with a Captain of the Neapolitan staff, a Corsican by birth, of the name of Questa.

As he was about to start for the capital, he most courteously proposed that I should accompany him, offering to lend me whatever money I might require to defray the expenses of my journey. I accepted his kind offer, and we took our departure from Chieti, and on our route amused ourselves by discoursing on various topics. I was, at that period, extremely hot-headed, and my companion was of a quarrelsome temper, so that whenever we touched upon our political feelings, which differed in toto, we became so warm that several times we were on the verge of fighting. Fortunately, however, as we proceeded, we tacitly agreed to a calmer view of things, and ended our journey, as we had begun it, upon the best possible terms with each other.

My first step on arriving at Naples was to hasten to embrace Florestano. I was amazed when I was shown his chest, which had been cut completely open by the surgeon, that he might the better treat the wound my brother had received two years previously. In the centre of the gash was deeply inserted an indian rubber tube, through which the blood issued. Bruno Amantea, the most skilful surgeon in Naples, attended him, and

before beginning the dangerous operation which he had performed, he insisted upon the patient being held down by four powerful young men, so as to prevent the possibility of his struggling.

Florestano opposed this proceeding, and so great were his strength of mind and power of endurance, that he suffered all the anguish of the operation without the motion of a limb. The operator was so astonished at such dauntless courage, that he said to him: "You are made of iron, not of flesh;" at the same time adding, that nothing but the greatest care, and the utmost regularity of living could preserve him, for that if he pursued an opposite course, his days were numbered. Florestano replied that he preferred a month's life of freedom, to an age of solicitude about living.

Experience in this instance testified how erroneous are the precautions of medical men when they act upon a system, and without taking into account the strength of constitution in particular cases. During the space of fifteen years, and with his chest open, Florestano never ceased to perform all the arduous duties of an active military life.

My brother was very generally beloved at Naples, which was the chief place of resort for those who had been persecuted for their political opinions. The King, now become a dependant of France, whose troops occupied the provinces on the Adriatic coast, durst no longer molest the patriots. In the house of Florestano there resided a young artillery officer named Romanelli. He was a native of Aquila, of agreeable manners, and a very pleasant companion, greatly esteemed by my brother.

All Florestano's friends were eager to become ac-

quainted with me, a compliment which caused me great satisfaction. We should most probably have led a happy life enough, had not that accursed gambling fit which seized me at Chieti, and my brother at Naples, completely exhausted our resources. Finding ourselves in the predicament of a scarcity of cash, we resolved to extricate ourselves from it, by paying a visit to our father in Calabria and throwing ourselves upon his parental generosity to procure relief from the consequences of our youthful indiscretion. We put our scheme into execution immediately, and proceeded to our father's residence at Squillace. I leave the reader to judge of the joy of my father, and our other near relations at the unexpected arrival of two beloved members of the family whom they despaired of ever seeing again; one, because of the desperate wound he had received, and the other, because never having received any tidings of him, they had looked upon him as dead.

Their astonishment at the vicissitudes I had experienced, and the fatigue I had undergone, when scarcely past childhood, was unbounded. Our stay at Squillace was extremely short, for we both felt eager to return to the capital. Unable to alter my resolution of proceeding to Egypt, and touched by the deplorable state of Florestano's health, our father amply provided us with money; with more indeed than our necessities required. After taking a most affectionate leave of our family, we returned to Naples.

Many days had not elapsed after our arrival, before we were very painfully affected by a most tragical occurrence. I have already mentioned that our friend Romanelli was an inmate of my brother's house. One evening he expressed a desire that we should all sup

together; and to this we acceded. He exhibited on this occasion much dejection of spirits at our approaching separation. He was about to proceed to Aquila, myself to Taranto, and Florestano was to remain at Naples. On the day after, Romanelli said he must stay at home until after two o'clock, having business of importance to transact with a person whom he expected at that hour.

My brother and myself went out for a walk about the town, but we separated, and proceeded in different directions. It was a good deal after two o'clock when I returned home. As I approached the house, I beheld a crowd assembled, amongst whom I perceived the commissary of police, and a detachment of soldiers. I drew near to learn the cause of this concourse of people. My inquiries were civilly answered by a stranger, who said that a young man, named Florestano Pépé, had just put an end to his life by blowing his brains out with a pistol, that the body was extended upon a sofa, and covered with blood, the instrument of death lying at his feet, and that the commissary was about to break into the room, the melancholy spectacle having as yet only been seen through a fissure in the door. My blood ran cold when I heard this frightful intelligence, and I nearly swooned. Fortunately, two of my acquaintances happened to be passing, and perceiving my condition led me away to the residence of one of them.

Whilst I sat abandoned to the most unspeakable anguish, Florestano himself entered. As soon as he beheld me, he exclaimed: "Our poor friend has destroyed himself." These words at once checked the intensity of my sorrow, although my brother and myself were deeply grieved by the sad occurrence,

which deprived us of a dearly valued friend, who had been a companion at college with my brother, and who lived with and tended him during the suffering occasioned by his wound. My mind had been so overwhelmed by the first news, that it did not occur to me that it might be Romanelli rather than my brother, who had put a period to his existence. The extreme gentleness of his character indeed would have forbidden my entertaining such a conjecture.

A letter found upon his table stated, that the violent passion he had conceived for a lady, who had proved unfaithful, and the unendurable jealousy excited by his rival, made his life insupportable, and that he saw no other release from his misery but death. Thus ended the career of this young man, whose qualities both of head and heart rendered him worthy of a happier fate.

A few days after this melancholy event, extremely reluctant to quit Naples, and almost overwhelmed by the thought of parting from my brother Florestano, I began my journey to Taranto. On my arrival there, I hastened to present myself to General Soult, who at a later period—as the world knows—rose to the rank of Marshal of France, but who then held the chief command of the French troops stationed in that part of the kingdom. I submitted to his inspection the order I had received, expressing my ardent desire to embark for Egypt. He replied that it was too late; that, agreeably to the terms of a Convention entered into with England, the French troops were about to evacuate that country, and that unless I meant to lay aside all hope of being employed, I should return and join Murat, who was then at Milan. Having obtained a passport from him, I turned my steps, with a heavy heart, towards my new destination.

Although I had only just then attained my eighteenth year, I could not help sundry severe reflections upon the political change of the French army. The words "freedom" and "republic," were seldom uttered, whilst the name of the First Consul Buonaparte was in every mouth. In the meanwhile, the King of Naples bestowed a liberal monthly stipend upon the French officers of the higher rank, which was nothing else but a bribe to induce them to prevent the troops under their command from becoming intimate or familiar with the inhabitants of the provinces in which they were stationed. Such a stipend was of course extorted from the people in the shape of taxes. Even the few French officers who openly proclaimed their zeal in behalf of, and sympathy with, republican sentiments, never hesitated a moment blindly to obey every order proceeding from the First Consul.

After crossing Apulia and the Abruzzi, where I perceived that the patriots still entertained some hopes of a change of government, I entered the Roman States, and passing through Ancona and Pesaro reached Ravenna. I found there the battalion of officers which had fought in Tuscany, and which was to be dissolved by order of the Cisalpine Government. All its members were equally bent upon organizing another revolution in the kingdom of Naples. They were commanded by Vincenzo Pignatelli, brother of Ferdinand Prince of Strongoli, who, together with his younger brother Mario, had been beheaded at Naples in 1779 in despite of the conditions of capitulation. Although more advanced in years than myself, Vincenzo Pignatelli's sentiments were not less ardent than my own. He was not the person to neglect an opportunity, or to fail to co operate in aught that might prove beneficial

to his native country. He was an excellent young man, the youngest of his brothers, and although possessed of a certain degree of talent, he had had small experience in the art of war; nevertheless, he inspired some confidence, derived partly from the sad fate of his elder brothers, to which may be added that one of them held the rank of General, and that he himself was a Major in the army of the Cisalpine Republic. The better to carry his purpose into effect, he had obtained from the minister of war at Milan an unlimited leave of absence. The inhabitants of Bologna had engaged to furnish assistance both of arms and money, which circumstance was not unknown to the Cisalpine ministers. My former companions rejoiced at my arrival amongst them at so propitious a moment, and under circumstances so well suited to the natural bent of my inclinations. They introduced me to Vincenzo Pignatelli, who talked to me unreservedly of the extent of his correspondence in the Abruzzi, where, on our arrival we should be joined and reinforced by thousands of patriots. He went on to say, that we should take up our position on the heights of the mountain of La Matrice, and that the French would look on as spectators; and that, as the minister of war of the Cisalpine Republic had tacitly permitted the undertaking, the success of our enterprise would not be regarded unfavourably by Murat himself. I requested to be furnished with a musket and a bag of cartridges that I might accompany the expedition. In the course of the same day, I was again summoned to attend Pignatelli. I waited upon him immediately. He inquired whether I was willing to proceed to Milan, at my own expense, the bearer of letters to his friends in that city. In the event of my compliance, I was to

inform them by word of mouth, that it was of the last importance that they should hasten to send a supply of money and cartridges, that the insurgents might proceed immediately by the mountains into the provinces of Aquila. The persons with whom I was to communicate were Giuseppe Abbamonti and Michele Procida, both friends of the minister of war. I did not hesitate to accept such a mission: elated at the important trust confided to me, I took my departure for Rimini.

On reaching Bologna I witnessed a sight calculated to inflame more than ever the fervent hopes I had conceived of recovering my country's liberty. In the large square facing the Palazzo Comunale, the French troops stationed in that city were drawn out in battle array. Their number amounted to about three thousand, and they were about to march against the Bolognese National Guard. The latter had refused to submit to the orders of General Murat, which had been dispatched from Milan, and which contained directions to reform the different companies of the guard, who were, each and all, impressed with the warmest feelings of patriotism and nationality. The French General, (whose name, if I do not err, was Gobert,) desired to accomplish this by fair means. Irritated, however, by the bold replies of one of the grenadiers of the National Guard of Bologna, he sprang forward to tear the epaulettes from his shoulders. Perceiving this, another grenadier struck the General upon the head with the barrel of his musket with sufficient violence to cause blood. To avoid a commotion in so populous a city, the General immediately ordered his men to return to their quarters. I learnt afterwards, that he had taken no notice of the insult offered

to himself, but that Murat's orders had been carried into execution.

At that period political agitation was rife, and the youth of Italy were deeply imbued with sentiments of nationality, and to express such feelings was an undertaking by no means without peril. In Brescia and some other cities of Lombardy, several collisions had already taken place between the Nationalists and the French military authorities.

Eager to fulfil the mission entrusted to me, I soon quitted Bologna. When I reached Piacenza, I found the Po so dreadfully overflowed, that no one durst attempt the passage across. My impatience to push on was such, that had the salvation of my native country depended wholly upon the speedy execution of my orders, I question whether it could have been greater. A cabinet courier going between Rome and Paris, was determined to proceed at all hazards, and I offered to accompany him in his attempt to cross the stream. That we might do this, we found it necessary to take water in a small flat-bottomed boat extremely light, for the waters covered a space of ground to the extent of nearly fifteen miles. As in many places the soil was of an uneven nature, we often found ourselves aground, and were obliged to draw the boat along the shore with ropes, to set it afloat again. We spent a whole day in this employment, and not without great risk of sinking. Many of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had sought refuge in the upper stories of their houses, deploring the losses they had sustained, and fearing even for their lives.

After overcoming these difficulties I reached Milan, where I flattered myself that I should be looked upon in the light of a man charged with the most important

affairs. Both Abbamonti and Procida exhorted me to conceal myself unless I wished to be arrested and conducted to the confines of the Republic by gens-d'armes. Pretty liberty they enjoyed! I was at once surprized and indignant at such a state of things. Procida gave me an asylum in his own house, and informed me that the desire of independance manifested at Bologna, Brescia, and other great cities of Lombardy had drawn the most peremptory orders for its suppression from the First Consul, who was bent upon stifling such revolutionary sentiments in the hearts of the Italians. He added that the attempt at Rimini, which was abetted by the battalion of officers, would be extinguished at the moment of its birth. He proceeded to say that Murat himself, and the Cisalpine Minister of War were obliged to proceed with the utmost rigour to avoid the suspicion of having connived at what had taken place. At Milan, which was looked upon as the very focus of the conspiracy, several patriots had been arrested, and others exiled. My own name was inscribed on the list of those who were destined, if taken, to be placed under confinement, upon the plea that I had been striving to foment the conspiracy in Calabria, Apulia, and the Abruzzi. Amongst those who had been driven from Milan, was the Marquis of Montrone, a young man of amiable manners, cultivated mind, and ready wit, at that time a warm partisan of republicanism. Later, during the vicissitudes of Naples, he became the slave of every party. The Italian patriots felt a profound admiration for Alfieri's works: they were in the practice of reciting his verses aloud, particularly those directed against the French. In this latter respect they were not wrong.

All the hopes I had conceived of going to Egypt

were dissipated, and General Murat, from whom I anticipated protection, now looked upon me as a political agitator. Giovanni Procida, brother of Michele, being about to go into Calabria to transact some family business, proposed that I should bear him company thither, and thence return to my father's house. Although this plan was little in accordance with my own views, still the want of money which—(having been robbed of a sum of money)—I began acutely to feel, left me no alternative. I accordingly started for Naples in company with Giovanni Procida. On reaching Rome, I was at once arrested and thrown into prison. Fortunately for me, the Chevalier Placido Sanseverino, a relation of the Baron Marcellinara, was then in that city. As he was acquainted with the French Minister Plenipotentiary, as well as with the Governor of Rome, he exerted himself to convince them that my intention was to retire into the bosom of my family in Calabria. On this plea he procured my liberation without any allusion being made to the affairs of Rimini. We at length reached Naples; my brother Florestano was absent on a visit to Calabria, but I found there my elder brother Giovanni Batista, who had formerly been as a parent to me.

The Neapolitan Government could not but know the part I had taken in the proposed movements at Rimini, but the King kept himself upon his guard, not daring after the treaty of Florence, to renew the arrests, and by so doing exasperate the hearts already so deeply torn and wounded by the events of 1779. I cannot express the sorrow I felt during my stay at Naples, or the tediousness which embittered my sojourn in Calabria. Nor did the affectionate solicitude of the warm-hearted family and friends by whom I was surrounded tend to

alleviate my distress of mind. Neither the pleasures of society, nor books, nor the chase, for which indeed I never had much taste, could dissipate my sorrow at beholding all the ardent hopes I had indulged ever since I entered upon active life vanish into air. My native country degraded by the presence of the French was an idea ever present to my mind, and the abject submission of the reigning Princes to them helped to aggravate my feelings of hatred and contempt. I spent the greater part of my time shut up in my own room, weeping as if I deplored the loss of a dearly beloved friend. My heart was possessed by anguish which almost took the form of delirium. I was constantly accusing fate for not permitting me to end my days when Schipani's column was defeated, and my only relief was tears. At that age on the first access of any violent passion, every vexation becomes a positive torment. My parents as well as my brothers and sisters seeing me in such a state, knew not what consolation to offer. Florestano, in spite of the wound still open in his chest, was an ardent sportsman, and passed the greater part of his time either in the chase or on horseback. Ferdinand was wholly engaged in the accumulation of wealth. My eldest brother, Stefano, the tendency of whose feelings and inclinations was in favour of the monarchy, and who was devoted to King Ferdinand, had little sympathy with me. His was, however, a noble mind, although perhaps somewhat deficient in energy. He was a warm admirer of the works of Quintus Curtius, Virgil, Horace, and of Metastasio ; but he could never be induced to peruse a page of Alfieri.

My aversion to the Government now rendered my stay in the kingdom intolerable, not to speak of the

probability of some youthful imprudence on my part involving me in fresh troubles. Hoping that the persecutions against the patriots had ceased in the Cisalpine portion of Italy, I determined to proceed thither, not in search of employment, but to live upon the means furnished me by my father, whose excellent heart prompted him to give me whatever I desired. Having come to this decision, I proceeded to Messina where I embarked on board a vessel laden with oil, and about to sail for Genoa.

CHAPTER X.

1802—1803.

Shipwreck in the Bay of Fiumicino, near Rome—I proceed to that capital—I devise a conspiracy, and hasten to Calabria—I return to Messina, and from thence to Naples—I am arrested and condemned to pass the remainder of my days in the Fossa del Maritimo—I am loaded with chains and conducted to the place of my destination.

The wind was favourable, and the ship on board of which I had embarked, towards evening came in sight of the heights of Capri. On the following morning, May the 15th, the sea became rough and finally blew a hurricane. The Captain told me that during his forty years sea-life he had never known such a storm. As the vessel was heavily freighted with oil, the crew proposed to lighten her by casting as much as possible overboard; but the violence of the storm was such that it was impossible to get at the greater part, which was stowed away in the hold. Observing the difficulty of executing such a scheme, I perceived that little chance of safety remained to us. On revolving these thoughts, I found myself possessed of more philosophy than I had hitherto given myself credit for. I reflected upon the uncertainty of human affairs, without any overwhelming grief

or terror at the prospect of being compelled so early to leave them. I could not help thinking that, were youth divested of all the human follies which so greatly embitter that period of life, it would be pleasant enough; at all events I came to the conclusion that were it my fortune to escape the peril in which I found myself, I would make a better use of my youth than I had hitherto done. Experience would have detected the shallowness of these juvenile speculations.

The demeanour of the Captain was courageous, and firm, and he prepared to meet the impending danger with coolness; but this was far from being the case with his crew. Some, downcast and dispirited, were reciting Latin litanies of which they did not understand a word; others lamented their wives; others wept for the children they were to behold no more, and many were absorbed by the contemplation of their own imminent danger. Whilst I stood silently regarding them, a loud cry announced that we were in sight of Civita Vecchia. The hope this intelligence excited was soon dispelled by the violence of the enormous waves which seemed to sweep us with more fearful rapidity towards the fatal shore. On beholding the inevitable doom which seemed to await us, it was decided to hoist as much sail as we could, that we might be carried as far as possible towards the shore, for we hoped to strike upon the sand not far from terra firma. After some time we struck, and the vessel would no longer obey the helm. There was no standing on the deck, for the sides of the ship were alternately plunged into the sea, and elevated far above it, in addition to which the oil which had been spilt rendered it so slippery that it was impossible to keep one's footing, as was proved by two sailors going overboard. Not knowing what course to pursue in such a

predicament, I seized hold of the mainmast, and clinging to it exposed myself to all the violence of the waves which dashed impetuously against me, as well as of the shrouds of the ship, which struck against my bare head and naked shoulders. Who would believe it? but it was from reading Telemachus some years before that I conceived the idea of clinging to the mainmast.

The Captain and the remainder of the crew, more experienced than myself, had sought a refuge near the helm, and called out to me that I could not withstand the danger of the perilous situation in which I had placed myself for more than a quarter of an hour. Although to quit the spot I had chosen was an undertaking of hazard and difficulty, still, seeing no other chance of safety, I sprang resolutely from it, and seizing hold of that side of the vessel which was out of the water glided along as best I could, until I reached my companions in danger. My first thought was to inquire of them what was our chance of safety; they replied, that as the ship was new and strongly built we might hope that she would be able to live out the tempest, which was driving her more and more towards the land. We passed the whole night in this peculiar situation, but as soon as day dawned, when the storm began to abate, we perceived that people had assembled on the shore, who were making signs of encouragement, one of whom hailed us through a speaking-trumpet. After about two hours we decided that by clinging to ropes firmly attached to the vessel we might attempt to get on shore.

As I was unable to swim I feared that I must perish in the experiment, but the Captain encouraged me, saying that there was no necessity for swimming,

and that I had only to hold by the rope as tight as possible and endeavour to make for the shore. I seized hold of the cord immediately and followed him, but I did not look upon myself as safe until my feet touched the land. The shore on which we landed was called Fiumicino, and was situated about twenty miles from Rome.

Not only had I lost all my luggage, which had been washed away, but the clothes I had on were saturated with oil. Fortunately I had taken the precaution of converting my father's check upon a banker at Messina into Spanish doubloons, which I wore wrapped in a leathern belt about me. I had been led to change my cheque, having been informed that I might lose by the exchanges, and it proved lucky for me that I did so. After having breakfasted most voraciously at an abominable tavern, I hired a horse and proceeded towards Rome. On my arrival there, I found more than one bath necessary to cleanse me from the oil in which I had been steeped. Another essential matter was to provide myself with clothes and linen. As is often the case with young men, I not only procured necessaries but superfluities, and even objects of luxury; amongst the latter a gold watch, chain and seals, which tended greatly to decrease my finances.

Such folly, which was not however inherent in my nature, was followed by a still more imprudent step. I suffered myself to be persuaded to return to Naples, instead of proceeding to Milan. It was Placido Sanseverino, to whom I owed my liberty from the Papal Government in the previous year, who now urged me in the most strenuous manner to take this course, and he succeeded in prevailing upon me to accompany him to Naples. I was most cordially received on my

arrival at the house of my brother, Giovanni Batista, who was rejoiced at my escape from the wreck, and wrote to communicate the particulars to my father, informing him at the same time that I was again without money. Under the impulse of youthful vanity, I myself wrote to several of my friends relating what had occurred to me. I learnt afterwards that some of them did not give entire credit to my narrative. Not so my own family, for they were fully aware that the cargo of oil had been shipped by the Chevalier Marincola of Catanzaro.

So great had been the moral shock effected by this shipwreck, that it entirely dispelled all my former bitterness of soul. My brother led a gay and happy life, and was accordingly surrounded by numerous adherents and friends. Nor had I any difficulty in finding persons who shared and sympathized with my prevailing opinions. The well educated, with very few exceptions, were strong advocates of a republic, and even the mass of the people seemed to blush at the horrors which had been perpetrated by royalty some years before. The conduct of Cardinal Ruffo in 1799, in exciting the people to pillage and slaughter, had done more harm to the cause of the King of Naples, than Robespierre to the French Republic. The errors committed by the latter were to a certain extent excusable, from the necessity of repressing innumerable enemies that threatened both at home and abroad to overpower France. But how justify or even excuse the horrors perpetrated by Cardinal Ruffo? His enemies were few, he was amply furnished with money and arms by several powers, and the French were about to evacuate the kingdom!

This same year Buonaparte caused himself to be

nominated Consul for life, and President of the Cisalpine Republic. The French troops quitted the kingdom. King Ferdinand returned to Naples from Palermo, where he was joined by Queen Caroline, who had been sojourning at Vienna. During this period, a Congress was assembled at Amiens, and conferences were being held to negociate a peace between France and England.

All the events which were then taking place in the kingdom, as well as in France, were of a nature to preclude the possibility of an insurrection, or of any other political change, yet this did not suffice to diminish my ardent yearning for freedom. Nor could the violent passion which I had conceived for a young widow tend in any sensible degree to divert me from a purpose I had formed. The reader may laugh at what I am about to relate, but I beg him to observe the consequence of the strange scheme I had conceived of causing a revolt in the kingdom, which scheme exercised no small influence over the remainder of my troubled days. On perusing what follows, the reader will at once perceive the credulity which possesses the votaries of faction, and the little confidence that should be placed in their exaggerated statements.

I was in the habit, from time to time, of meeting Lemaitre, Marchese di Guardia-Alfieri, who in 1799 had been my fellow-captive in the prison of the Vicaria. He had been reduced to a state of extreme poverty, and was lodging in a most miserable room of a most miserable inn, where I used to pay him long visits. I was attracted thither not less by his immense erudition, which made him appear a living encyclopedia, than by his conversation, in which I discovered a strong sympathy with my favourite republican creed. This

man had a friend named Schinosa. He was a wealthy young man from the province of Bari, a republican in spirit, although more devoted to pleasure than freedom.

After many long conferences together, and when we had attained a certain degree of intimacy, I asked Schinosa whether he would consent to organize a conspiracy in Apulia in favour of liberty, whilst I applied myself to effect the same thing in Calabria. He replied that he would willingly be my coadjutor in so noble an enterprise. My plans towards the carrying out of this conspiracy were first corrected, and then approved by the Marchese di Guardia-Alfieri, who was our oracle. The basis upon which they were founded were these. To announce in Calabria that a Central Committee, composed of the most fervent partisans of freedom, had been formed in Naples; and that the said committee desired to know if the inhabitants of Calabria were able and willing to assist in a republican outbreak? Having procured the assent of the Calabrese, we proposed next to endeavour to prevail upon the patriots of Naples to act with us, by proving to them the certain support of that important portion of the kingdom. The better to carry my scheme into effect, I began by appearing abroad with them, to show that I was associated with those lovers of liberty who were most esteemed for their sincerity and the solidity of their political judgment. Although I felt great pleasure in the society of the Marchese Guardia-Alfieri, I avoided being seen in public with him, and carefully concealed from him the names of those whom I meant to select for the chief abettors of my plot. I adopted these precautions, because I had discovered that the Marchese was not regarded with any degree of confi-

dence; that, although a republican at heart, he wanted firmness, and that notwithstanding the extent of his information, he was greatly deficient in good sense.

Nearly six months were passed in revolving these matters, and during this lapse of time, I had more than once sounded the opinions of the most eminent men of our party to discover whether they were in accordance with my own; but not a soul but deemed it ill judged to attempt anything of the kind at this time. Nevertheless, I was bent upon following the impulse of my ruling passion, a rashness which is only to be excused on the score of my youth and inexperience. In our younger days, every thing seems practicable, and we are disposed to believe that what we desire is to be compassed. In the month of December 1802, I took leave of the Marquis of Schinosi, and quitted Naples for Calabria. As we parted, Schinosi swore that it should not be long ere he proceeded likewise into Apulia.

I reached Castrovillari, which is the second city on the borders of southern Calabria. In a conference which I had with persons of the highest standing, both for their social position and liberal sentiments, I informed them that I had been despatched to them by a Central Committee formed in Naples by the leading patriots, in order to learn whether those of Calabria might be reckoned upon, and to tell them that the Central Committee was assured of the favourable intentions of the French Government. I proceeded to state, that other patriots were going about the various provinces upon a mission similar to my own, and that the disposition of the inhabitants of Calabria would have great influence upon the future deliberations of the Committee. I added that the plan of insurrection

would be laid down after my return to Naples, and that confidential persons would be the bearers of directions to them how to proceed, but that in the meanwhile the whole affair must be kept a profound secret. I imparted the same intelligence to the chief patriots of Tarsia, Cosenza, Scigliano, Nicastro, Catanzaro, Maida, Monteleone, Tropea and Reggio. To these latter, I added that, in order to keep my mission a profound secret, I was only able to visit the cities situated upon the line between Castrovillari and Reggio, but that the sub-committees of the cities where I had stopped had undertaken to negociate the matter with the surrounding towns.

I observed with some surprise, that my fictitious tale was not merely believed by men of mature age, ripe judgment, and ability, but that they likewise regarded the plot as one of easy execution, and approved my not revealing the names of any of the members of the Central Committee, all of which I was not supposed to know. My astonishment was not less at perceiving the entire confidence they reposed in me, which if on the one hand it was justified by my well known patriotism, on the other was not due to my youth and want of experience. In this latter particular, indeed, I was sadly deficient, although my short life had been more full of eventful vicissitudes than that of most men of my age.

As my evil fortune would have it, on reaching Catanzaro, one of the most important cities of southern Calabria, I encountered a young man of good, if not wealthy parentage, who was a great adept in conspiracies. He had been exiled in the year 1799, and had passed several months in Paris. Being tolerably well versed in literature, he had been initiated in the first degrees

of freemasonry, but what was of far more consequence to me, he was indefatigable in action and swayed by the most feverish patriotism. As it would not be prudent to disclose his name, I shall call him X. I shall have occasion to mention him more than once in the course of my narrative.

As he aimed at assuming the entire direction of the conspiracy in Calabria, he insisted upon knowing the names of the members forming the Central Committee. This curiosity was quite natural, at the same time that it was indiscreet. It must be admitted, that his imprisonment in 1799, and afterwards his exile, joined to the fact of his being so greatly compromised, gave him a certain right to be trusted. I was, therefore, constrained to reveal to him the names of some of the members of the supposed committee. I mentioned persons well known, whose names would inspire confidence; among many others, the two brothers Pignatelli, Strongoli, Vincenzo whom I had known at Ravenna, and Francesco, now Prince of Strongoli, who had been my General in Tuscany. This satisfied X, who immediately opened a correspondance with the patriots with whom I had conferred in Calabria, and by these means greatly extended the conspiracy.

If I found many credulous people who lent a willing ear to my assertions, the case was very different when I returned to the bosom of my family, where I remained only for a week. When I confided my plans to Florestano, he greatly blamed me, and looked upon them not only as impossible of execution, but imprudent and pernicious, and as tending in every way to bring about my ruin. My poor father was made to believe that I was in expectation of a summons to join the army of the Cisalpine Republic. Such a prospect was

extremely agreeable to him, as he wished me particularly to quit the kingdom, that I might be out of the way of its persecuting Government.

At Tropea I again saw poor Jerocades. I found him much worn by years, and confined by order of the Government in a convent situated near Pargalia. This place being his native country, he was surrounded by his friends and relatives, whose affectionate cares assuaged his misfortunes. I had a conference at Reggio with Geronimo Arcovito (who became one of the Presidents of the Parliament of Naples in 1820), and my visit compromised him in no slight degree. I had an interview in the same town with Carlo Plutino. He was a member of one of the first families in Reggio, and had suffered greatly in 1799, when he had been imprisoned, together with his wife. In his house I met the Count Milano who had likewise been persecuted in 1799.

At Monteleone, I had previously conferred with a certain Scruglio, whose brother became at a later period deputy of the Parliament, as well as with another person, named Gatti, who had been a brother exile of mine in France. From Reggio I proceeded to Messina, whence I embarked, intending to return to Naples.

I was in hopes that I had achieved the main part of the undertaking by my journey, and that by stating the disposition of the Calabrese to co-operate with the Neapolitan patriots, the latter would come to the determination of sending a confidential person to verify my assertions, and that they would eventually decide upon forming themselves into a committee. Before long, however, I was made aware that I had been reckoning without my host, and that although favourably impressed by my account of the feeling in Calabria,

they were determined to await a more auspicious opportunity of availing themselves of the kindred sentiments of the Calabrese.

Schinosa had certainly gone into the province of Bari, but he was living with his family, intent upon enjoying himself. If he had exerted himself to organize a conspiracy in Apulia, as I had done in Calabria, my youthful enterprise although unsuccessful, would have intimidated our feeble Government. As I had by no means given over all hopes of Naples, I wrote to X, that he must exert himself to give extension to the conspiracy in Calabria; and that although the operations of the Central Committee were slow, they were sure. Five months passed; and here was a conspiracy known to thousands of Calabrese, without the Government having obtained any knowledge of the fact. Such a circumstance is not surprising when one reflects that the excesses perpetrated by the Government in 1799 had tended to inspire the patriots with new vigour and to increase their number; indeed, there were few private citizens who were not openly opposed to the Government. Such a general feeling made the denunciation of any person a matter of much hesitation, for any man attempting such a thing would have been lost for ever in the esteem of his countrymen. Had not X committed two acts of great imprudence, nothing would have been discovered.

Being of an extremely irascible nature, he quarrelled with another of our accomplices, and acted so as to irritate his opponent to such a degree, that the latter induced a third party to betray him. Another and a greater error committed by X, was that of preserving all the correspondance relative to the conspiracy. When he was arrested, all my letters

were discovered, and although they had been written under an assumed name, and in ambiguous terms, they were more than enough to prove to a timid and despotic Government, the existence of a plot against itself. On learning his arrest, I immediately consulted the celebrated lawyer, the Baron Giuseppe Pocrio, of whom I shall often have occasion to speak, and he urged me either to fly or to conceal myself. I decided upon adopting the latter course, but was so slow in putting it into execution, that one morning at day-break, a number of armed men, having at their head a certain Raffaello Bosco, commissary of the Government (who in the Junta of Vanni had been the terror of Naples) came to arrest me and my brother Giovanni Batista. Bosco had expected to find not only arms, but armed men in our apartment, which was in a house in the Strada del Grottone di Palazzo, and he pursued his operations with the utmost caution. Finding that the stand of arms he had expected to light upon was represented by a solitary sword, and that the armed men had dwindled to one peaceful family, he told my brother and myself that he arrested us in the King's name, as state-prisoners, and as such he proclaimed us aloud to the Commandant of the Castel de Carmine. This officer, La Marra by name, had served as Colonel under Cardinal Ruffo.

For my own part, I cared little about being called a prisoner of state, and confined as such, but my poor brother Giovanni Batista, who had been arrested without any cause, was overwhelmed with terror. We were placed in separate cells, styled *criminali.* I was chained and manacled. They were less severe in their treatment of my brother. Not only did they not load

him with irons, but they allowed him the privilege of [illegible]y walking about the castle for several hours daily. The[illegible] found in our apartment, neither papers nor other[illegible], evidence of a nature to compromise myself or oth[illegible]it from but this did not prevent our despotic Governme[illegible]e Coun- proceeding against us. I was taken before t[illegible]t examina- sellor De Giorgi, and underwent a very sho[illegible] journey into tion, for I denied every thing except m[illegible]firmed to have Calabria, the sole motive of which I a[illegible] been my desire to see my family again[illegible]iserable condition,

Meanwhile, I was in a most [illegible]wrist[illegible] and ankles, cruelly galled by the chains on my [illegible] which were only loosened for a few minutes daily. But my chief affliction arose from the assurance I felt, that I had brought my poor brother Giovanni Batista into danger, and from my certainty of the misery this would occasion my father. I was not aware at that time of all that I had made the good old man suffer, or of the persecutions of which my other brothers were the victims, with many families of Calabria, who must have cursed my very name.

The order for my arrest had been accompanied by another to search every house which I had called at during my visit to Calabria, with the houses of such as were suspected to be in correspondance with X. My father's house was visited at day-break by three hundred Albanian soldiers; but as it chanced to have several exits unknown to the assailants, my brothers, Ferdinand and Florestano, who were fortunately dressed to go out shooting, succeeded in escaping. They remained nearly a year concealed in the house of a worthy priest of Staletti. But for the high regard in which my family was held in that province, my brothers

would never have been able to remain so long undiscovered.

This excellent priest was a wealthy landholder of the parish of Staletti, whom I shall call N. More than once it happened that officers, sent to capture my brothers, slept under his roof, partaking the same shelter with those of whom they were in search, without having the remotest suspicion that such was the case. At length my brothers found themselves obliged to embark secretly for Malta. From thence, after repairing to France, they passed into Spain under a false name. And I was the fatal cause of such misery!

After being confined upwards of forty days in a cell of the Castel de Carmine, the Commandant came to announce to me, that I was about to be conveyed to a place where I should find myself better cared for. This was a cruel deception, heightened by the barbarity of refusing me a parting interview with my brother. I was sent to the Darsena, the same Darsena where I had been confined three years previously on quitting the Vicaria, and whence I had embarked for France. But how widely different did it now appear! Three years before, I had been associated with hundreds of companions in misfortune, surrounded by friends, and exulting in the prospect of speedily inhaling the air of liberty in France. Now I was all alone, and with no other prospect than that of ending my days in the Fossa del Maritimo. I was condemned to a penalty far worse than death, at the arbitrary will of the King, without trial, without opportunity of defence, without even the mockery of a sentence.

On beholding such an act of cruel tyranny exercised against a youth of nineteen, who would not feel disposed to excuse, or rather to justify, the numerous attempts

to overthrow the Government which could be guilty of it? I passed the night in a worse prison than that of the Carmine, which amongst other filth, was full of chalk. Here, however, I had no chains, and was not in total solitude. My companion was Nicola Ricciardi di Foggia, a person about thirty-six years of age, and a brother of Francesco Ricciardi, a learned advocate, who afterwards became Chief Justice under Murat.

On the following morning, linked together by an immense chain, we were put on board a small vessel belonging to the Royal Navy, which was to convey us to our destination. Like myself, Ricciardi had been condemned at the royal pleasure, and without any form of justice to be imprisoned for life in the Fossa del Maritimo. This place was a horrible den, unequalled by any other prison in Europe for the barbarous cruelties inflicted in it.

CHAPTER XI.

I am landed at Palermo, where I meet X—Thence I am taken to the Fossa del Maritimo—From that place I am removed to the Fossa di S. Caterina, in the Island of Favignana—The life I led in that prison—The condemned criminals whom I find there—I cause the Castle of St. Catherine to be taken—My liberty—I land in Calabria, then occupied by the French—After seeing my family I again meet my brothers in Naples.

As we were about to be put on board, several naval officers, accompanied by their friends, came to look at us. Ricciardi was ashamed of his chains, and concealed his face with his hands or covered it with his handkerchief. For my own part, far from feeling dishonoured, I looked upon my condition as a noble sacrifice to liberty, and although I was deeply affected by the situation in which I was placed, I was determined to preserve a calm demeanour. Ricciardi was desirous of learning all about me; from what he related touching himself, I knew not what judgment to form of him. He told me that after the French had again entered Apulia, one of their Generals, to curry favour with the King, had denounced him as guilty of conspiring against the Government. To this account he added something

about his having been in correspondence with Queen Caroline.

Meanwhile we came in sight of Cape Orlando, in Sicily. The Captain of our vessel had neglected to hoist the Royal Standard, and the red caps worn by the Macedonian soldiers caused our ship to be mistaken for an Algerine corsair. On this supposition they fired three cannon shots at us from the Fort of Cape Orlando; one of which passed directly across our poop. At length we reached Palermo, and were conducted to a prison abutting upon the sea. Here I met X., who, with several other young men, was detained for State reasons. All these had chains to their ancles, one end of which was fastened to the wall; we were soon manacled in a similar manner. I received from X. a minute account of all the sufferings endured by my family, my brothers, and by our associates, many of whom were languishing in the prisons of Calabria. From Palermo we sailed for the Castle of Trapani, and thence again for that of Favignana. The soldiers comprising the garrisons of these places talked to us of the republicans of 1799, who had preceded us there; they spoke of Abbamonte, of Pocrio, of the Duke of Riario, of the Prince Torella, and of others. Ricciardi, X., and myself were embarked for the island of the Maritimo, which is a Sicilian anagram of *Morte-mia*, a name quite characteristic of the horror of the place.

The island of the Maritimo, of that vast and dreary rock on which nothing vegetates, is situated opposite the city of Trapano, and about thirty miles from it. Upon a point of the island formed by an isolated rock stands a small castle which had been built for the purpose of giving notice of the approach of the Barbary corsairs, who during many centuries infested

the seas and shores of Sicily. Upon a platform of the castle, situated at the north, a deep cistern had been made in the rock. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the water had been emptied from this cistern in order to transform it into a prison for a wretched youth who had murdered his own father in the most barbarous manner, but who was too young to be condemned to death. Later, it became a cell for the life-long imprisonment of other malefactors who had been granted their lives. Finally, in 1799, under the government of King Ferdinand, it was made a State prison. The first political offender confined here was General Basset, of the Neapolitan Republic. Having been condemned to death, he saved his life by betraying the purposed flight of his companions. His original punishment was changed to perpetual imprisonment in this den, from which he ought never to have been delivered. He obtained his freedom, however, by the treaty of peace concluded at Florence between France and the King of Naples. On my committal to this horrible place with my two comrades, I found there two other prisoners, a certain Tucci—a second Cagliostro—and the Lieutenant Aprile di Caltagirone; the latter was the very man who, as I have before stated, had fled with Count Ruvo from the Castle of St. Elmo in 1788. We descended into the cell by means of a moveable wooden ladder. This cell was six feet wide and about twenty-two in length, but its height was not equal in all parts, so that we could only stand upright in the centre. It was so dark that we could scarcely see to read at noon, so that we were obliged to have a lamp constantly burning. As it was impossible to stop up the only opening through which we received air, without danger of suffocation, every

time the rain fell it caused such dampness in our cave, that Tucci and Aprile affirmed they had reckoned as many as twenty-two different species of insects. We slept upon a mattrass brought all the way from Palermo. Five of us being confined within so narrow a space, we found great difficulty in breathing; and on their first descent into the place, X. and Ricciardi were so overcome that they swooned, and we found it no easy matter to restore them to conciousness. I cannot tell whether I was actuated by a feeling of pride or of vanity, but at the moment of my entrance into this execrable hole, I began to recite the following verses, placed by Milton in the mouth of Lucifer when he attempts to console his fellow-sufferers:

> " What tho' the field be lost?
> All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome,
> That glory never shall his wrath or might
> Extort from me—"

On hearing me, Ricciardi turned round and reproached me for my rashness, which he said was likely to draw down upon our heads a heavier punishment; as if it had been possible for despotism to inflict worse than we were now to endure!

Whilst immured in this living tomb, the same thoughts which I had experienced at the moment of being shipwrecked returned to my mind. I said to myself at times: " How can a man deem himself miserable, while he can inhale the pure air of heaven, and go about at his own will and pleasure?"

One of the prisoners confined in the castle descended

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hands of the chaplain, who was a man of humanity,
to persuade him to write to his superior at Trapani, setting forth that three only should be confined in this den. In consequence of this representation, an order was forwarded that X. and myself should be removed to another dungeon, in the Castle of St. Catherine, in the island of Favignana. It was the commandant's interest to permit us to correspond with our families, for money was transmitted to us in reply to our applications, a portion of which found its way into his hands, as a recompense for his indulgence. My excellent father allowed me an ample supply through Venuti, a banker of Trapani. Prince Torella, the Duke Riario, and others to whom I have before alluded, had been confined for two years in the Castle of St. Catherine. This dreadful dungeon is at the very bottom of the castle, and was excavated from the rock. It is damp and gloomy, but sufficiently spacious. The castle itself stands on the very summit of the only high mountain in this otherwise nearly flat island, and it is enveloped and concealed by an almost perpetual fog.

Virgil gives the following description of this island: the translation is by Annibal Caro.

[redacted]t, like that of the [redacted]gn encumbered with a [redacted] a heart which was not dead [redacted]onthly gratuity obtained for us no [redacted]igation of our sufferings. He allowed us to walk for a couple of hours daily on the platform of the castle, and permitted us to receive what books we wished; he also suffered us to write. The chaplain of the fortress was a worthy young man, and a patriot. The better to ingratiate myself with him, I volunteered to teach his nephew the elements of mathematics. Through the chaplain and commandant, I made acquaintance by letter with Signor Alberti, a major of engineers, employed in Trapani, whence he used to send me whatever books I stood in need which were readily allowed to pass, few persons in the island or the castle being able to read. My poor father, too, notwithstanding the sorrow I had brought upon him (for my brother Giovanni Batista still languished in prison, and Ferdinand and Florestano were fugitives), had ordered his banker, Falconnet, to furnish me with a quantity of books, of which I had sent him a long list. Fortunately I had imbibed a love of study which amounted to a passion. This disposition tended to alleviate my misfortunes, by enabling me to derive from it the invaluable advantage of completing my education, which had been interrupted by the Revolution and by my quitting the Military College at the early

age of fifteen years. Assisted by X., I translated whole volumes alternately of French and Italian. I became well acquainted with such elements of astronomy as are indispensable to a thorough knowledge of geography. I was such an adept at this latter science, that not the name and situation of a single important city on the face of the globe but was fixed in my memory. This knowledge was increased and strengthened by the number of books of travels which I was in the habit of reading. I did not give less of my attention to the study of the Grecian, Latin, and modern histories, and I even composed for my own use a small chronological treatise. The interminable commentaries of Folard upon Polybius were rooted in my mind, as well as many passages both of Voltaire and of Rousseau. Further, I became versed in Dupuis' "Origine des Cultes," which work it was difficult to procure even at Naples. My passion for study was carried to such an extent that I felt pain and regret whenever I did not devote to it, either in reading or writing, fourteen hours a day. I had obtained permission from the commandant to occupy a small chamber called *criminale,* which was just large enough to contain my bed and a small table. Although this room was more damp than the dungeon itself, it had the advantage of being private, and I used to shut myself up there from morning till night and prosecute my studies.

During the three years of my imprisonment, my application to study was unremitting, and I owe to it that I did not fall into those habits, so common to prisoners, of smoking and drinking. As I could not believe that for mere liberality of political opinions, and without any regular sentence, they would keep me long immured, I consoled myself with study; and if I

did not succeed entirely in banishing the sense of my misfortunes, I effected a very great alleviation of them.

Although upwards of twenty were confined in the fort of St. Catherine, there was never the slightest disturbance of any kind to cause me to suspend my literary pursuits. The dungeon or moat in which we were kept was of a long form. On one side was placed a row of camp-beds, such as are seen in guard-houses, on which these miserable culprits slept. During the day-time they were set to different labours about the castle, chained two by two. Opposite their beds were the two on which X. and myself reposed, together with two small tables. These men were, with few exceptions, guilty of murder, and the one whom they looked upon as their chief had committed about twenty. They who are acquainted with the state of the Two Sicilies at that period, will not marvel that men, loaded with every species of crime, should have escaped a capital sentence; and will not therefore be much astonished at what I am about to relate of these criminals.

They were, one and all, respectful in their conduct towards us, as if they had been our own servants, although only one of their number was appointed to wait upon us. The regard which they showed us seemed almost to say, "these two poor young men have only endeavoured to destroy an iniquitous government, the cruel cause of our common misfortunes."

At sunset we were locked up in this dungeon, in which we spent very sad and weary nights, especially during the winter season. I generally retired to my bed at three o'clock in the morning, after nine hours' study, interrupted only by a frugal supper. The poor

wretches, our companions, usually awoke at midnight, when, to beguile the tediousness of the hours, they were accustomed to relate by turns popular fables, or the adventures of their past lives. Supposing, at first, that their chat might disturb my more serious occupations, they carried their feeling of delicacy as far as to deprive themselves of their usual recreation. I hastened to assure them that their conversation was far from irksome, and that I often listened to them with pleasure and attention. I was then engrossed by the works of Helvetius, which at that age enchanted me, and I determined upon scrutinizing the human heart by listening to the discourse of these culprits. In the course of this investigation, I soon saw enough to convince me that in another state of society, and under a better form of government, many of those unfortunate men would have been useful citizens and brave soldiers. It will, very likely, not be displeasing to the reader to learn the origin of the crimes and misfortunes of the chief amongst these men, which I will give as follows, and nearly as he related it.

"I was an honest and wealthy countryman of a village in the neighbourhood of Cosenza in Calabria, and had married a beautiful and virtuous girl by whom I had one child. The curate of the village, who had performed the marriage ceremony, introduced himself into our home under the pretext of christening the child, and succeeded, at length, in seducing my wife. My suspicions having been excited, I watched him narrowly, keeping at the same time the most careful restraint upon myself. Not finding in me that blind compliance which he had probably anticipated, the wily priest, availing himself of a quarrel in which I was engaged, sided with my adversary, and so exerted his

influence, that I was arrested and thrown into prison for an offence charged upon me in prosecution of this quarrel. Finding myself thus outraged in my honour, wounded in my tenderest feelings, and unjustly placed under confinement, I took a solemn oath to be revenged upon the scoundrel who had caused all these misfortunes as soon as I should be set at liberty. This did not occur before eighteen months had elapsed.

"After the first few months of my imprisonment, my wife ceased to visit me; but under pretence of ill-health, sent her mother in her stead. At a later period, I became aware of the real motive of her absence: she had made the priest a father, and was secretly nursing his infant at Cosenza. When the time of my imprisonment was ended, my heart inflamed by anger—not against my hapless wife, who was more sinned against than sinning, but against the infamous priest, I assaulted and killed him. I did not wreak my vengeance in secret, or by treachery; but in the open day, face to face, in the great square of Cosenza. I sought refuge in the country, for the Archbishop and all the clergy of Cosenza were up in arms against me. Several persons whom I thought my friends, and who applauded the justice of my revenge, now showed themselves my enemies. They sought—some from private motives of their own, and others the better to attract to themselves the affections of my wife—to throw me into the hands of justice. Placed in such a situation, partly to revenge myself upon these false-hearted friends, and partly to defend myself against the myrmidons of the Tribunal, my hands were more than once steeped in the blood of my fellow-men, until I was finally betrayed into the hands of the Provincial Fusileers."

Here one sees the poor father of a family, an honest, right-minded citizen, placed in the alternative of suffering in silence the most cruel outrage upon his heart and honour perpetrated by a priest, or resorting to a vengeance the consequence of which might be death or the galleys: he chooses the latter course. I am fully aware that criminals are very apt to mitigate the enormity of their crimes, and to give them an appearance of less guilt than belongs to them; but I am firmly convinced from my own experience, that most of the culprits with whom I was brought in contact, were more unfortunate than guilty. The companions of the man whose history I have just related, were not vile by nature; and the origin of their offences might easily be traced to ill-administered justice, which under the despotic government of those evil times, was sold to the highest bidder, and to the detriment of the oppressed. Such a state necessarily gave rise to a spirit of vengeance in the bosoms of those who possessed no other means of justice, and far from being a criminal sentiment, it was often one of generosity, nay, of virtue.

The year 1805 was far advanced, and I had languished for more than two years in this unfortunate situation, without any other alleviation to my sorrows than such as I derived from my studies, and from a certain feeling of hope which rarely forsakes the unfortunate. I was disposed to indulge in this sentiment, when Buonaparte, who had been elected Emperor of France, threatened to invade England. I did not, however, very ardently encourage this hope, for the King of Naples, actuated by excessive fear, showed himself in every conceivable way obsequiously submissive to the new Emperor. My brother, Giovanni

Batista, who had been set at liberty, exerted himself in the most affectionate manner; and made every possible effort, through the French Ambassador, to obtain my freedom, or at least, that I should be confined in a less miserable prison. All his endeavours were fruitless. Both X. and myself had more than once meditated an attempt to escape from the castle; but such an undertaking was not merely difficult, it was impracticable. One scheme alone seemed in some degree feasible. If we could induce our fellow-prisoners to endeavour to effect their escape, we might show that we had had no hand in such an undertaking, and our apparent resignation might occasion our removal to a less dreadful place of confinement, whence we could more easily attempt to escape. X., who was by many years my senior, and therefore thought himself wiser and more astute, was of opinion that we should not reveal the whole extent of our thoughts to such men, but suffer them to suppose that we meant to escape with them, and thus preclude the supposition of any treachery on our part. I objected to such a course, upon the plea that, as the Government attached a far greater degree of importance to the custody of State prisoners than to that of common criminals, our company would prove more dangerous than useful to them.

I suggested another consideration in favour of my own opinion, which was, that when the condemned should discover our want of good faith they would seek to revenge themselves upon us, and therefore that it was best to enter upon the business honestly and straightforwardly. We therefore decided to speak openly to their chief and to promise secrecy, assistance, and money. The head of all the criminals in the castle

was not the same as was in the moat, but a man of the name of Sciaino. He was a Sicilian of a tolerably wealthy family, and although possessed of the most dauntless courage, this was his solitary virtue. He had been condemned to expiate his numerous crimes by perpetual confinement in this fortress. What cannot an adventurous spirit accomplish? In this instance it did more than our warmest hopes would have anticipated. The seizure of the castle was an arduous matter, and of the greatest difficulty and risk. The report of a single gun would have sufficed to arouse the whole island, the commander of which would have lost no time in sending sufficient force to regain possession of the fortress or else to besiege its walls, a sentinel being always placed beyond the draw-bridge. It was therefore indispensable to get possession of it in the evening, and without raising the least alarm. Then issuing from the castle and descending to the island, it was essential to find some vessel along the shore to convey the fugitives to Sicily. All these purposed operations passed before me as in a dream. But the criminals, actuated by the hope of success, and keeping the secret with the utmost tenacity, durst make any attempt with the fearlessness of those who have all to win and nothing to lose. My mind during this time was busy with recollections of the art displayed by the Grecians in civil and military warfare. I endeavoured to recal to memory some accomplished fact that I could compare with this. My efforts on this head were vain. Neither Polybius nor Plutarch contained any event similar to this bold undertaking.

The commander of the castle was addicted to drinking, and accustomed to receive presents from any who could afford to bestow them. He had permitted

the thirty prisoners under his care, including the State offenders, to have the free range of the castle. One afternoon the whole garrison, composed of a body of the Favignanese Militia, were assembled in a corridor of the building for the purpose of gaming, the prize being wine furnished by the conspirators. As soon as they were all mustered, the doors were locked upon them. The commandant himself was seized by Sciaino, and the sentinels without the bridges were mastered by a couple of the criminals chained together, who had been sent out with some rubbish from the castle. Two other criminals seized upon the sentinel on the platform near the bell, and in an instant all the prisoners were armed with guns taken from the guard-house. The commandant, his wife, and the soldiers of the garrison, myself and X., were conveyed down into the moat. They loaded all of us with chains, and in order to remove any suspicion of connivance they took from me a pair of boots. I supplicated them to be less harsh, and to allow that the commandant's wife should at least be confined within her own room. They were deaf to my entreaties, and turned upon me with threats and imprecations: the whole scene had been previously arranged between us. All this precaution however did not suffice to conceal from Sicilian cunning that X. and myself were the real authors of the scheme, or to blind them to the true motive of our actions. Before the gate of the moat, which was of iron bars, they heaped a quantity of wood, so that the prisoners within, even if they succeeded in releasing themselves from their chains, should encounter other obstacles to their liberation, and at best only free themselves by morning. When this was done they proceeded well-armed in a body to the

sea-shore, where on the preceding day they had observed a bark of a build styled *Lautello*, the sailors of which they compelled to take them over to Sicily.

The inhabitants of Favignana were interested in preventing the escape of the criminals, and had the slightest rumour reached their ears, the whole population would have hastened to oppose their flight. The strict precautions they had taken insured their success, fully verifying the adage, *audaces fortuna juvat*.. When they reached the coast of Sicily, they forced the crew of the boats to accompany them, that they might not denounce them to the judicial authorities who were charged to exterminate the banditti. After having gone a considerable distance, their chief, Sciaino, was fool enough to let the sailors go, who forthwith proceeded to give notice of the whole occurrence to the nearest justice. The fugitives wearied by a long march, for which their lengthened captivity had greatly unfitted them, were resting themselves in a field, when they were unexpectedly surrounded by a Captain and his men. Three were killed in the scuffle which ensued, and the rest were taken, with the exception of Sciaino, who after finding a temporary refuge in the house of a priest, succeeded in embarking for Genoa. From thence he proceeded to Milan, where he entered the army as a private. He became a sergeant, and afterwards acquired the rank of an officer in the service of Murat. He was brave in war, and thenceforth his private life was remarkable for its propriety.

The astonishment of the inhabitants of the island was great when in the morning they found the gates of the castle wide open, and us shut up in the moat. The Governor of the island immediately placed the commandant of the fort, as well as the garrison, under

close arrest, and we still remained State prisoners; but were complimented and applauded for our conduct on the occasion. However, the commandant himself, and the inhabitants of the island, were convinced that the escape of the criminals had been effected under our advice and at our instigation.

Shortly after, the commandant of the fort, and the troops which composed its garrison, were put on their trial at Trapani. X. and myself were likewise removed thither, and confined in a tower which, standing as it does upon a small island called La Colombaja, serves to protect the port of the city. Our prison consisted of two rooms, and we were watched over by a guard, which was changed daily, and commanded by an officer who was himself under the immediate orders of the commandant of the fort. Several of these officers, who were mostly ensigns and lieutenants, showed me great kindness. Many years later, when they were promoted to the rank of Captain, and I was Lieutenant-General, and finally Commander-in-Chief, I had the gratification of giving them a most cordial reception. And my dear friend, Major Alberti, who used so often to send me algebraical problems of no easy solution, and as many books as I could devour, found that I never forgot his kindness.

I had not omitted to inform my father and my brother, Giovanni Batista, of all that had taken place at Favignana, entreating them to impress warmly upon the Government the conduct I had pursued, in order to obtain my freedom, or at all events my removal to a more spacious and less rigid place of confinement. They did not cease their representations to the Government that the punishment which had been inflicted upon me was too severe, and even cruel,

for a youth only nineteen years of age; especially as it had been carried into effect without any previous sentence, and without any opportunity of defending myself. The King was deaf to all they could urge, nor was the ministry less inexorable.

Meanwhile, we had arrived at the autumn of 1803. The French troops were on their march for the Camp of Bologna to encounter the Austrians, who had provoked the war. The Government of Naples, the better to conceal its real hostility against France, permitted the journals of the kingdom to insert the French articles respecting the war. I was in the habit of reading them with the utmost attention, and as I was well provided with maps of Germany, I could minutely follow the movements of the two armies, as later, those of the Russian forces, which were in the end completely defeated at the famous Battle of Austerlitz. My joy was unbounded, when I learnt that upwards of twenty thousand English and Russian troops, comprising two thousand Montenegrinis, had landed in Sicily, and beyond the Straits. This intelligence was a harbinger to me of my speedy deliverance. Between what I read in the papers, and the intelligence imparted to me by Major Alberti, and other Trapanese, I was perfectly well-informed of everything that happened. True to my principles, I could not conceive how a government, surrounded by men bound either by motives of conscience or of interest to support it, could fall into errors so clearly evident even to private and unobservant individuals. So numerous and so flagrant were the mistakes committed by the Neapolitan Government, that they transcend belief.

Without waiting to see the result of the struggle between Austria, Russia and France, King Ferdinand

declared himself against Napoleon, That course might have been expected from him, but it was highly imprudent. But, after the battle of Austerlitz, when General Massena was marching at the head of a powerful army to hurl him from his throne, when the Russians and English, accompanied by the Montenegrinis, had embarked for other destinations, leaving him to his fate—to behold this Prince flying for the second time into Sicily, and making his army, which was no less small in number than deficient in moral strength, oppose themselves to so powerful an enemy as France, must seem to those ignorant until now of the fact, an act almost of madness.

Such proceedings could only tend to extinguish every spark of energy in the hearts of the troops of our hapless country. If conquest, whether it be the result of mere chance or of the weakness of the enemy, invariably inspires courage and excites self-satisfaction; so defeat, when it is brought about by want of well-designed strategical plans or by the absence of commanders skilled in the art of war, cannot fail to dishearten and humble the most courageous. By so often hearing that men who are conquered are of little value, they eventually become impressed with the belief that they are so in reality.

King Ferdinand retreated precipitately with his Court into Sicily, leaving on the confines of Lower Calabria an army of fifteen thousand men only, commanded by the French General, Damas, with whom was the hereditary Prince, the Duke of Calabria. General Damas, who had taken up a position in the plain of Campotenese, endeavoured to defend the town of that name. This vast extension of plain was surrounded on all sides by high mountains which, as the

General had looked upon them as inaccessible, he had neglected to protect. But the forces which occupied these heights suddenly descended and fell upon the Neapolitans, who, taken by surprise and discouraged by the deficiency of their numbers, and the incompetency of their officers, were immediately put to flight. Had the French despatched a single battalion to occupy the descent of Campotenese, facing Murano, which is the first city of Lower Calabria, Damas himself would have been taken prisoner. This General would have done better to have retreated as far as Sile, which was a most advantageous position; but the officers of his army were the very refuse of the kingdom. All the efficient officers had been deprived of their commissions on account of their political opinions, a circumstance which proved fatal to the royal army. Yet, had the Neapolitan forces been led by competent commanders, with what spirit could they fight to uphold the throne of a King who had twice ransacked the kingdom, and who had twice fled before the enemy had invaded his states? The fact of Damas' retreat from Campotenese was sufficient to beget a report that the Neapolitan army had fled for the second time. The moral influence of such a rumour was deeply injurious to them, although strictly speaking their retreat was the inevitable consequence of inferior numbers, of the bad disposition of their forces, and of their inefficient and ignorant commanders.

In the meanwhile, a Calabrese officer named Bufalo, who was employed in the staff of Trapani, had engaged one of his friends to lay before the Commander-in-Chief of Sicily a statement detailing the conduct X. and myself had pursued by not availing ourselves of the opportunity afforded us of escaping from St. Catherine,

a measure which he hoped would obtain for us our liberty. Every thing was in a state of turmoil and confusion throughout Sicily. The State registers, in which was inscribed our arbitrary sentence, had been left at Naples, and in the present state of things the prisoners in the different castles were a heavy burden to the exhausted treasury. This was perhaps the main reason why I obtained my liberty. To find myself once more free, beyond the Straits, and the throne unoccupied by Ferdinand and Caroline, overwhelmed me with unutterable joy. My friend, Major Alberti, communicated to me all that was going forward, and amongst other tidings, the intention of the King, aided by the English, to excite the population beyond the Straits to revolt against the French. At the same time he laid before me a plan for the defence of Sicily, allowing me only to transcribe the number of forces at the disposal of that island.

X. and myself took our departure for Palermo on horseback, having first passed an hour in admiring the ancient and magnificent temple at Segesto. I was enchanted with it, although I am no friend or patron of the Fine Arts, because Italy seems to me to need the swords of her children more than the pallet or the chisel. Leaving our horses at Monreale, we hired a carriage in which we soon reached Palermo. We had not been at the hotel half an hour before we reeeived an order to present ourselves before Major Castrone, a thorough rascal, who from a simple private of the body-guard had attained the rank he then held by the performance of every kind of base services during the State Junta of Castelcicala and Vanni.

I was not a little amazed at beholding in the office of Castrone a great many chiefs of the insurgents, and

amongst them several priests, famous for their doings under Cardinal Ruffo, who had followed the Court to Calabria for fear of falling into the hands of the French. In the midst of them I recognised a priest named Girolamo Petroli, who was under great obligations to my family. He began to congratulate me on the recovery of my liberty, and said without even an assumption of mystery, "We shall meet in Calabria; take care of yourself." I perfectly understood from his words that the insurgents were far from regarding themselves as conquered, and that we might anticipate a renewal of the civil war. Castrone invited us to follow him to the offices of the custom-house to await the vessel which was to carry us to Messina, for they objected to our proceeding by land through Sicily. Considered as an agent to carry out the orders he had received, it must be admitted he showed himself extremely attentive to us, and took us to see the Garden of Flora, of which I took little notice, my mind being engrossed by the tale I had heard between the chief insurgents, which was corroborated by what fell from the lips of the dissimulating but vain Major. I was informed two months later that he had given two different descriptions of us, one to the commander of the army, stating that our return to the kingdom would be attended with danger, and another to the Queen. The former, disapproving his zeal, gave orders that we should be immediately embarked for Messina: the latter, with her usual clemency, decided upon our being taken back to the Fossa del Maritimo. By virtue of the first command, we had already sailed with a fair wind, and we reached Messina in safety. The Governor of the city permitted X to embark upon a vessel about to sail for Naples, and I was put on board a small ship,

which landed me in Calabria, on a shore called the Catrona.

During the few hours I had passed in Messina, several officers who had survived the defeat of Campotenese, and who cursed the King from their hearts, made me acquainted with the preparations of the British to land six thousand soldiers in Calabria. These men were to be accompanied by their former commanders, who had been in active communication with the insurgents of 1799, under Cardinal Ruffo. Many other particulars came to my knowledge, all of which I treasured up, conjecturing how important they might be hereafter to me, although I could not at the time foresee all the miseries that Ferdinand and the British would entail upon my unfortunate country, or the dangers which impended over myself. It was at Messina that I first heard that the Emperor Napoleon's brother, Joseph, had been elected King of Naples.

On landing in Calabria, I was accosted by a French officer of the first regiment of the line (if my memory does not err), who requested to know my name and country, as well as the reasons which had brought me thither. My reply somewhat confused him, nor was he less disconcerted when I spoke of the Battle of Marengo, and showed that I was fully aware of all the proceedings of the French. He had at first suspected me of being an emissary sent by England to explore the state of the country. Nothing, however, could be more courteous than his address; and he invited me to accompany him to his house, whence he would conduct me before General Regnier, who then commanded in Calabria, and whose head-quarters were at Reggio. As soon as we had reached his habitation, I was recognised by his host, who was well acquainted with my family. This

person immediately pronounced me the warmest patriot in the kingdom, and began to relate wonders of me. All this so reassured the Captain, that he told me he rejoiced at my arrival amongst them, but that his duty nevertheless compelled him to take me before General Regnier. I replied that not only did I desire him to do so, but that it was very necessary that I should have an interview with the General as soon as possible. It was not long before I was taken before him at Reggio. He was lodging in the house of that very Plutino who had suffered so much from a visit of mine, when I was about to organize the conspiracy. The General himself had been to my father's house, had witnessed his affliction on my account, and had often spoken with the good old man about me. After briefly explaining to him how I had obtained my liberty, I informed him of the hostile preparations then making against us in Sicily, and I promised to furnish him with a written and minute detail of my verbal statement. On the following day, I saw at once that General Regnier was totally in the dark upon this subject, having been unable to send any spies into Sicily, the shores of which were jealously guarded by British and Bourbon vessels.

As I had informed the General of my intention of proceeding to Naples as soon as I had paid a flying visit to my family, he gave me a letter to the Minister of War, Dumas. At the same time, he recommended me not only to explain to the latter all I knew respecting the state of Sicily, but to request an audience of King Joseph, and to acquaint him that the English meditated landing their troops in Calabria, accompanied by the chiefs of 1799 and their followers. Plutino, Arcovito and other patriots of Reggio, urged me warmly to lay before the Government the perilous

condition of their province, the landholders of which would be infallibly massacred if the chances of war obliged General Regnier to retire.

I began to perceive at Reggio that the country was divided into two factions. One was composed of the patriots and landholders, who made common cause together, as much from a hatred of the fallen dynasty as from fear of the excesses which would result from popular anarchy. The other was formed of priests, of the populace, and of a very small number of the followers of the Court, so small, indeed, as to count for nothing. The French committed a great error, both under the Republic and the Empire, in omitting to take the necessary means to secure the safety of the countries they had conquered. It is scarcely credible that during the three months they had occupied the kingdom, openly supported as they were by the wealthy and influential, they should have taken no measures to organize these into a militia, no matter under what name.

When at length I reached Squillace, I beheld one of my sisters and my sister-in-law in the balcony. I saluted them by signs, of which, however, they took no notice, thinking I was a stranger; and even when I had entered the house, my family had some difficulty in recognising me. They informed me that King Joseph had lodged in our house, and that he had promised my mother that on the very first exchange of prisoners, he would demand me of the Court of Sicily. I was told likewise that my brothers Ferdinand and Florestano had arrived in Naples. My good father, overjoyed to find that his son was no longer an outcast and a prisoner, supplied my purse with his usual liberality. I took leave of my family, and hastened to rejoin my brother and friends at Naples.

CHAPTER XII.

1806.

Public spirit in the capital—I am presented to the Minister of War, Dumas, and then to King Joseph—The King makes me Lieutenant-Colonel of the Militia — I depart for Calabria — The English land at St. Eufemia—Whilst I am in the city of Scigliano, the people revolt—My resistance—I am again taken prisoner by King Ferdinand—The extreme kindness of three young ladies—One of his chiefs, named Gualtieri, orders me to be shot—Various events—General Stewart at my father's house —His offers—I join the French army, which had re-entered Calabria.

I FOUND the city of Naples very different from what I had left it. Three years of uninterrupted study and adversity—which teaches more than books, added to the events brought about by the French, not one of which had escaped my memory—had tended to impel my boundless enthusiasm into a worthier channel. Without having in any way renounced my former convictions, I began to see that the eventual triumph of patriotic principles must not be put in peril, when there is no rational chance of effecting it. What had happened in France was now observable with us, that is to say, the very term "Republic" had become a word of derision.

There existed, however, a difference in the change which had been brought about in both countries. In France, associated with republicans of the purest sentiments of patriotism and the highest virtues, were men stained with every vice and with every crime. It was not so with us. Republicanism was a sentiment which had originated with the highest classes, and was confined to the enlightened and the wealthy, whilst all the evils which surrounded us were instigated and committed by the clergy, the lower orders, or the sovereign. Every individual patriot gloried in his proved republicanism as having been free from evil deeds or evil intentions. King Joseph did not dare to repeat in Naples, a saying uttered by Napoleon in the Council of State at Paris: "It is *possible* to find some honest men amongst the republicans." This speech was repeated to me at Brussels, in 1825, by Berlier, and Thibeaudeau the historian, Counsellors of State under the Empire, who were both present at the council when the Emperor uttered the sarcasm.

In the meanwhile, although the partisans of freedom in Naples were obliged to renounce a liberal government and national independence, they nevertheless established a great number of those institutions which pave the way to liberty. No conqueror ever possessed a better opportunity of settling his power on a solid basis than Joseph Buonaparte in Naples. The upper classes of society, the aristocracy, the learned, the rich were all devoted to him. Such a concord of feeling was both extraordinary and unique; but neither Joseph himself, nor France knew how to avail themselves of it as the sequel will show.

I was presented to the Minister of War, Dumas, by General Caracciolo, my former Major in the Italian

Legion. From my extreme anxiety to produce the well or ill digested theories I had imbibed in prison, I was very loquacious, and urged so strongly to the minister the danger threatened to Calabria by the impending landing (which I affirmed to be certain) not only of the British, but of all Cardinal Ruffo's banditti levies who had acquired consequence in 1799, that he ordered a militia to be raised throughout the country. He next presented me to King Joseph. Although this new-made King was courteous and affable, and by no means deficient in information, these qualities alone were not sufficient to establish him firmly on the throne to which he had been elevated. Impelled by the vanity of rivalling the former dynasty, he displayed the most excessive and injudicious luxury. The sumptuousness of his table was talked of throughout the kingdom. Having left his wife in France, he led a very free life, inviting the young ladies of the Court to accompany him to the chase, under the appellation of *cacciatrici*. The kingdom at that period was overrun by a horde of Frenchmen who had followed the King to Naples. These were mostly men who had been unable to find any occupation in their own country. They were, however, all employed either in the military or civil departments of the administration, and holding the most lucrative situations, were regarded, and justly, as greedy blood-suckers draining the impoverished treasury, already too much exhausted to satisfy their cravings, or to support the expenses of so luxurious a Court. The result was, that before long, the French, whom we had so ardently desired, were looked upon and tolerated as an unavoidable evil, from which we longed to be released. If there were a great number of vagabonds amongst the French in Naples, there were some men likewise of

undoubted honour and ability in the military and civil departments. These latter were of great assistance to us in the organization of the army, as well as in the establishment of our civil administration. Such men unfortunately were few.

Joseph made me a Lieutenant-Colonel, which was then termed Major, and I was charged with the organization of the Militia in Upper Calabria. (At that period Calabria was divided only into two provinces, instead of three as is now the case.) This militia was a real National Guard, composed of the wealthy proprietors of the country. The officers of high rank were appointed by the Government, and the subalterns by the officers.

It is a mania of Princes that the nomination to the various employments in the service of the State should be in their hands. They do not reflect that neither themselves nor their ministers can possibly be competent judges of the merit of the different candidates; thus it often happens that patronage and intrigue supersede merit. It would have been far better had the wealthy classes been allowed the right of selecting their own officers and subalterns, or at all events, that the selection should have been confided to a local commission. General Dumas acted with great want of foresight and prudence in this instance, for the militia was destined to form the basis of the new order of things. Had the affluent citizens been properly organized, how much bloodshed would have been spared both to the French and Neapolitans. General Dumas, nevertheless, was a man of honesty, experience, and knowledge.

I quitted Naples full of enthusiasm and ardently desirous to be of service to my country. On reaching

Cosenza, I waited at once upon General Verdier, who was about to give a ball on the evening of my arrival, to which he courteously invited me. I excused myself, and begged that he would allow me to proceed to Catanzaro, that I might begin to raise the militia, in order to assist the French in repelling the common enemy which was expected from Sicily. The British had not yet landed, but they had put on shore many of the former followers of Cardinal Ruffo for the purpose of inciting the inhabitants of Calabria to revolt. The General acceded to my request, and I proceeded on the same day as far as Scigliano, which is about sixteen miles beyond Cosenza.

The Governor of the town, Oliva by name, informed me that the insurgents had presented themselves before the city, which was populous, and divided into seven different sections, but that they had been driven back by the armed landholders. I found in this place about twenty-two French soldiers, who had been detained there, being in too weak a state to join their regiments in Upper Calabria. Amongst them were a Major Lejeune and Captain Alquier, nephew of the French Plenipotentiary of that name resident in Rome. I ordered a general review of the armed landholders of the city for the following day. I found them well disposed to defend themselves, and Oliva assured me that they were to be depended on. Whilst I was in the act of passing them in review, there arrived an aid-de-camp of Marshal Jourdan, named Colonel Selvage, on a mission to General Regnier. He asked me whether I thought it would be prudent to proceed as far as Nicastro. I replied that before doing so it was my intention to obtain from General Verdier an escort of at least one hundred men, as we should have to cross

some difficult and thickly wooded mountains. I wrote to him to this effect, but my despatch was scarcely on its way before we heard the report of several muskets, and loud cries of "Long live King Ferdinand." Not expecting a surprise, I advanced, followed by twenty-three gensd'armes on horseback, to reconnoitre the force of the assailants. I found them to be numerous, and after having lost one of my followers, I retired with the others into the Governor's house.

This dwelling, which was the property of a man named Pallone, had unfortunately no less than six different entrances. I immediately called the twenty-two Frenchmen, who proceeded to barricade the doors, as well as they were able, and then the soldiers and subalterns began to fire from the windows upon the enemy. The son of the Governor, a skilful marksman, and a bold determined youth, aimed at the chief of the assailants, who was advancing at the head of his followers, and shot him dead on the spot.

Somewhat dismayed, the enemy began to fire upon us from behind the shelter afforded them by the houses, and by the wall of a neighbouring garden. On the first alarm of the enemy, Colonel Selvage, seeing one of my men fall and myself retreating, mounted his horse, and started at full speed for Cosenza, where he informed General Verdier that I had been killed, together with one of my followers. This precipitancy of Colonel Selvage does not deserve blame, for he was the bearer of most important despatches for General Regnier, which, had he been taken prisoner, must inevitably have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The purpose and main scope of our operations were to prevent our assailants from approaching the house and setting fire to the doors. I had in my suite a

cook, whom I was taking to my father. I ordered him to boil large cauldrons of oil, of which there were a couple of casks in the house, intending to throw it upon the enemy in the event of their approaching beneath the windows, which were open, so that the bullets they discharged at us, and which struck against the ceiling, were likely to wound us as they rebounded. During the night, I anticipated that the enemy, under favour of the darkness, would prosecute the attack, and draw near our walls, but the oil, which by the bye was not readily made hot, could be thrown upon them from the windows, through which they continued to keep up a brisk fire. We were obliged to economize our cartridges, not having any more than those contained in the pouches of the soldiers, and some few belonging to the son of the Governor.

My only chance of safety now rested upon the reinforcement I had sent to request from General Verdier. But when day-break appeared, and no reinforcement, I gave myself up for lost. I commenced a letter to my brother Florestano, telling him that I had but a few moments longer to live. Oh! how grateful should I have felt, could I have been certain that he would have received those lines. The landholders whom I had reviewed the day before, shut up in their respective houses, yielded to the terrors of their wives and children, and remained cautiously ensconced at home.

Neither Polybius, nor his commentator, Folard, whom I had read and studied whilst in Sicily, could suggest to me any means of extricating myself from the dangerous position in which I was placed. My own situation was far worse than that of my French companions in arms; for in all cases of civil war, the "Greek who meets Greek" is more exasperated against his countryman than against a foreign adversary.

Our assailants continued their fire with the evident intent of killing, either directly or by the reaction of their bullets, such of our men as were stationed at the windows. Meanwhile, they repeatedly called upon us to surrender. Their brief experience in war prompted them to this, leading them to suppose that we might soon be relieved by the arrival of a column sent by General Verdier. We had but a few cartridges left, and it was therefore impossible to hold out much longer, but it was dangerous to trust ourselves to the mercy of that furious mob of armed men. The Governor thought that if the enemy would swear upon a consecrated wafer presented to them by a priest, clad in his sacred robes, to treat us as prisoners of war, they would keep their oath inviolate.

As the recollection of the perjuries committed in 1799 against the republicans of Naples was still vividly impressed on my mind, I felt extremely reluctant to confide in them, the more so, that a very few days before they had put to death in the most merciless manner several French and Calabrese patriots. However, after mature deliberation, I decided that it would be better to make a conditional than an unconditional surrender. Before long, they again summoned us to yield; to which requisition we replied by hoisting a white flag of truce. Upon this, the assailants ceased their fire, and accepted the terms we offered. About an hour after, a procession, at the head of which marched a priest bearing in his hand the vessel containing the host, made its appearance. Holding up the holy wafer, he made our assailants take a solemn oath to treat us as prisoners of war, an engagement which they faithfully kept, contenting themselves with disarming us.

The news they told us, that the English had landed at St. Eufemia, and had routed the army of General Regnier, was confirmed by our host Pallone, who secretly favoured us; we could scarcely, however, credit such a report. The chief of the insurgents wrote from Scigliano to inform General Stewart that we were his prisoners, and to take his order respecting us. The General immediately despatched a detachment of King Ferdinand's cavalry to escort us as far as his own quarters, which were situated in the vicinity of St. Eufemia. Then, I could no longer doubt the defeat of the French. As the reader may wish to learn how this event was brought about, I will offer the judgment I was enabled to form from the report of several French officers of rank who had been present at the battle, and what I learnt from General Regnier and the inhabitants of the neighbouring cities of Maida and Nicastro best fitted to form a judgment upon the case.

General Regnier was in Upper Calabria with an army of seven thousand men, who were dispersed through the province. He kept in Lower Calabria, a thousand men under the command of General Verdier. On the first appearance of the British fleet along the shore of St. Eufemia, Regnier, by dint of forced marches, got together his seven thousand men on the heights of Maida, half of whom on their arrival were worn out by fatigue. The position occupied by the English was extremely unfavourable in many respects. It was a dreary shore, infected by *malaria*, and exposed to the scorching rays of a July sun, where, had they remained long, they must have perished from fatigue. As to the French, they were no less unfortunately placed, for if they acted on the offensive, their opponents had the

great advantage of being encamped in a most favourable position. Regnier, supported by six thousand infantry, moved directly against the English without allowing time for part of his harassed troops to recruit their jaded strength by rest and refreshment. On beholding the enemy drawn out in order of battle, he ordered his forces to be formed into two parallel lines, with the officers and ensigns in front to preserve the line unbroken. He next commanded his men to advance at a brisk pace with their muskets shouldered, disdaining every indirect manœuvre, and not even giving time for his cavalry to charge the left wing of the enemy, against which his attack was directed. The English, who had constantly practised firing at a target in Sicily, and who were become skilful marksmen, directed their shot so ably that they caused great havoc in the French ranks, killing and wounding many. General Regnier now ordered the second line to advance and defile through the first, and as this movement is extremely difficult of execution under an enemy's fire, the result was that the French army fell into confusion, and Regnier was obliged to retreat. He has been accused of having precipitated his attack from a too vehement desire to exterminate the English commanded by General Stewart, by whom he had been defeated in Egypt. To this accusation the General replied, that, had he hesitated to attack the English, their presence in that part of the country would have raised the people up in arms, and that if some French officers had not ordered a halt to enable them to fire in their turn, his troops would have broken the English lines with their bayonets. This latter movement, he explained, had not been carried into effect, because the Swiss and Polish troops did not carry out his orders. The above is

what is reported respecting this battle, which in its consequences cost so much blood and misery to the Neapolitans. History tells us that this was not the first time that French valour had been unavailing against the English, merely because they had attacked without heeding the advantageous position of their camp, and because they set at naught those precautions which are prescribed by the art of war.

The French, who were my fellow-prisoners, resigned themselves easily to their fate; but I was by no means equally tranquil, certain that I should either be put to death, or else be sent back again to the Fossa del Maritimo. We began our march under the escort of the before-mentioned detachment. The people were up in arms on all sides, heaping the most ferocious insults upon the partisans of the French, whom they seemed to regard with more hatred than they did the French themselves. We proceeded on our march until we reached a village called I Conflenti, the birth-place of Major Pane di Grano, who had fought in 1799 under Cardinal Ruffo, being at that time a galley-slave loaded with chains. Since then, he had risen to the rank of a superior officer, and was now Commander-in-chief of the band of insurgents. To great personal courage, he added a warm and generous nature. As an instance of his delicacy of feeling, he made those about him believe that I was a French officer, and treating me as his most distinguished prisoner, engaged us all to dine with him in the most pressing manner. When we were seated at table, he recognised amongst us the Governor of Scigliano, who some months before had arrested and brought before a military commission the son of this Pane di Grano, who was put to death immediately. Notwithstanding these circumstances, the Major, an

ex-convict, and then Commander-in-chief of all the insurgents in the province of Catanzaro, not only abstained from wreaking any vengeance upon the man who had injured him, and who was fully in his power; but he even feigned not to recognise the author of his son's death. How many philosophers who have written volumes upon morality would have been incapable of imitating the generous forbearance of this man! We resumed our march, and before we had proceeded far were overtaken by night. Those who commanded the detachment took little precaution to prevent our escape, convinced that should we make such an attempt, we should be immediately torn to pieces by the infuriated people. Having obtained information respecting the route we were to follow, I perceived that we were about to cross the village of St. Biagio. A French sergeant who was amongst the prisoners had formerly known the Commander of the provincial National Guard, whose name was Tropea, and whom he represented to me as a worthy man. I slackened my pace, and crouching down beside some huge stones rising out of a stream which runs near Biagio, I waited until the column of prisoners had advanced a considerable distance. I then entered the village, and after passing through its streets without encountering a living being, I knocked at the door of a small cottage. My summons immediately brought a young man to the door. I represented myself to him as an officer newly landed from Sicily, who desired to know the residence of Signor Tropea. This young man, who was by profession a shoemaker, offered to conduct me thither at once. As we walked along, he did nothing but bless the arrival of the English troops which had defeated the French. He proceeded

to state, that assisted by the people, they would drive the former out of the kingdom; and that lastly, the destruction of the patriots who had for the second time called foreigners into the country would be effected.

This conversation was by no means calculated to raise my hopes. When we reached the house of Tropea, I endeavoured to get rid of my guide, to whom I expressed my thanks; but I had excited his sympathy, and I found the greatest trouble in shaking him off. When I revealed my name to Tropea, he was confounded by surprise, and alternately agitated by the fear of compromising himself and the desire of saving me; I know not whether the latter sentiment was the effect of goodness of heart, or of a supposition on his part that the ultimate triumph of the French in Calabria was to be anticipated.

He informed me, that although the shoemaker was not a bad young fellow, he was nevertheless a violent partisan of the insurgents, and that if unfortunately my flight should be made known, and that he (Tropea) should be suspected of harbouring me, both of us, as well as his whole family would infallibly be torn to pieces by the populace. The poor man was completely bewildered, and continued pacing up and down the apartment totally incapable of deciding upon what course to pursue. At length he decided upon taking me to an old ruined church, the door of which was fastened on the outside by means of a beam of wood. He left me there with injunctions to remain in that place of concealment until he should come and inform me of the best means of effecting my escape. Before long, day appeared, and I was now in constant fear that a troop of boys gathered together to play outside the door of the old church should enter it. I had

thrown myself down upon the bare ground, absorbed by painful reflections, not daring to stir abroad in the open day. I was, moreover, agitated by fears lest some disaster should have happened to Tropea, and tormented at the same time by the cravings of hunger and thirst, and the anticipation of soon becoming a victim of popular fury.

After a long and weary day night began to darken, and just as I was upon the point of issuing from my place of shelter to go and seek Tropea, the church door was opened by him. He brought me some food and wine, informing me at the same time that a report of his having received a nocturnal visit had been spread abroad, and prevented his making his appearance sooner, lest he should awaken suspicion; that as yet, no news of my escape had reached them, and that he would return at a more advanced hour of the night to devise the best means of extricating me from the painful situation in which I found myself.

He came at the appointed time, and led me out of the village, informing me that, should the intelligence of my escape be received from the British head-quarters, his life would be in imminent peril. He advised me at the same time to follow the road which lay before me, and which led to a hermitage situated at the distance of about three miles, and close to Nicastro. The hermit who resided there had the reputation of being a worthy man; and concealed by him, I might through his means open a communication with the patriots of Nicastro.

I was astonished at hearing such advice; but I soon perceived that nothing was to be hoped from so timid a person. I therefore took leave of him and departed with a feeling nearly amounting to certainty that if I

managed to escape that night, my life would be forfeited on the following day. I did not meet a living soul before reaching the hermitage, but I had observed, as I proceeded, the lights from the British camp. More than once I was tempted to regret having separated myself from my fellow-prisoners.

On reaching the hermitage, I knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by the recluse. I represented myself as just arrived from Sicily, and requested at the same time permission to shelter myself under his roof till dawn. He received me cheerfully, and I spent the remainder of the night in the hermitage. In the meanwhile, my bosom was torn by conflicting feelings. Should I confide in the hermit, and despatch him with a message to two of the principal families of Nicastro, with whom I was on terms of great friendship, or should I proceed thither myself? The fear of compromising them, should my messenger prove treacherous, determined me upon adopting the latter alternative.

At day-break I set off in the direction of Nicastro, and on reaching it inquired immediately for the residence of Domenico Sacco. A woman whom I saw under the Piazza in company with several other persons conducted me thither. Fortunately, there were none of the armed insurgents abroad at that early hour. Sacco was a truly honest man, and bore the stamp of his character in his whole appearance. He was much surprised at seeing me, but on learning who I was, and what I sought at his hands, he immediately exclaimed in the presence of his wife and children: "We will all perish together, rather than refuse an asylum to so brave a youth, and in such critical circumstances." One act of generosity generally inspires another. With

my eyes suffused with tears, I embraced the friendly Sacco, saying: " I will never consent to risk your whole family for the sake of saving my own life," and I tore myself from his detaining arms, and left the house in spite of the efforts of my friend and his wife to keep me.

I then turned my steps towards the Piazza of Nicastro, intending to proceed in the direction of St. Eufemia and Monteleone, carefully avoiding Squillace and my father's house, that I might not involve my family in ruin. My agitation was so great that I scarcely knew how to carry myself. Several armed men came into the Piazza : upon seeing me walk leisurely they said nothing, but I expected every moment to be fired at from behind. After some seconds they advanced towards me, and civilly requested to know whence I came. I replied that I was newly landed from Sicily, and that I was going to the British camp. The frank manner in which I answered their questions, somewhat perplexed them, but they said nevertheless that it was necessary they should take me before their Commander. The people, as we went along, seeing me in the midst of armed men, began to vociferate most furiously, " Death to the Jacobin." When we arrived at the house of the Commander, we found him surrounded by persons lately arrived from Sicily. Upon hearing my statement that I was just come from thence, they began first to scoff at me, and then proceeded to search my person. On drawing off my boots, they found under the tops,—for top boots were at that time in fashion in the army—my brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, and a small quantity of gold which I had concealed there. Upon this discovery, I was led to prison under a strong escort, and as they looked upon me as no

ordinary delinquent, they gave directions to put me in chains. The poor jailor, who was an honest, good creature, respectfully showed me how I was to hold myself whilst the irons were being rivetted to my ankles, little thinking that this was neither the first, nor the second time that I had been so tortured. Scarcely had I thrown myself upon the ground loaded with chains, before the door opened and mattrasses, and baskets filled with dainty provisions, flowers and a small scapulary embroidered in gold (termed *abitino* in Calabria) were brought me.

These gifts, which were accompanied with a short letter, came from three young ladies of the Nicotera family, one of the first in that town, and closely allied by friendship with my father. I had lodged in their house when I had landed in Calabria from Messina. These ladies reproached me for not having sought a refuge with them instead of going to the house of Sacco, and threw great blame upon that excellent man for having allowed me to leave him. They added that they had despatched a courier to inform my father of my situation, and that they were preparing means to ensure my safety. In fact, I learnt afterwards, that they had excited the whole town in my behalf. I received these proofs of benevolent kindness from all who did not belong to the insurgent party, and although the town was then in a state of anarchy, my friends still exerted a certain influence which was the combined effect of their fortune and respectability. Amongst other cordial and generous demonstrations on the part of these young ladies, was a plan conceived by one of them of becoming my wife. This alone was wanting to make my hapless adventure quite a romance of real life.

Not knowing what use to make of the scapulary, the jailor, who was well disposed towards me, recommended me to wear it round my neck. To gratify him, as well as to save appearances, I did so. Whilst I was thus habited, three gentlemen who had been wounded and ill treated, on account of their political opinions by the people, were brought to my prison. As the barred windows of our place of confinement were extremely low, the multitude, assembled in the Piazza, came and loaded us with insults and menaces. At the same time we heard the report of muskets which terminated the career of two poor young patriots. The people excited by the sound, threatened to break into our prison, and make us undergo a similar fate. My companions began to think their last hour was at hand, and one of them more attached to life, and at the same time extremely devout, began to kiss my scapulary. To get rid of him and his devotion, I took the relic from my neck, and gave it to him, without at the moment heeding the rich embroidery wrought upon it by a fair and youthful hand.

On the following day I received a visit from a respectable citizen devoted to my family, who was sent to me by my relatives. He informed me of the consternation in which my family had been thrown on my account, that my excellent father was half distracted and had been pacing up and down a large hall in our house, exclaiming: "Sell all my property—sell me—but save my son!" At this sad relation, I could not repress my emotion, and I who had undergone so many sufferings, comparatively unmoved, now wept with the violence of an infant. My heart was deeply affected by my father's tenderness. Even now, when my memory recalls those affectionate exclamations of a parent for a son

who had been the cause of so much sorrow, my heart thrills with sorrowful emotion.

The ladies of the Nicotera family had not ceased sending envoys to inform my family of what was going on, and the last gave them to understand that the chief of the insurgents, Gualtieri, had come to the determination of having me shot in the Piazza of Nicastro as a warning to the landholders of Calabria who were disposed to favour the French.

A family of the name of Petroli had been much benefited by my father, and two of the brothers had been the main springs of the insurrection. The former of these, Domenico by name, formerly one of the body-guard, had become a captain of cavalry, and aide-de-camp of General Stewart. Girolamo, the second, was a priest, and a chief of the insurgents: they both recommended me strongly to General Stewart. My eldest brother, who was a zealous partisan of the Bourbon dynasty, had received several letters from Queen Caroline herself. This correspondence was not unknown to the English General, who went to visit my brother as will be seen hereafter. These circumstances concurring, made it a matter of little difficulty to obtain an order from General Stewart to set me at liberty, on condition that my father would bind himself in a large sum of money for my appearance before the competent authorities. This arrangement was excellent and opportune, but still, the important thing was to be able to carry it into immediate effect, the chief, Gualtieri, being fully bent upon putting me to death on the following day. This circumstance had been carefully concealed from me by the Nicotera ladies.

The day passed without any fresh occurrence; but late at night there arrived a certain Antolitano, who

was agent to the Bishop of Squillace: he was accompanied by a squadron composed of twenty-four insurgents on horseback bearing an order from the English General for my release. Thus, instead of being put to death on the following day, I was set at liberty. After having first gone to express my gratitude to my fair friends and benefactresses, I mounted a horse, and surrounded by the twenty-four insurgents proceeded to my father's residence, which had been filled with sadness and desolation on my account. Our home was now turned into a species of hostelry. The tables were spread night and day to do honour to the chief of the insurgents, in whose aspect it was easy to perceive an air of superiority and patronage. Unable to bear such a spectacle, and not feeling in safety amongst these people, I withdrew, and concealed myself in the palace of the Bishop, who was then absent. Antolitano, his agent, who had brought me from Nicastro resided there, and he informed my father that my precaution was a wise one. Not contented with arranging the vast apartments of the palace according to my own pleasure, I made an opening in the wall which formed a means of communication with the house of the respectable family of Rodio. The "knowing ones" laughed at my caution, which, however, saved my life, and which acquired for me a great reputation for foresight.

After his defeat at St. Eufemia, General Regnier had retreated by the route of Marallinara as far as Catanzaro, where he fixed his head-quarters. His troops were encamped about six miles from thence, along the sea-shore, on which were a few scattered horses. The English assuredly did not force him to give so much ground, for they never quitted the Gulf of Eufemia, and a few days after they again sailed for Sicily. The

French General had been compelled thus to retreat by the bands of insurgents, for immediately on learning the result of the battle of St. Eufemia, the Calabrese had taken up arms. These the English abandoned to their own resources without appointing a chief of sufficient talent to lead them, not even leaving them a General to command them whose name and rank might claim for him the necessary amount of respect and obedience. It is certain that if General Stewart, flanked by the Calabrese bands, had continued to advance, his forces would have increased as he went on, and he would have reached Naples. Political and strategical errors invariably recoil upon those who have committed them. A few years later, the very same population of Calabria, and of the other provinces in the kingdom, repelled in the most effectual manner the attempts of the English to land upon the coast.

Three days had scarcely elapsed before I saw the necessity of my precautions. The insurgents began to arrest and threaten the lives of all the honest landholders of Squillace. They did not spare my father who was universally respected throughout the kingdom, or my brother, notwithstanding his known correspondance with the Queen, or his Cross of Malta which he constantly wore, and which was at that period held in great esteem by the inhabitants of the provinces. From a storehouse of the Bishop's palace where I lay concealed, I could see during the night, at a distance of about seven miles, the fires of the French camp which were surrounded by bands of the insurgents. I would fain have joined them had it been possible, and I should have been of no small use, both to the French army and to the patriots of my own party, by imparting some

degree of discipline to them, or at least by saving them from the confusion in which I afterwards learned they had fallen. After a few days my father and my brother were restored to liberty, and the authors of their arrest were punished by the chief of the insurgents, the priest Petroli. They were in search of me, but vainly, thanks to the precautions which I had taken, and to which I have already alluded.

In the meanwhile, the bands of Calabrese headed by Major Pane di Grano, constrained General Regnier to retreat first within the walls of Catanzaro and then in the direction of Cotrona, following the sea-shore until he had evacuated Calabria, and joined the troops of General Verdier in the vicinity of Castrovillari.* A great number of the insurgents were engaged with the French on the frontier of northern Calabria, but many of them, well armed, were dispersed about the country between the frontier and the straits, causing the land-holders to remain inactive, who were daunted by recent reverses and by the ill-fortune of the French. The city of Catanzaro, one of the most populous in the province, and surrounded by walls, served as the central point of union to several hundred young patriots of good birth and fortune. These had hoisted the colours of King Ferdinand, to save appearances and to avoid being

* When Pane di Grano entered the city of Catanzaro, which General Regnier had just evacuated, he demanded a war contribution of one million of ducats. The municipality of Catanzaro replied, that such a sum could not be got together, even if every citizen should contribute the last coin he possessed. Pane di Grano replied, "Give me half of the sum then; that is to say, fifty thousand ducats." He imagined that one million was twice fifty thousand. This ignorance in some degree alleviated the alarm of the municipality of Catanzaro.

overwhelmed by the insurgents, for in point of fact they unanimously inclined towards the changes propagated by the system of Napoleon. Let the reader bear in mind that the landholders of the kingdom had been the republicans of 1799, and it will not seem strange that I should designate them by the term "patriots," for although they favoured the new King, nominated by Napoleon and supported by a foreign army, they did so from the certainty that under his government they would progress in the path of civilization, which advantage was not to be hoped for under the sway of the Bourbons.

Catanzaro continued to be vigorously defended by its inhabitants, and by a party of young men from the neighbouring villages. I determined therefore upon proceeding thither. In order to reach it without awakening the suspicions of the insurgents, I disguised myself in the attire of a mountain rifleman; several other young men similarly clad joined me in my expedition. The city was to all appearance subjected to King Ferdinand, but in reality it was governed by the liberal party. We succeeded in reaching Catanzaro without encountering any obstacle.

Whilst things were in this situation, and I was at Catanzaro, General Stewart with an escort of sixty horse went to my father's house. I could never rightly understand the real motive of such a visit. That my eldest brother was a warm partisan of King Ferdinand was hardly a sufficient explanation of this visit. When my father expressed his gratitude to General Stewart for the exertions he had made in my behalf, he replied: "that if I would consent to serve England, he would obtain for me the command of one of the English regiments." My brother lost no time in

communicating such intelligence to me, the more readily, that he looked upon such an offer as extremely advantageous and important. I replied that the mere idea of such a thing filled me with horror. My political position was such, that not only the English, but King Ferdinand anticipated great advantages from my apostacy. Amongst other things that the British General said to my brother was this: "*General Regnier regarded us with contempt, and was defeated by us.*"

All the patriots of Calabria looked upon the return of the French to their provinces as a certainty. I was not myself impressed by such a conviction, for from what I heard later, they were upon the point of concentrating all their army upon the right side of the Garigliano to guard against the threatened invasion of the English from Gaeta. Thanks, however, to the perseverance of Marshal Massena, and to the incapacity of Prince Philipstadt, Governor of that powerful fortress, after a lengthened siege, Gaeta surrendered. Thus the French, far from retrograding, continued to advance, and decided upon retaking Calabria. This enterprise was confided to Marshal Massena, whose name was a host in itself. The Marshal advanced with his usual boldness, giving no quarter to the insurgents who fell into his hands, and paying little heed to the armed multitude which lined the high road. He extended his lines beyond Monteleone. This strategical operation, though not without some disadvantages, was better than if he had advanced slowly with his army. The insurgents, without a competent commander, resorted to continual skirmishes, the landholders in arms, all more or less near the French lines, assisted them to the utmost.

When I was informed that Massena had reached

Nicastro, and soon afterwards Monteleone, I attempted to join the French line. Although it was situated scarcely more than eighteen miles from Catanzaro, I could not effect this without immense risk and danger, for the main body of the insurgents were intrenched between Tiviolo, Maida, and the left flank of the French lines, by which they were continually harassed. The patriots of Catanzaro, and of the neighbourhood, who had taken refuge in that city, advised me to await the arrival of some French column, as Massena must soon feel the necessity of spreading his forces. I could easily discover in the Marshal's manœuvres the fact that his men were not numerous, and I calculated from other circumstances that he would be obliged to retreat into Lower Calabria, in which case I should be left entirely at the mercy of the insurgents and of King Ferdinand. I was devoured by a feverish impatience to release myself from so perilous a situation, and determined upon not remaining an idle spectator of the impending struggle without being able to render any service to my own party.

One day I visited eight landholders of Feroleto, who had taken refuge at Catanzaro. I found them seated at table. They were all fine young men and skilful riflemen. As soon as I entered the room they invited me to drink with them: as they had already taken more wine than usual, I availed myself of the circumstance of the elevation of their spirits to persuade them to take horse and accompany me to Feroleto, their native place, which was only three miles from Nicastro, where the French General Gardanne had his head-quarters. I assured them that I had received intelligence through some spies that the road was open, and added that it was unworthy of their reputation for

courage to remain shut up in the city without affording assistance to their fellow-citizens at Feroleto. We were soon all on horseback, and had accomplished three quarters of the distance without encountering anybody. I was repeating to myself "*audaces fortuna juvat,*" when on the side of the heights called Calderajo, where a long valley commences, we perceived on our left a large squadron of insurgents, several of whom were mounted. On their exclaiming, "*who goes there?*" we replied, "*Long live King Ferdinand! death to the French!*" "*Halt then!*" they cried, but we went on at full speed up the steep and narrow road of the Calderajo. We had nearly reached the summit, when perceiving that we were followed by a few only of the enemy, we turned and attacked them vigorously. My brave Feroleto companions obeying my orders, took aim and discharged their rifles, which caused the insurgents to fly at full speed to join their main body.

We reached Feroleto after three hours' ride. There I met, to my great satisfaction, two brothers of the name of Schipani. They were nephews of the republican General, and gave me a minute account of the French army in Calabria. I learned likewise that my brother, Florestano, who was employed in the staff of Massena, had superseded me in the command of the Militia of Upper Calabria; for the Government, hearing no tidings of me, had regarded me as dead. On the following morning at day-break, I joined General Gardanne at Nicastro. He was a man of the most undoubted bravery, but deficient in mind and judgment. He ordered me to assume the command of two French companies, and of a squadron of patriots, and to proceed with them to Scigliano with despatches sent from Monteleone by Marshal Massena for

General Marmet. I had scarcely time to see my friend Sacco, and the amiable ladies Nicotera, to whom I was so greatly indebted, before I started for Scigliano. To reach this place it was necessary to cross several thickly-wooded hills, which gave the insurgents great advantages over the detachments crossing them. I took the lead of my small column of French and patriots; but it was not possible to protect it in flank, on account of the uneven nature of the country, and the thickly-wooded trees which abounded there. Besides, the necessary precautions to be taken in such circumstances would have delayed me too long, and it was essential that I should accomplish my journey by night to avoid exposing my detachment, and failing in the execution of my mission. We were attacked when we had proceeded about half way; but we returned shot for shot without at all slackening our march. The enemy's fire was better directed than our own, for we were quite exposed, whilst our assailants were concealed from our view by thickly-tufted wood, and by the inequality of the ground. A French captain was wounded in the thigh, several soldiers were likewise wounded, and two were killed. Our wounded men were a cause of great difficulty on our march; but it was essential to take them with us, for we knew that no quarter would have been given. The French, indeed, had set the example by putting to immediate death all the insurgents that fell into their hands. On reaching Scigliano, I found my brother Florestano lodged in the very house in which I had maintained that extraordinary siege, which had acquired for me in the town a much greater reputation than I had expected. Florestano took me to the General of Division, Marmet, who received me in the most

flattering manner, and invited us both to dine with him. He urged me to relate to him the circumstances of my first exile, of the Italian Legion, and of the Fossa del Maritimo, as well as particulars of the siege which I had sustained whilst in the house of Pallone, and all my subsequent adventures. Whilst I was relating these, he kept his eyes fixed upon me, as if he thought me a most extraordinary character. He ordered me to take the command of all the Calabrese patriots, who had left their homes to follow General Regnier. I was to pass them in review, and then prepare to attack a village, difficult of access, and well defended by the insurgents—by whom we were surrounded on all sides—at the distance of a mile.

CHAPTER XIII.

1806—1807.

I serve under the orders of Marshal Massena—He gives me the command of a light regiment in Lower Calabria, with directions to organize it—Massena being summoned by the Emperor Napoleon to take part in the wars of Germany, the regiment which had been promised me is not organized—Under the command of General Regnier, I am engaged in the war in Calabria—The siege of la Mantea—Battle of Mileto—I proceed to Naples, and am employed on the French general staff, at Corfu.

I REVIEWED my countrymen in Calabria: most of them were older than myself, and amongst them were many men of superior intelligence. I recognised amongst those with whom I was acquainted my former professor of Greek at the College of Catanzaro, Teodero Caporale; likewise the Baron Pocrio, father of the celebrated Neapolitan barrister of that name. On beholding them, I immediately alighted from my horse, and embraced them with the greatest cordiality. I then addressed the assembled body with as much moderation and wisdom as I could command.

My speech was better than might have been anticipated from my previous reputation for reckless daring,

or from my youth. I then divided them into two squadrons, one composed of able-bodied young men, fit to encounter the fatigues of lengthened marches and the chances of war. The other was formed of men more advanced in life, and consequently fitter to act in a defensive capacity. I observed to General Marmet, that it was neither useful nor just to exact from respectable men, mostly fathers of families, and more or less advanced in years, that they should expose themselves to the more arduous attacks, which require a greater degree of daring, and more bodily vigour than were to be expected from them.

Instead of directing my march to a neighbouring village held by the insurgents, the General commanded me to proceed to the quarters of Marshal Massena at Monteleone, as a protection to a courier from King Joseph. I begged the General to let me have a detachment of French troops, that I might not expose the patriots to an unforeseen attack, for they were scarcely yet in a condition to offer effectual resistance. At first he was not disposed to accede to my request, pleading that the patriots were sufficiently strong to cross the difficult passes situated between Scigliano and Nicastro: fortunately, however, he eventually granted me a company of grenadiers. I was assaulted on my departure from Scigliano in the same mountains where I had been attacked before when coming from Nicastro, the only difference being, that this second attack was more vigorous than the former. I had several wounded and killed, both among the patriots and the French: among others the brave Captain Bordini was wounded. The patriots were thrown into much confusion; but many of them fought with great valour. Had we been

sent to attack the insurgents in the neighbouring village, we should certainly have avoided the disadvantage of being surprised on our flank, and of being thereby prevented from executing any defensive manœuvre. My orders to reach Monteleone in two days gave me but the necessary time to defend myself. We met with no hostile encounter between Nicastro and Monteleone, although the thick wood which lies on that road offered a very favourable opportunity to the enemy. I was received by Massena with the utmost kindness. Whilst I was in expectation of his giving me orders to begin organizing the Militia in all the provinces, he ordered me to follow first one and then another of the French Generals who had orders to attack the insurgents in the part of the country opposite to that occupied by his lines—that is to say, from Gerace to Cotrone. In all the villages through which I passed, either with General Franceschi, or General Lucatte, I organized a National Guard. Such an organization was, however, of a provisional nature, and without any solidity of coherence, therefore little calculated to supply the place of a regular Militia, which would have been far more available. Nevertheless the landholders, ill or well organized by myself or the French, invariably fought with the utmost bravery in defence of their lives and property. The populace, on their part, carried on the war with a degree of spirit, address, and courage, which exceeds belief. If, instead of fighting in opposite ranks, they had been united with the landholders—as was the case in Spain at a later period—the French would never have succeeded in subjecting Calabria, and the rest of the kingdom.

The English, in consequence of their having left

Calabria, lost all influence over the insurgents of those provinces; so that General Stewart having put a price on the head of one of their chiefs named Papasodaro, on account of many crimes committed by him, he in return offered a large sum of money to any one who would bring him the head of the English General.

My brother Florestano was going through this extraordinary war with his chest open, so that the tube of india-rubber which penetrated to a considerable depth in the wound left by the surgeon, emitted a constant effusion of blood; indeed, he was often compelled to alight from his horse, that the mouth of the tube should be in a position to discharge its contents. One day General Marmet ordered him to proceed from Scigliano to Monteleone with a most important despatch for Marshal Massena. He was escorted by a small number of French dragoons, and on the steep declivity leading from Scigliano, he was attacked by the enemy. Several of his men lost their lives, and Florestano himself had his horse wounded, and his hat and cloak pierced by five bullets. The French General who had witnessed the conflict through his telescope, immediately issued orders to my brother to retreat. These commands were reiterated, but Florestano, irritated at the folly of the General in obliging him to cross woods and mountains supported only by dragoons, was determined not to obey him.

The state of the country through which we passed was most deplorable. Once when I was with the vanguard of General Lucatte's column, the inhabitants of a whole village, thinking we were newly landed from Sicily, came to congratulate us on our arrival.

With many demonstrations of sympathy and kindness I undeceived them, and said that but for me such a presentation of themselves might have cost them dear. On the following day we assaulted the village of St. Andrea, situated upon the shore which lies opposite the Gulf of Squillace. We suffered some loss on this occasion; and amongst the wounded was an aid-de-camp of General Lucatte, named Derieux, now a Lieutenant-General in the French service. The village was first ransacked and then set on fire. So cruel a war raging in my own native province wrung my heart. A sentiment of national feeling had superseded that of liberty in my breast; for which indeed there did not exist the slightest glimmering of hope. I often expressed my warm admiration of the valour of the insurgents so openly, that but for the sacrifices I had made in the cause of patriotism, which had so deeply compromised me, the French must have been induced to suspect my fidelity.

General Camus, with a column of more than twelve hundred men, was besieging a body of the enemy intrenched in a village near Tiviola. The latter, to make amends for the absence of a wall, had heaped up a quantity of stones, behind the shelter of which they kept up a murderous fire against us. The General was in hopes of subduing them by hunger; but one clear moonlight night the inhabitants of the village, with the band of insurgents, sallied forth, and without firing a single shot, fell upon the French post with their daggers and opened to themselves a way of retreat. They had become so well aware of the advantages to be derived from the nature of their native country, that a small band of about fifty men allowed a powerful column of the

French and patriots to approach them; and after fighting with almost incredible valour, they withdrew behind the shelter of the rocks and declivities.

I was compelled to assault the village of Scandale, supported by a column under the command of General Berthon. Scandale stands upon an advantageous eminence. The insurgents waited till we came within pistol shot of them, and then commenced a brisk fire. After causing much loss amongst us, they withdrew under shelter of the neighbouring woods and mountains. Whilst rendering full justice to their bravery, we were nevertheless compelled to wish their destruction, else they would eventually have exterminated the landholders throughout the country; and had they triumphed, they would have brought back the Bourbons and their pernicious system of government. I was often led into discussions with the French officers, who were at times apt to confound the necessary degree of indispensable rigour with needless and unavailing cruelty.

They were often disposed likewise to lay to the score of treachery the weak and wavering conduct of the patriots, which was but the natural effect of their dread of seeing the destruction of their fortunes and families. My own situation was most unpleasant and dangerous. Had it not been for the previous trials of my life, and my well-known affection for the new order of things, and still more for the powerful protection of Massena, who read my heart rightly, I know not what would have befallen me. I could neither conceal the admiration nor the pleasure that I felt at the many acts of valour and heroism performed by the insurgents. In the hope of inducing a chief of the insurgents of the name of Abramo to change his party, I trusted my life to him and his followers in the village of Gimigliano,

near Catanzaro. I went amongst them with offers of the most flattering nature from Massena, but all was in vain. Their haughty stubbornness contrasted strangely with the extreme misery in which they were plunged. Clothed in a kind of cloak of the coarsest material, their shoes worn off their feet, they inspired me with the truest pity. Notwithstanding the zealous warmth with which I endeavoured to convince them, all that I succeeded in obtaining from them was a promise that they would remain neuter, but without disarming. It was still necessary, therefore, to continue this fratricidal warfare. They had an apt answer to all I could urge, and they pleaded their patriotism against mine. It is but justice to own that on both sides the sentiment was equally honourable.

When I was about to withdraw, I told Abramo that his proposition could not be acceded to, and that in the course of half an hour he would be assailed by a French column; this accordingly took place. When he saw us advance, he ordered several vollies to be discharged against us, and then made a precipitate retreat through the valley, without having suffered any loss from our fire, whilst theirs had injured us greatly. The inhabitants of Calabria have this immense advantage over other Italians. They entertain a strong persuasion of their personal valour and of their great skill in the use of the musket, which leads them to regard themselves as the bravest people on earth.

In this manner was carried on the war, in the course of which neither the English nor the King of Naples knew how to derive the advantages they might have gained from the armed populace. Neither did the French avail themselves as they might have done of the landholders and patriots. At this period Marshal Massena, who commanded Calabria with

his *alter ego*, determined that two light regiments should be organized, one in each province. Colonel Arcovito was put in command of that in Upper Calabria, and that in Lower Calabria was entrusted to me. At the age of twenty-three years, which I had now attained, to have been chosen to command an entire regiment, one might have thought would have placed me at the summit of all my wishes. The commission which I had previously held to organize a Militia of the landholders of Calabria was far more flattering to a young man, as it comprised the command of no less than twenty-two thousand men. I quitted Upper Calabria with pain, regretting that I could not behold its population blessed by all the advantages of a well-organized militia. The existence of such a body would have strengthened the courage of the Calabrese, and extinguished the civil war, and at the same time, the ferocity and fury of the insurgents, and finally, it would have destroyed the system of brigandage, and paved the way to a state of greater civilization.*

* The following letter was sent to me by order of Marshal Massena.

"Au Quartier-Général à Cosenza le 20 Novembre, 1806.

"A M. Guglielmo Pépé, Major de la Garde Provinciale de Calabria Ultra.

"M. le Maréchal Masséna vous a nommé pour être chargé de l'organisation, et du commandement du corps qui d'après le decret ci-joint doit-être levé dans cette province. Vos vœux sont satisfaits. Sans doute que vous justifierez cette nouvelle marque de confiance par votre zèle et votre dévouement pour le bien du service.

"J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer avec considération,

"Le Général Chef de l'Etat Major,

"Général de l'Armée d'expédition,

"DONZELOT."

On my arrival at Cosenza, where I was to organize my regiment, I presented myself before General Verdier, who had taken up his quarters under the walls of the city of Amantea. The population was composed of about three thousand men, under the protection of Colonel Mirabelli, who was devoted to King Ferdinand. The Colonel was a native of that city, which he defended with a small number of soldiers and some insurgents from the neighbouring villages. All his means of defence lay in an enclosure formed of rocks, and a half broken wall with two ramparts, upon which were placed only three iron cannons. When I arrived, Verdier had already assaulted the place twice, once in the day time and once by night, but equally without success. On the arrival of his artillery, he had made a great breach in the wall, and had renewed his attacks at various times but in vain. After this he had recourse to a mine, which blew up one of the ramparts. As soon as it fell, the French renewed the assault, but to no purpose, for the enemy had raised a small wall behind the bastion, from which they kept up a brisk fire, causing such havoc in the French ranks that they were obliged to retreat. Finally, after a siege of nine months, the brave defenders of Amantea were compelled by hunger to surrender. The small city was given up to the French upon honourable conditions by those who, vastly inferior in numbers, had so ably and bravely defended it against them.

Whilst I was on the staff of General Verdier under the walls of Amantea, expecting that the Minister of War, Dumas, would send me means and instruction to form the light regiment ordered by Massena, the General was summoned by the Emperor Napoleon to assume the command of the French army in Germany.

His departure from the kingdom was the cause of the formation of the two Calabrese regiments being neglected. This was the more to be regretted because, properly organized, they might have been made the best light troops in Europe, an assertion which will hardly be denied by those who knew their remarkable skill in the use of the rifle, their dexterity and address in mountain warfare, and their abstemiousness, which enabled them to endure an immense amount of fatigue.

When Marshal Massena decreed the formation of two regiments of light troops, he omitted to consult the Minister of War, Dumas, upon the subject. The latter, piqued at this, first began by delaying as long as possible the execution of the Marshal's orders, and entirely stopped the whole proceeding when the Marshal left Calabria. Perceiving such to be the case, General Regnier made his wishes known to me, that I should return to Upper Calabria to organize the Militia. On my arrival, however, he sent me to General Abbé, who was at Seminara with the vanguard of the French, that had not yet occupied the district of Reggio, which lies at the farther end of Calabria, and is bathed by the Straits of Messina, that separate it from Sicily.

It was now the summer of 1807, and the British and King Ferdinand threatened another invasion; but Ferdinand's troops, composed partly of Sicilian and partly of Neapolitans, were alone expected to land. The vanguard of Seminara were continually on the alert. Our whole force was reduced to the 23rd regiment of light troops, in all not more than one thousand six hundred men. As I had, to a certain extent, organized the Militia in the Piana, I assured General Abbé that seven villages around Seminara would give us

at least seven hundred men ready for action. He called upon me to fulfil my assurance. I hastened to make the tour of the villages, which I did in one day by changing horses; and with so much effect, that the following day upwards of seven hundred men, well armed with hunting rifles, were assembled at Seminara. This circumstance produced as great an impression upon the public mind as could be desired. A few days later, the Anglo-Sicilian fleet hove in sight, and threatened a landing between Palmi and Pizzo, which, if effectual, would cut off our means of retreat. From the plains of Melia, through Seminara, the column of General Abbé succeeded in reaching Mileto, while crossing through the woods of Rosarno we were so harassed by the bodies of men just landed from the Sicilian vessels, that we were glad to reach Mileto. General Abbé despatched me to inform General Regnier by word of mouth, and with the utmost precision, of the causes of our retreat, and of the assaults made by the enemy upon our left flank which was towards the sea. The Militia, or rather the landholders, who were the most exposed, followed the French in their retreat. I tarried in expectation that General Regnier would give me orders to assemble the Militia, certain that they would amount to at least six thousand men, but with his everlasting absence of mind, he left me with General Abbé. The column just landed from Sicily was composed of about four thousand men, commanded by the defender of Gaeta, the Prince Philipstadt. Regnier's forces were about equal. It was marvellous to see the improvement which had taken place during the past year in the public spirit in Calabria. The mass of the people disgusted with the conduct pursued towards them, both by the English and the Court of Sicily, and perceiving

that the system of government introduced by the French was far more favourable to the multitude than that of the Bourbons, remained passive spectators of the invasion, declining to take up arms to abet it.

The more enlightened landholders did not find much difficulty in convincing the people that the new laws introduced by the French were far more advantageous to them than to the nobles or the landholders. The latter, more or less well organized, and formed into bands of Militia, felt themselves much stronger than before; and had not Regnier been obliged to draw together all his limited forces, even to the company forming the garrison of Cotrona, he might have derived very great advantage from them.

I was anticipating an interminable mountain warfare, but my predictions were not realized, thanks to the stupidity of Prince Philipstadt. Regnier had with great foresight removed the sick and wounded and everything that was calculated to impede his movements out of Monteleone, and having so done, retreated to await a reinforcement. Who could have imagined, instead of taking up his position in the mountains, that Philipstadt would have proceeded to Mileto, one of the very few unsheltered plains existing in Calabria? Regnier quitted Monteleone without delay, and proceeded to attack the enemy which was already formed in order of battle. It was not possible that four thousand inexperienced Bourbon troops could resist—especially in the plain—an equal number of disciplined Frenchmen. Nevertheless, the former acquitted themselves far better than might have been expected; and on our side we had many killed and wounded.

It is worthy of remark, that on this occasion General Regnier proceeded with a much greater degree of

prudence than he had previously evinced at St. Eufemia. Perceiving the enemy drawn out in precisely the same manner as on the former occasion, he directed upon their flanks many select companies of riflemen, who did terrible execution. The twenty-third light French regiment was drawn out parallel with the right wing of the enemy's line between a cultivated field and several of the houses of Mileto. I was with General Abbé in their front. On a sudden, a squadron of the enemy was seen advancing at full speed down one of the streets of the village. Abbé succeeded in passing behind the regiment by an opening in their ranks; but I was not so fortunate, and found myself surrounded on all sides by the enemy's horses. Our antagonists had not expected to find the French lines so near. The latter, surprised at the unexpected appearance of the Sicilian cavalry, began firing at random, placing my life in great jeopardy. I owed my safety upon this occasion to the circumstance of my horse being wounded under me, so that being dismounted I succeeded in crossing the lines of the twenty-third regiment. Regnier advanced with his columns, and the enemy was shaken, routed, and pursued. We made prisoners at every step. I perceived at a short distance a wounded soldier, as I conceived, but on drawing nigh I perceived that it was a poor woman habited as a soldier, who had been severely wounded in the chest. She still held her musket and was calling upon her husband in agonizing accents. General Philipstadt, with his cavalry, and a corps of volunteer insurgents alone escaped. The latter displayed far more sense than their General, for as soon as their line was broken, they retreated into the mountains, where I followed them with the Militia. The French

pursued the enemy as far as Reggio, of the castle of which they made vain endeavours to possess themselves. We retired from the district of Reggio to return to our former quarters near Seminara; and now the insurgents might either have re-embarked for Sicily or have remained in Calabria. Regnier's withdrawal of the French company which formed the garrison of Cotrona caused that town to fall into the hands of the enemy, and we only recovered possession of it at the expense of much bloodshed, and after enormous sacrifices.

After the battle of Mileto, when, with the exception of the cavalry, all the enemy's forces fell into our hands, the insurgents of Calabria divided themselves into a great number of small bands of fifty or sixty men each, some indeed of smaller number, which were scattered or destroyed by the French or the Militia. At this period I requested permission to go to Naples, intending not to return to these provinces. My brother Florestano, who had quitted Lower Calabria since the departure of Massena, had been made commander of the province of Molise. On reaching Naples, I was well received by the Minister of War and by King Joseph; but when I requested to be appointed to a regiment with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, they replied that there were but few national regiments, and that in none of these did there exist a vacancy equal to my standing. I did not, however, claim the rank of Colonel which had been conferred on me by Marshal Massena, who had been authorized by King Joseph to form two Calabrese regiments and to appoint officers to them. My disgust, whether ill or well grounded, at beholding the French in my native country increased daily. As they occupied at that time the Ionian Islands, and as King Joseph was from time to time

sending thither officers of the Neapolitan artillery and engineers, I requested to be employed on the Corfu Staff, finding it less painful to serve the French abroad than in my own country, now subjected to their power. Another reason why I made this application was, that General Donzelot, whom I had known in Calabria where he was chief of Massena's staff, was proceeding to that island and wished me to accompany him thither. This General was reckoned one of the most able of the French superior officers, but his political opinions had brought him almost into disgrace with Napoleon. The Minister of War, to whom I had addressed my request, replied that, as there were neither colonels nor lieutenant-colonels on the staff at Corfu, I could only proceed there with the rank of major. Although it was painful to me to descend from my rank, I could not on the other hand bear to linger an idle spectator of the insolent pride and luxury of King Joseph and his courtiers. My friends one and all advised me not to accept the proposal of the minister, but I submitted to his conditions, and in November, 1807, I found myself in Otranto, whence I embarked for Corfu.

CHAPTER XIV.

1807—1808.

My arrival at Corfu—I am sent to occupy the Isle of Fano—My departure for Santa Maura—I am shipwrecked near Prevesa—Meeting with Poqueville—Intentions of Ali Pacha—I return to Corfu from Santa Maura—Explosion at the palace of Saliceti, Minister of the Police—After a year's absence, I return to Naples.

THE very intensity of the love I bore my country compelled me to fly from it. King Ferdinand, after having dissipated its wealth, had dishonoured the army, and by the cowardice of his conduct finally lost the crown and plunged the country into the bloodshed and misery of a civil war. The humiliations entailed upon us by the French were made more poignant by their excessive pride. All that remained of the wealth of the State, and all the offices were lavished upon persons totally unworthy of them; a partiality and an injustice which of course tended to increase the miserable condition of the kingdom. Adherents of the Bourbons, supporters of the French, passive spectators of the contending parties—each and all were equally culpable in the eyes of the Government. Nevertheless, there had been nothing for it but to adopt one of three

courses, for it was out of the bounds of possibility to unite at once against the French and the Bourbons. Had there existed the remotest chance of resisting at the same time the tyranny of Ferdinand and foreign invasion, I should not certainly have been wanting in will to be amongst the first to raise the standard of our national regeneration.

All the French troops and ammunition sent by Napoleon to the Ionian Islands were embarked for Corfu at Otranto, which is only about sixty miles distant from the former place. To avoid falling in with the British cruisers, it was usual to set sail in very rough weather. This dangerous practice was not of course always successful, for on nearing the snowy mountains of Albania, the sea was often quite calm, and vessels of war were therefore liable to fall into the hands of the enemy. I embarked towards evening with a high but favourable wind. After ten hours' sail I landed at Casopo, which is at a very short distance from Corfu. I have already said that the Governor-General of the Ionian Islands was Cæsar Berthier, brother of the Prince of Neufchatel. The latter had been the companion-in-arms and the inseparable friend of Napoleon as long as fortune smiled upon him.

Owing to the favourable account given of me by General Donzelot, and to letters of recommendation from General Lucatte, General Berthier received me in the most flattering manner. He immediately confided to me the arduous and difficult duty of proceeding to the Island of Fano, there to fortify the bay which protects the Isle of Corfu. For this purpose he placed at my disposal two hundred Frenchmen, and a battalion of Albanians, several thousands of whom had entered the service of France. These troops, with the

artillery and the necessary ammunition, were to be shipped at Casopo on board merchant vessels convoyed by a gun-boat. Although Fano lay at a very short distance from Casopo, we were obliged to set sail with a very strong but favourable wind, to avoid falling into the hands of the English. It was essential that no time should be lost in getting thither, for should the English possess themselves of that station, they would cut off all means of receiving provisions and ammunition from Apulia.

General Berthier wrote to me bidding me lose no time in hastening the expedition, but, at the same time to leave nothing to chance; two injunctions utterly inconsistent, for had the English taken possession of the island before we could get there, the cause would have been imputed to me. I therefore came to the determination of setting sail at sunset, and the following morning at break of day we landed. I was ever extremely exact in the execution of my military duties; but now, finding myself with French troops, a feeling of nationality stimulated my zeal to the utmost. We were proceeding to place our artillery upon the batteries, when an English frigate approached within musket-shot, and began to fire its cannons at us. We were obliged to suspend our operations, which were resumed as soon as the enemy's vessel was out of sight, and in the course of a very few days all the orders entrusted to me had been carried into effect.

General Donzelot, who commanded the Island of Santa Maura, wrote to General Berthier to request that I might join him. Such a wish, expressed by so estimable a man as Donzelot, impressed such an opinion of me upon Berthier, that he desired I should remain under his own immediate command; neverthe-

less, he yielded to a second request urged by Donzelot, and I started for Santa Maura with General Camus and several other officers, some of whom were to accompany us, whilst others were proceeding either to Zante or Ithaca. We arrived at the Isle of Paxos in a gun-boat. What with the tediousness of General Camus' conversation on political affairs, and my fear that our boat would be taken by the English, I was induced to embark upon a small Santa Maura vessel, the captain of which had the reputation of being an experienced seaman. He promised, moreover, to conceal me in some secret part of the ship in the event of our falling in with the English. We were then in the month of February; it was just midnight, and the wind blew a sharp, though favourable gale, when the man at the helm mistaking the course he should have followed, dashed the vessel against the rocks of Prevesa. The shock was so violent, that I rushed upon deck from the captain's cabin to inquire what had occurred. The vessel filled so rapidly with water, that I was unable to descend again into the cabin even to save my money, so that I remained with only a thousand francs in gold, which I had concealed in my boots. We all hastened into the long boat, which by good fortune had been towed by the vessel, instead of being put on board, as is generally the case.

The wind was so boisterous, and the sea so rough, that our situation was extremely critical, and we were in imminent danger of foundering; however, by dint of rowing, and after many dangers we were finally cast upon a rock close to the shore. The cold was so intense, that had I not been fortunate enough to secure a sailor's cloak, I must have been frozen to death. I learned from our crew that we were at a distance of

about two miles from Prevesa; but that when day dawned, we should run great risk of being attacked by the Turks, who would be on the look-out to appropriate to themselves the remains of the wreck. I offered a handsome reward to two sailors to induce them to proceed before daybreak to Prevesa, to request the French Consul's assistance for a superior officer of the Staff of Corfu, who had been shipwrecked.

Day had scarcely dawned before people arrived to our aid from Prevesa. They had been sent by the French Consul Pouqueville, who was afterwards better known as the author of a history of the Greek Revolution. When I reached his house, the Consul told me that my shipwreck would prove of great utility to the French Government in the seven islands, for that he had communications to make respecting the perfidy of Ali Pacha of Yanina, that he durst not write, and that fearful of arousing the suspicions of that astute person, he could not cross the sea himself to reveal them. He requested me to inform General Donzelot, that Ali Pacha was on the point of joining the English, and of attacking the neighbouring Island of Santa Maura; and that, although he might not perhaps openly declare himself against the French, he would not fail to assist clandestinely the taking of Santa Maura, Zante, Ithaca, and Cirigo near the Morea, of which his son was Governor. The Consul concluded by stating that he was quite certain that before long the enemy would land at Santa Maura.

I quitted Prevesa the same day, and proceeded to Santa Maura. I found General Donzelot extremely disturbed by what he himself saw of the state of things, nor was he less so when I made known to him the tidings of which I was the bearer, and which made

him fear the impending danger of losing the island, and of falling into the hands of the English. There stood upon the island, a citadel, which was reached by a strip of land; its garrison, composed of an Italian battalion, was extremely weak, and was in want of provisions. Had this fortress, however, been really strong, it must have fallen into the power of the enemy, sooner or later, for no assistance could be given to it.

Donzelot, nevertheless, caused its fortifications to be strengthened; but he was so distressed for money to continue the works, that he was obliged to borrow from me the thousand francs I had saved from the shipwreck. After mature deliberation, he perceived that there was not a chance of holding possession of the island unless his garrison was strengthened by a considerable reinforcement, and that was not even to be dreamt of. He decided upon proceeding to Corfu, in a boat laden with wood, and so disguised as to avoid, if possible, being taken by the English. His object in resorting to such a step was to lay before the Governor, Cæsar Berthier, his opinion as to the means and practicability of defending Santa Maura, and the other islands of Cephalonia, Zante, and Ithaca.

On his arrival at Corfu, Donzelot found that he had been made Governor-General, in the place of Berthier, who, in point of fact, was not qualified for such a post. The new Governor assembled his staff at his head-quarters, so that I avoided being made prisoner by the English, who took possession of Santa Maura very soon after. Donzelot turned all his thoughts to the improvement of the fortifications of the city of Corfu, and those of the Isle of Vido, otherwise called Paxo, without which it was hopeless to attempt to resist. Nor did the ardent sun of July and August prevent

Donzelot from personally overlooking the works of the fortifications with the most assiduous attention. As I accompanied him constantly on such occasions, I acquired considerable knowledge, which was increased by lessons on the art of fortification, given me by an officer of engineers, which lessons were firmly riveted on my mind by my constant presence on the fortresses of Corfu. I was the only Italian officer on the Staff, and as Donzelot was exceedingly kind and friendly to me, and as he was also known to be extremely averse to the practice of duelling, it became requisite on my part to avoid being implicated in any altercation, taking care, nevertheless, that the name either of Italian or of Neapolitan should not be insulted. I was, however, on one occasion obliged to demand an explanation from a major, who was speaking of the Neapolitans in an equivocal manner; but; as he declared that he had spoken without the remotest intention of offending my countrymen, the affair was not pursued. A quarrel which I had with the Adjutant-General Forestier, who was a violent person, and a noted duellist, had another termination. We fought with swords, and were in collision, breast to breast, at least four times without either being wounded. Our seconds, who were Frenchmen, made us desist. As Forestier had been the aggressor, General Donzelot did not lay any blame upon me, and that duel certainly tended to save me from many others.

I was exclusively entrusted with the correspondence between the Governor-General and Ali Pacha. The gross ignorance of the Pacha, his cunning malevolence, and his epistolary style, would have given some notoriety to his writings had they been published. If Donzelot requested him to permit the

French Commissaries to purchase cattle for the use of the garrison, the Pacha granted the authorization, while he issued secret orders to the population of the provinces under his command, that they were not to sell any thing to the French. At the same time, he would write that the death of the Emperor Napoleon would overwhelm him with grief, and dismiss him heart-broken to the grave. His ignorance was so great that he believed Paris was situated on the sea, and that Prevesa was one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, though all its means of defence consisted in a ditch around the town, and a parapet of earth supported by beams of wood.*

In the year 1808, the Emperor Napoleon created his brother Joseph King of Spain, appointing Joachim Murat his successor to the throne of Naples. Murat

* In the month of February in this year, the news arrived in Corfu that the palace in which the Minister of Police, Saliceti, resided had been destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder. Saliceti, whose destruction was the object sought from the explosion, chanced to be far from that part of the building which fell in; but his daughter and her husband, the Duke of Lavello, remained some time under the ruins. Though they had the good fortune to be saved, some of the minister's servants were killed, and others were severely injured. The perpetrators of the explosion were condemned to death and executed. It appeared on the trial, that the instigator had been Caroline of Sicily, who was eager to revenge herself for the severity which the Minister of Police had exercised towards all those that had maintained a correspondence with her, who was ever intent on plotting conspiracies. It mattered little to this Queen whether the lives of fifty or sixty persons were sacrificed. Here we may indeed repeat with Virgil, when representing Dido on the point of burning the vessels of Æneas :

" Femina è cosa mobil per natura,
E per disdegno impetuosa e fera."

was undoubtedly far better fitted for government than his predecessor. As I shall have much to say respecting him later, I will merely observe here, that it was a great error to regard him merely in the light of a very valiant soldier. It is true that the feudal system, and several other Bourbonite laws were suppressed during the reign of King Joseph, and that he introduced several French laws as well as the "Code Napoleon;" but such useful changes were a part of the French system, and were put in execution in all the countries subjected to them, and governed by members of the same family. Under Joseph, the kingdom of Naples would never have possessed an army, or a good system of financial administration: during his reign everything was in a state of dissolution and ruin.

By a decree of the 15th of July, 1808, Napoleon invested Joachim Murat, then Grand Duke of Berg and of Cleves, with the Kingdom of Naples and of Sicily, just as if the population beyond the Straits had been subjected to him. By virtue of the same decree, and for the humiliation of the Neapolitans, Napoleon ordained that in the event of the death of Joachim, his widow, Caroline, should ascend the throne in preference to her son. This intelligence was deeply humiliating, for excepting during the period of the two Giovanne, the Neapolitan sceptre had never been swayed by women. The weak and mischievous reign of Joseph, and the reputation for valour, added to the great personal advantages, for which Joachim was so celebrated, caused him to be received by the Neapolitans with excessive joy. To justify his high military reputation, he took the island of Capri from the English early in October of the same year. From the circumstance of this island being situated exactly opposite the

capital, the enemy had not only blockaded the Gulf of Naples, but likewise the whole coast of Salerno. The expedition was confided to the French General, Lamarque. His soldiers, half French and half Neapolitans, displayed the utmost valour; and so difficult was the enterprise, that nothing but the errors committed by the English General, Lowe, and the good fortune of his assailants, could have ensured success. But for these circumstances, the great military skill of General Lamarque would not have availed.

King Joachim immediately turned his thoughts to the organization of the army, which was in a most deplorable condition. Amongst his other useful regulations, was an injunction that all the Neapolitan officers employed in the Ionian islands should return immediately into the kingdom. Accordingly, I took leave of General Donzelot, and embarked for Apulia. In the short voyage I was obliged to make on this occasion, I ran more than usual risk of falling in with the English, who had considerably increased the number of their cruisers in those seas. I again sailed with a very strong wind, and after twenty-four hours landed at Barletta, from whence I proceeded without delay to Naples.

CHAPTER XV.

1809—1810.

King Joachim creates me one of his officers of ordnance—Charge entrusted to me by him—The English threaten to land in the kingdom—Rome and the Pope—The States of the Church become provinces of the French empire—The King goes twice to Paris—His return to Naples—He openly speaks of an expedition to Sicily.

KING JOACHIM immediately began to organize the different corps of the army with the utmost solicitude and activity. He promulgated the law of *conscription*, which did not meet general approbation, because the lower orders, upon whom it more particularly fell, had not entirely discarded their feelings of devotion to the Bourbon dynasty; besides which, the system of the new government was not sufficiently effective to inspire a sense of national patriotism. The prisons were filled with individuals charged with political offences.

My first care was to present myself to King Joachim, who was always easy of access, notwithstanding the self-important airs assumed by the chamberlains on duty. Whilst I was awaiting an interview in a saloon contiguous to that of the courtiers in waiting, the Duke Girella, Prefect of the Palace, related to me all

the dirty intrigues which were practised by many to obtain employment at Court. On being admitted to the presence of King Joachim, I showed him the authorization he had himself given me in 1802 to proceed to Egypt. He likewise perused with attention my statement of service, which I handed him, and the charge committed to my care by Massena of organizing a regiment of Calabrians. As soon as he had finished reading these documents, I said that I expected from his justice the rank of Colonel. The King replied, that in appointing me one of his officers of ordnance, he should give me a proof of the favourable opinion he held of me. I recollect that I was so engrossed by admiration of the elegance of his appearance, and the affability of his address, that I omitted expressing my thanks. He talked to me a great deal about the Neapolitan army, and manifested a confidence in us that even exceeded my own; and, God knows that was not small. His conversation filled me with such delight, that had it not been for the fear I entertained lest he should mistake my ardour of patriotism for courtier-like flattery, I could have fallen at his feet and worshipped him. It seemed to me that I beheld in him the Charles XII. of the Neapolitans; and with my mind full of such ideas, I retired amidst the amiable salutations of the courtiers, who had not failed to remark the length of my interview with the King.

In three days I received my brevet of officer of ordnance to the King, and as several French and Neapolitan officers had strained every nerve to secure such an appointment without obtaining it, notwithstanding their Court influence, they could not believe that it had not even entered into my mind to ask for such a favour.

All republican ideas had subsided in the minds of the multitude, and my own patriotism was directed to the national honour and independance, a well disciplined and powerful army, and the departure of the French out of the kingdom. That the latter hope should be realized, was, however, quite out of the question, so long as we were without a powerful and well disciplined army of our own, for the English continued to threaten an invasion, whilst they instigated the provinces to revolt during the time that Napoleon's army was engaged in the wars of Spain and Germany. The intrigues of the English caused two insurrections in the Provinces of Bari and Lecce; the former occurred in the village of St. Eramo, and the latter in that of Oria. The King despatched me to Oria to learn every particular, however minute, of the insurrection. I had likewise orders to tell General Ottavi, a Corsican officer, who commanded that military division, that it was the King's especial injunction to avoid bloodshed as much as possible. I found this General walking up and down an esplanade outside the walls of Doria, surrounded by his small column, contemplating a scaffold upon which twelve men were to be executed, who had been the first to revolt, and who had attacked a French squadron. Convicted by a court-martial, they had been condemned to death. The squadron having been warned in time, had mounted and cut to pieces a great number of the insurgents. I vainly exhorted the General to spare these deluded beings, adding, that the King was much aggrieved at the blood which had been already shed. The General replied, that the execution of the twelve delinquents was a necessary measure, and that had I not arrived, upwards of three hundred would have shared the same fate. What will appear still more

strange is, that all the citizens of the province, men whose opinions were opposed to the Bourbons and favourable to our party, applauded the conduct of Ottavi. They addressed themselves to me, saying that it was easy enough for me to talk of clemency since I was not destined to remain in those parts; but that they preferred by far the destruction of the lawless defenders of the Anglo-Bourbons to having their own lives and property constantly exposed to their ferocity. This language was held, not by persons of the lower orders, but by good, honest fathers of families; so true is it that in civil wars nothing is more difficult than to blame or to praise with any degree of impartiality and justice. I was more successful in persuading General Ottavi to show some leniency towards the insurgents of St. Eramo, and to act in accordance with the King's desire of avoiding bloodshed. On this occasion Ottavi approved himself a man of clemency.

The King had acquired such a habit of charging me with the execution of divers affairs, that it appeared as if he had no other officers about his person. Indeed, he allowed me no respite, engaging my services even in matters of trifling import.

The provinces which had continued under the Papal dominion, as well as the Pope himself, were entirely devoted to the British party. Although the Pope openly professed himself in favour of Napoleon, he exerted every secret means of acting as his enemy. Nothing could escape the Emperor's vigilance, and he accordingly decided upon depriving the Pope of all temporal power. He carried this bold determination into effect at the very time when the war with Austria, which ended so gloriously at the battle of Wagram, was still in progress. He invaded the Papal dominions with

an army of only five thousand men, two thousand of whom were French, and the remaining three thousand Neapolitans. Napoleon invested the King of Naples with the dominion of the Papal States, with injunctions to change their form of government. The King ordered me to proceed to Rome with a despatch for General Miollis. This officer was chief of the Junta, which was composed of himself, Saliceti, and three other members. The Junta was to proclaim Rome the second city in the empire, and the States of the Church were declared to be so many dependencies of France.

The King had instructed me to spread a report that he would soon arrive at Rome, and that several corps of Neapolitans were already on their march thither. I myself was fully aware that neither the King nor any portion of his army could quit the kingdom, which was in danger of being invaded by twenty thousand Anglo-Sicilian troops. The King added, that the Junta was to declare Romagna a part of the French empire. My private injunctions were, not to quit Rome till after the execution of these political acts, that I might from time to time acquaint the King with the effect produced upon the people in the capital by such important changes. On reaching Rome, I forthwith sought and saw all the members of the Junta, excepting General Miollis to whom my despatch was directed. I had to await his arrival several days, on account of the delay which had occurred in the transmission to him of the orders of the Emperor, who was then near Vienna, having overtaken the enemy.

I was not long in discovering that the inhabitants of the Roman States loathed the idea of becoming French subjects. For my own part, although on the one hand I regretted to know that that part of Italy was to be called

France; on the other, I was happy to see it governed by the same laws and regulations as the rest of Italy, except Sardinia and Sicily; moreover, I rejoiced at the destruction of the Papal Government, which had been the original cause of Italian servitude. These measures of Napoleon, however, were not only extravagant and impolitic, but they may be almost called audacious; carried into effect, as they were, at a moment when he had not yet lowered the pride of Austria, when the South of Italy was threatened by the Anglo-Sicilians, and when in the Papal States, there was an army of about five thousand men with which it was not possible to keep down an irritated people. I recollect the famous discourse addressed to the most considerable persons of Rome in the beautiful gallery of the Farnese palace, by the Minister of the Neapolitan Police, Saliceti. His hearers had all refused to hold any government or administrative offices, instigated, some by sentiments of patriotism, and some by the idea that Napoleon's fortune was not to be trusted. To dissuade them from such a determination, Saliceti observed, that in social institutions, men were divided into two classes; one to be regarded as anvils, the other as hammers, and that they who refused to become hammers were at last inevitably converted into anvils. This was assuredly a strange oratorical comparison. About this period, bulletins, reporting the great successes achieved by the French army were sent by Napoleon from the banks of the Danube. The wily Romans affixed these bulletins up-side down, to indicate the reverse, upon the walls and columns of Rome. In the meanwhile, the Pope remained shut up in the Quirinale, whence he sent forth endless protests and excommunications.

Rome was now declared the second city of the

Empire, and the Roman provinces were converted into French departments without exciting any insurrection. After taking leave of Miollis and Saliceti, both of whom delivered to me letters for the King, I returned with great speed to Naples.

The first person whom I encountered in the King's waiting room was the Prince of Caramanico, the chamberlain on duty. He told me that the King was about to proceed to Rome in the course of a few hours, and asked whether his arrival was expected there. I replied in the affirmative. All the Court imagined that the King was on the point of departure. As soon as I saw his Majesty, he informed me that he was extremely averse to this journey, because the telegraph announced that the Anglo-Sicilian fleet was in sight; however, he chose that the report of his speedy departure should be spread abroad. It was now the middle of June, and the telegraph announced that numerous ships of war and transports had quitted Sicily and were sailing towards our shores. This fleet, after landing small detachments of insurgents in various parts of the kingdom to foment a civil war, advanced in the direction of the Bay of Naples. The King now sought to concentrate all the French army (with the exception of the division of General Partcneaux, who defended Calabria) in the immediate vicinity of the capital. I was summoned; when he gave me orders to withdraw the corps stationed between the Garigliano and St. Germano, and they began their march as soon as possible under my own eye.

On my return from this expedition, the King thanked me for the promptness with which it had been executed, and desired me to withdraw and get some rest that I might be prepared for any other undertaking. I had

scarcely enjoyed a few hours' sleep before I was again summoned by his Majesty. This time he commanded me to proceed immediately to Miseno to convey to the island of Ischia a battalion of Swiss troops, that the island might be better able to resist the English who threatened to land there. I was enjoined to exert the utmost speed in returning to Naples, that I might inform the King of the movements of the enemy between Ischia and Procida. On my arrival at Miseno, I could see that the whole channel was studded with British ships, a sight which at once assured me that my reaching Ischia was totally out of the question, not to speak of the impossibility of conveying in safety an entire battalion. I did not reach Naples before midnight; but as it was extremely urgent that the King should be informed of the enemy's proceedings, I entered his chamber and awoke him out of a deep sleep. His first impression on hearing my intelligence, was that the enemy would land before many hours, and that a decisive battle would bring matters to a crisis: he ordered me, therefore, to mount my horse, and to proceed to Pozzuoli, which I must reach before dawn. The situation of Joachim was so imminent at that period, that his anxiety for a decisive battle is perfectly intelligible. In the meanwhile, the troops were harassed and worn by continued marches during a season of extreme heat. There were no disciplined troops between Rome, Naples, and Monteleone in Calabria, and the population was in a state of insurrectionary ferment, so that although the militia was of great service, on some occasions it was by no means strong enough to restrain the people. On the following day I accompanied the King, who had assembled about sixteen thousand men in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli,

in the hope of engaging the English. The latter might easily have landed eighteen thousand men, but they avoided a battle, and contented themselves with taking possession of the islands of Ischia and Procida. The King and his suite returned to Naples the same evening. Just as I was in expectation of getting a little rest, I was again summoned by the King, who informed me with visible emotion in his voice and manner, that it was extremely urgent that I should proceed at once into Calabria, bearing orders to General Parteneaux to hasten with his division towards Naples. He charged me, in the event of my being taken by the enemy, to swallow the missive intrusted to me rather than let it fall into their hands. He added, that he was fully aware of the peril to which I was about to expose myself, but that the importance of the occasion demanded my best exertions. General Parteneaux was ordered to leave one battalion in Calabria to serve as a point of union to the patriots, who were to carry on a defensive warfare against the insurgents. The undertaking thus committed to my management was fraught with so much danger, that my friend Gaetano Coppola looked upon me as irretrievably lost. His fears regarding me were not without strong foundation, for the country which lay between Naples and the head-quarters of General Parteneaux was overrun by strong and numerous bodies of the insurgents. On the point of departure, I confided to my servant a letter for my brother Florestano, which he was to deliver in the event of my capture or death in this expedition. My brother then commanded the province of Molise, where the insurgents kept him fully occupied.

As I passed through Salerno, the intendant, Tomaso

Susanna, who had been my superior at the Royal Military College, told me that my attempt to venture alone as far as Monteleone was sheer folly; for on the preceding night the insurgents had ransacked and set fire to a handsome villa in sight of Salerno. When half way between this place and Lagonengro, a band of insurgents who occupied the sides of a mountain, perceiving me passing along the high road alone, immediately rushed down in pursuit of me, but my speed was so great that they did not succeed in overtaking me. I was protected between Castrovillari and Tarsia by the militia. Although in point of fact the danger of my journey increased, I nevertheless felt far more secure as soon as I had entered the province of Upper Calabria, where I was familiar with the country and certain of the support of a militia formerly organized by myself. On reaching Nicastro, I was informed that strong bands of the enemy occupied the high road. Having got together a large detachment of the militia and gendarmes, I proceeded on my way. We were assailed in the direction of St. Eufemia, and after fighting for about an hour, I was fortunate enough to succeed in reaching Monteleone. Before putting himself in motion towards Naples, General Parteneaux decided upon blowing up the Castle of Scylla, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. In the meanwhile, accompanied by the first detachment of his division, I had taken the road to Naples.

The English had decided upon not landing until they had received the hoped-for intelligence of Napoleon's defeat at Wagram, or until the extent of the insurrection should have forced Joachim to proceed towards Rome, or at all events to disperse his forces over the kingdom.

But on learning that Napoleon's army had been victorious in Austria, and that the revolution instigated by them throughout the provinces did not answer their expectations, the English withdrew into Sicily. This did not however occur before they had placed thousands in jeopardy who had taken up arms; and they left in the kingdom a number of the insurgents brought over from Sicily, who nearly all met their death by the militia; without whose assistance Murat would have been constrained to retreat to Rome.

All these events, so favourable to the King, had been brought about since my departure; and whilst I was on my return, orders had been sent to General Parteneaux not to leave Calabria. The King was extremely concerned when I told him that General Parteneaux had destroyed the Castle of Scylla, and he blamed him severely for having adopted such a course. I endeavoured to justify this measure on the plea that, had the chances of war been against us, the castle would have infallibly fallen into the power of the enemy, and we could only have recovered its possession at the cost of much bloodshed and expenditure. My observations on this head only served to transfer his anger from the General to myself, without altering his opinions in any respect.

When Joachim no longer found his kingdom threatened, he began to reorganize it, and to quell the disturbances which had so long subsisted. Towards this end he exerted great vigour, firmness, and clemency; indeed, he evinced far more leniency than was shown by the landholders forming the militia, who from having suffered so much loss, both of life and property, were in a state of extreme irritation. During this period I was, by the King's orders, constantly

scouring the provinces, attended by gendarmes or cavalry. In this year, 1809, I was made a Colonel, and my brother Florestano was promoted to the rank of Adjutant-General and chief of the Staff of the Neapolitan division, which was then in Catalonia. Several corps of this division had fought in the French ranks in the Tyrol with the same degree of valour which they afterwards displayed in Spain. The King, who was extremely satisfied with Florestano, endeavoured to dissuade him from bearing a part in the wars of Spain on account of the still unhealed wound in his chest; but my brother was obstinately bent upon proceeding thither, and finally obtained leave to do so.

The last attempt of the English, who had left the country in a similar state of disorder to that it had fallen into in 1806 after the battle of Santa Eufemia, had a great moral effect upon the population. It tended to awaken a mutual feeling of confidence between the nation and Joachim, which was the happy harbinger of a new order of things. The two classes, the nobles and the landholders, equally devoted to the cause of freedom and organized into a militia, had resisted in common the Bourbonite insurrection, which had never succeeded in establishing itself in any city. The devotion of the people, once so blindly bestowed upon the Bourbon cause, had now so greatly subsided that it might almost be looked upon as extinct. If indeed some few still adhered to the cause of Ferdinand, it was the result of the most inordinate pride and self-love, and of an obstinate party-spirit. The insurrection finally changed its aspect, diminished as it was in number, and unable in consequence to carry on its usual atrocities. Even the Neapolitan navy, notwithstanding its numerical inferiority, signalized itself very creditably in several

engagements. On the other hand, the King put new blood into the public administration, not merely by the activity and firmness which he exerted, but by his practical anxiety to give a proper direction to public affairs. The natural clemency of his character, which even conciliated those who were least likely to be moved by it, facilitated the execution of his intentions. On the first visit that Joachim made to Paris after the events we have recited, Napoleon exclaimed when he saw him enter the saloon, "*Voilà un roi qui ne recule jamais.*" Had Joachim better known how to organize his army, and to maintain discipline between the French and the Neapolitan troops, he would have succeeded in obtaining far better results. By nature generous, and by no means insensible to flattery, Joachim was extremely averse to inflicting punishment, and was prone to recompense not merely those who merited it, but to reward others whose conduct should have entitled them to very different treatment. This happened, because he could never resist the supplications of the courtiers, still less the entreaties of the ladies about the Court, and like all princes, he was extremely liberal to those whom he termed *mes dévoués*, without reflecting that the less elevated man is by nature, the more devotion he affects to princes, and the more he flatters their power. The beauty of his person, the charm of his smile, the natural urbanity of his manner —to which, however, he was inclined to add more importance than was consistent with his proper dignity—and the richness of his dress, pleased the multitude and the army, although self-reputed sages laughed at this last display, and pronounced it ridiculous. The affability and gentleness of his manners, which were such as could not have been anticipated from a man

of low birth, endeared him to the Court. In his youth he had been placed in the College of Toulouse, and had availed himself to the utmost of the education bestowed upon him. I do not recollect ever having presented myself before him, on my return from executing any of his orders, without his expressing his thanks to me in the most amiable manner. One day he was returning from the Campo di Morte, when a woman in tears, and holding a petition in her hand, stood forward to present it to him. His horse, frightened at the sight of the paper, began to kick and rear, and ended by throwing his Majesty some distance from the spot. After swearing roundly in the French fashion, Joachim took the paper and granted its petition, which was the life of the woman's husband, who was to have been executed the following day. People of all classes, and even officers in the army, were in the habit of presenting themselves to the King, as he passed through the streets, with a petition in one hand and an ink-stand in the other. The good King Joachim granted those requests with too much facility, not considering that far from increasing his popularity by such conduct, he drew upon himself feelings of hatred, since the petitions so granted were for the most part such as ought not to have been entertained. His too easy compliance, therefore, was calculated to awaken discontent and distrust of the efficiency of the laws.

At this time, the King wished to visit Rome, then become one of the departments of France, and commanded by General Miollis under his Majesty's orders. He was accompanied on this occasion by his military household, and myself amongst others. He was extremely well received in that capital, and we were lodged with him in the magnificent Palazzo Borghese.

Here the French General of gendarmes, Radin, told me how he had arrested the Pontiff, who was afterwards conveyed to France. After a brief sojourn in Rome, the King and his suite proceeded to Gaeta. Whilst he was staying to examine this place, a courrier arrived from France. The King announced to the Queen by telegraph his immediate journey to France. The King and Queen proceeded to Paris, where they arrived towards the end of November. With the exception of Joseph, who was unable to quit Madrid, and Lucien, who was in disgrace, Napoleon had assembled his whole family to hold a council upon the expediency of annulling the marriage with the Empress Josephine, to whom, so ominously of evil, succeeded Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Austria.

Joachim returned to Naples, from whence he proceeded a second time to Paris to be present at the marriage between Napoleon and the Archduchess Maria Louisa, which was celebrated on the 5th of April, 1810. From the first, the universal opinion was, that such an union would be fatal to the Emperor, who blinded by vanity, thought to increase his glory by the very step most calculated to produce a contrary effect, that is to say, by a step which seemed to avow that he was ashamed of his birth, and of the popular origin of his greatness. During this absence of the King from Naples, the Minister of Police, Saliceti, died, and from all accounts by poison. I was talking one day with an intimate friend of the deceased touching this public rumour, when he convinced me that it was entirely groundless. Saliceti, the ruthless instrument of despotism, supposed that men were blind enough to regard him in the light of a protector of liberal principles. He was always surrounded by men, who if not deficient in

sense, were of loose morals, and so corrupt that they reflected contempt and abhorrence upon those who associated with them. Such were Catalani d'Azzia and the historian Pietro Colletta. The latter, being secretary to a military commission, by way of ingratiating himself with the minister, evinced the utmost degree of ferocity against the poor citizens brought before its bloody tribunal for the trial of political offences.

The two journeys of the King to Paris left me a great deal of leisure; but instead of giving myself up to the pleasures and dissipation of our capital, I devoted myself to the renewal of my interrupted studies. Under the direction of a learned young officer of engineers, I studied the art of military fortification, with which I was already to some extent acquainted. When alone, I read again and again the French military administration of the corps composing an army, which was a chaos, by the by; but I was extremely anxious to be well informed on this head, as I was bent upon obtaining the command of a regiment in Spain.

The King was on his return from Paris, and his military establishment went to meet him beyond Capua, and returned with him to Santa Leuci, where he addressed us all with his accustomed familiarity. Amongst other things, he informed us that it was Napoleon's intention shortly to visit Naples. He next proceeded to communicate his positive intention of landing in Sicily. This public announcement, however, we regarded as a mere threat to divert the attention of the English who were occupied by the war in Spain and Portugal. This threat was, however, far more serious than I had anticipated; and we were on the point of taking possession of Sicily.

CHAPTER XVI.

1810—1811.

The King goes to Calabria, with the intention of threatening, or perhaps of executing an invasion in Sicily—Various occurrences which I witnessed during the four months that we were in that island—Our return to Naples—The remaining insurgents are entirely put down in the kingdom—Commission in Apulia entrusted to me by the King—I ask and obtain the command of a regiment and of the Neapolitan Brigade in Spain.

The King gave orders that a great number of transports should be got together in the Strait. He added to these the few gun-boats at his disposal, even those styled in the country, *Paranze*, which carry only a single gun. He gave injunctions that numerous batteries should be erected between Reggio and Scylla, and that three divisions of French troops and one of Neapolitan infantry should be despatched in that direction. He made dispositions at the same time for the quartering of several bodies of cavalry at Seminara and Palmi, a distance of about four-and-twenty miles from Reggio. Before these various orders could be executed, he himself departed for Calabria attended by his military establishment. Unfortunately for us who were obliged to accompany him, he had received a small

droschki as a present from the Emperor of Russia. Although this carriage ran upon four wheels, it proceeded with the greatest rapidity upon roads impracticable to ordinary vehicles. By means of this conveyance, the King, without fatigue travelled from Castrovillari to Cosenza, a distance of forty miles, in a few hours, not a little to the injury of our poor horses. The King went to visit the old castle which commands Cosenza, and while I was standing with his other officers around him, I received so violent a kick on the back from his horse, that I fell senseless to the ground. The King ran to my assistance and recommended me warmly to the care of his private surgeon, who had me conveyed into the castle, and applied spirits of wine mixed with water to the injured part. The pain I endured was so violent, that I thought I should never be able to stand again. Every morning the King sent his chamberlain to inquire after my health; but after three days he departed accompanied by his suite, and I remained for a fortnight stretched upon my bed, reckoning the hours which passed in so painful a state. At length, I mounted my horse and rejoined the King at Monteleone, without awaiting my complete recovery.

The insurrection in Calabria was entirely quelled, and the few insurgents who still overran the country were considered as so many offenders proscribed by the laws. The proclamation of amnesties, from time to time put forth, and often on most inopportune occasions, and his well-known clemency were almost ineffectual. The National Guard, although supported by the whole army which threatened Sicily, was unable to put down the few hundred outlaws infesting the Calabrias. It was in vain that I protested to the King that the National Guard ought to be organized upon

another footing, but as he looked upon me as a man of the most democratic principles, he would not confide the charge of reorganizing it to me.

The King, his suite, and his troops, had now taken up their position in the city of Scylla and its neighbourhood. The army was composed of three French divisions; of one Neapolitan, of small number, and of the royal foot guard, in all about twenty-two thousand men. There were likewise several bodies of cavalry between Palmi and Seminara.

One of our convoys had quitted Parma for Scylla: the King, who was placed in one of the batteries of the castle, was watching the attempts made by the enemy to capture some of our vessels. He suddenly issued orders that the gun-boats and the paranzas should bring the enemy to an engagement. The current being at that moment contrary, it was impossible to execute such orders with any degree of promptitude. As the King understood nothing at all about the theory of currents, he sent order upon order that the boats should proceed directly against the enemy. He kept on renewing these injunctions every instant by means of his officers, and when these failed him, through his chamberlains, and even his servants. There was a naval officer with him at the time, who seeing him in a fury at the delay interposed between his commands and their execution, had not the courage to inform him of his error. I had embarked with other officers in the gun-boats, and we narrowly escaped being made prisoners. We all put into a grotto near that shore upon which the guns of the enemy's ships were discharging their thunder. We had with us the brave French General De Riz, who was afterwards killed in the campaign of Russia, under the eyes of Joachim. The British were dreadfully

harassed by the incessant fire from our batteries, as well as from the guns of our fleet, which although in some disorder, fought with the utmost valour under the eyes of our new Charles XII. Joachim, being grand Admiral of France, conceived that he must be possessed of some maritime knowledge. Transports continued to arrive in spite of the English fleet from all parts of the coast of the kingdom opposite to Sicily. These vessels advanced under the protection of our gun-boats, and of the different batteries erected from time to time to protect the coast.

When we first arrived at Scylla, the English forces, both on land and water, destined for the defence of Sicily were of small importance, whilst we had vessels enough to enable us to land upon the nearest point of the island. We had four thousand men at our command, and as soon as they set foot on the island, our formidable batteries could keep up an alternate discharge with the forces on shore, and so enable us to transport our remaining troops in a space of four-and-twenty hours. Such an operation was both difficult and dangerous; but the King, who did not know what fear was, I am inclined to believe was not a free agent in this matter. According to what was then rumoured, as well as to what I myself observed, it was supposed that the French General, Gregnier, nominated by the Emperor chief of Joachim's staff, had received secret instructions not to permit an invasion, which would be attended with great risk. It is a certain fact, that not only Gregnier, but the other three Generals of the French divisions, one and all opposed the invasion of Sicily in the most strenuous manner, on the plea that were it not attended with success we should all perish or be taken prisoners. The great aim of Napoleon,

was so to divert the attention of the English as to cause them to withdraw part of their forces from Spain and from the Ionian Islands; whilst that of Joachim was simply to get possession of Sicily. In the meanwhile, English vessels and English regiments continued to arrive at Messina, so that it was no longer feasible on our side to attempt a coup-de-main; our sole course now being to endeavour to land with our whole army. The day before the enemy's reinforcement had arrived, I happened to enter the King's room upon some matter of service. I found him with a telescope pointed at Messina; as soon as he perceived me, he exclaimed: "*On ne pourra pas nier que Messine est à moi,*" so strong were his illusions where his wishes were engaged.

The King fixed his head-quarters upon a hill in the vicinity of a village called Piale. He caused a magnificent tent to be erected there: it was divided into one large saloon, and six small chambers. The tri-colour banners streaming from its summit seemed to defy the English batteries on the opposite shore, which discharged bombs and shot, that not only could reach the King's tent, but even fell beyond it. One day, three balls descended into the tent where I was dining with the other officers of the King's household, although it was situated farther back than that of Joachim. The enemy's ships often came near enough to our shore, cannonading our gun-boats, although the latter were protected by batteries *en barbe*, discharging red-hot balls.

We began to be short of provisions, and the bread we had was of the most detestable quality. Joachim often charged me with—what I looked upon as the most irksome errand—that of watching the army commissaries, who were all, without exception, professional

thieves. One day I convicted one of these men of having falsely asserted the loss of several vessels laden with flour: the King began by putting himself in a furious passion, and ended by pardoning him. The transports which were along the coast of Naples in Calabria were all collected together under our eyes, and many others were expected from the Adriatic. These latter, passing by Taranto, harboured in the little port of Cotrone.

The King summoned me, and directed me to proceed to this port to hasten the departure of the transports stationed there, which being unprotected were unable to sail towards Reggio. On reaching Cotrone, I was made aware of the utter impossibility of getting these vessels out of port, for a large English frigate lay off the Capo delle Colonne, at a very short distance from Cotrone. But as the King never listened to reason on naval matters, I was obliged to attempt the execution of an impossibility, and set sail with my boats during the night. After we had made way five or six miles, as we drew near the Capo delle Colonne, the enemy's frigate approached to about the distance of half a musket shot, and began to fire upon us. Having no means of resistance or defiance, I was obliged to leave the first boats on the shore, whilst the sailors sought shelter behind the cliffs of the cape. I gave orders to the other boats in the rear to make sail back again for the port. After destroying the few boats which were unable to do so, the frigate ceased her fire. I was obliged to hasten back and give an account to the King of the ill-success of my attempt to bring away the boats. He could not reconcile himself to this disaster, because it prevented his making up the number of vessels he reckoned indispensable for the

passage of the Straits. A certain Baron Nobile, of Catanzaro, who was Chamberlain to the King, succeeded in bringing from the Gulf of Squillace to Reggio three small boats laden with corn. The arrival of these boats induced Joachim to suppose that there might have been a possibility of getting thither the vessels from Cotrone. He did not reflect that the English would take small heed of the movements of three miserable boats coming from different directions: so much do passion and ignorance blind us. The Duke of Noja, who was high on the King's civil establishment, proposed to send his brother, a Major, and one of the King's officers of ordnance to Cotrone to bring away the vessels.

As soon as I became aware of the departure of this officer for Cotrone, I demanded an audience of the King, and explained to him that I had never shown either hesitation or weakness in the execution of his orders that could justify a supposition on his part, that any other man could execute what I had found impossible. I was so warm in the expression of my complaint, that they who heard me from the anteroom, expected that the King would lose patience with me; but far from such being the case, he endeavoured to soften me, observing that it was not just that I should always be exposed to distant and hazardous expeditions. I ended by affirming that the boats would never reach Reggio, and that although assuredly I could not execute what was impossible, I should never shrink from the most arduous and difficult enterprises. Joachim took care not to forget my last words.

The English frigates, always once, and sometimes several times a-day, fired upon our gun-boats and

transports, little caring for the injury they received on such occasions from our batteries.

The enemy's fire upon our army, which lay within reach of their frigates, was most murderous, and the wounds they inflicted were tremendous, being mostly produced by the cannon. I recollect seeing one day a couple of grenadiers, carrying to the field-hospital one of their companions who had lost both his legs, when all on a sudden a bomb fell, striking the wounded man and his bearers dead.

The King frequently sent me with orders along the shore either to the land or naval batteries, and I had cause to admire the bearing of our Neapolitan sailors, who showed themselves indifferent to the tremendous discharges vomited forth from the British vessels which exercised so much vigilance in guarding the coast that the King remained utterly without intelligence from Sicily, and while aware of the strength of their naval force, was totally ignorant of that they might have on land. It was in vain that he had recourse to smugglers who acted as spies; all their arts were unavailing to evade the sharp look-out of the enemy. As an instance of the dearness of English commodities with us, I need only mention that sugar alone, which at Messina cost a few soldi the pound, was sold to us at two ducats and a half, and it was even difficult to procure any for the sick.

In this state of things, the King one day called me to him, and reminding me of my promise of attempting to execute the most difficult enterprises, he bade me take two boats, termed *scorridore,* and land in Sicily during the night, and bring away with me either some soldier, or native, or even a woman: "*enfin,*" added the King, "*amenez-moi une chose qui parle,* for

this state of ignorance respecting the enemy's forces is extremely detrimental to my designs." I took occasion to reply that this command was a second edition of that of Cotrone, but that I accepted it as I would a mortal duel. I requested two of my companions in arms, Carlo Filangieri and Luigi Carafa, should I not return from my expedition, to send my family all the effects they should find in my tent, as well as my horses and servants.

Next, I descended to the sea-shore and imparted to two Calabrese brothers named Lo Preste, who had been recently raised to the rank of marine officers, the orders I had received, and bade them be ready to accompany me on the following night with the two *scorridore*. They were almost stupified at my intelligence, and requested to know whether I had done any thing to offend the King that he took such measures to get rid of me. They observed that, besides the small probability of succeeding in such an attempt at any time, it was then utterly impossible on account of the brilliant moonshine. I replied that we must succeed, or be taken prisoners, or perish at sea. I got twenty-two men from the nearest French regiment, and having embarked on the *scorridore*, we quitted the shore. And now I warned the seamen at once, that unless they made straight for Sicily, I would have them thrown overboard. We had made some way, when we saw three of the enemy's vessels. I gave orders to my men to row on without firing a single shot; meanwhile, the English did not cease discharging their cannon at us, but perceiving our determined resolution and that we had men on board, they sheered off. On our part, we continued to advance desperately. Two of the enemy's vessels made much

way, but we gained upon the third and smallest. I urged my men to bear upon their oars, and when we were very near the enemy's ship, I ordered them to pour in a volley upon it. One of their men being mortally wounded, the crew surrendered at our first discharge. I found on board eight of General Stewart's spies, men who had formerly been smugglers. I could scarcely believe my eyes at this piece of good fortune. The two officers of marine continued their fire while we approached the shore, as signals of joy. After putting my prisoners under strict guard, I hastened to the King, and although it was scarcely daybreak, his impatience was so great that he hurried to meet me in the saloon of the tent with only his shirt on. The King was delighted to obtain news of the enemy in Sicily, and I was no less delighted at having escaped being taken prisoner, or foundering at sea.

All feeling of jealousy and rancour had ceased between the Neapolitans and the French stationed in the kingdom. The presence of the latter was not only useful but indispensable, for without them—Joachim not having had time to organize the Neapolitan army—the English would have succeeded in once more forcibly imposing upon us Ferdinand and Caroline. Besides, the French of whom we had cause to complain were those in our service, and who interfered with our interior government. For my own part, from a feeling of perhaps extravagant nationality, I was at open variance with all the French, not because they *were* French, but because they were foreigners. This feeling was carried to such an extent that it brought upon me four challenges in the course of a few days. One was from the distinguished General Lamarque, who twenty years later became

one of my most intimate friends. He had received orders to embark his French division for the purpose of naval exercise, but the King seeing the enemy's ships approach, despatched me to direct him to land. As soon as the English ships were more distant, Joachim sent me to bid him embark again: whilst this command was being obeyed the enemy again approached, and the King ordered me once more to tell the General to land. Upon this, Lamarque interrupted me, sharply saying—or as I conceived he said—"*vous m'embêtez!*" "*Comment,*" I answered, "*c'est moi qui vous embête?*" In some confusion he began to complain of the trouble caused to his troops by such continual orders and counter-orders. The expression "*vous m'embêtez,*" had, as I thought, escaped him, and I was determined not to swallow it. I wrote to the General, and requested an explanation. He replied, that he did not recollect having employed such an expression; that it was not French, and therefore he assured me that I must have misunderstood him: I still preserve the letter of this brave and worthy General, who had (as will be seen in its proper place) a great friendship for me in my exile.

It was now the 15th of August, on which day the anniversary of Napoleon's birth was celebrated. The King caused the whole army to be drawn out in battle array that he might review it; at the same time the enemy's whole naval force approached the shore, and our batteries and gun-boats prepared to give it a warm reception. Whilst Joachim passed rapidly in front of the four divisions, three of which were French and the fourth Neapolitan, loud cries of "*Long live the Emperor! long life to the King!*" proceeded from all our lines. Our artillery, instead of firing mere empty discharges in honour of the day, as is usual on such occasions,

directed its fire in reply to that of the English, whose shells, bombs, and balls, fell in our lines amidst repeated shouts. There was something startling in the whole scene, which was perhaps unique of its kind. The King cantered along the ranks with his accustomed smile, but not without hastening in some measure the paces of his steed. As he passed along the front of a regiment, it was formed into a column, and turning upon its flank retreated at quick march, to avoid the murderous fire of the British.

A life of constant danger had now become a second nature to us; insomuch, that when Joachim seemed really bent upon landing in Sicily, his courtiers, who were notorious for their cowardice, disputed the honour of accompanying him. The chamberlains and prefects of the palace, who in former days had avoided every kind of peril, were now—such of them as were left on shore—complaining of that circumstance as of a deep injury.

The army was by no means unanimous as to the policy of the expedition to Sicily. One day, at a levee which the King held in his tent, he addressed himself to General Lamarque, and inquired whether he believed in the invasion of Sicily. Lamarque, without a moment's hesitation, replied that he did believe it as he believed in the Gospel. This witty and evasive answer was applauded by all present. The French were indifferent to this enterprise, which, however, the Neapolitans had greatly at heart. The chief of the staff of the French army, General Gregnier, constantly magnified the difficulties attending this step; and the King could not easily discover the real state of things, because all were acquainted with his own inclinations, and many were ever ready to flatter them. We were none of us tho-

roughly acquainted with the currents in the channel, and upon a thorough understanding of them depended a knowledge of the amount of opposition that might be offered by the enemy to our passage of the Straits.

The King often despatched me to learn from the Calabrese pilots whether their opinions coincided with those of his officers of marine. In calm weather, and a favourable current, it is possible to cross the Straits in an hour; but could we by favour of the current succeed in landing on the shores of Sicily during the night without encountering the enemy's fleet? this was the pinch of the question; and my strong impression was, that it was wholly impossible to avoid the enemy in this expedition. To attempt at once to fight their navy at sea and their army on land, was altogether out of the question. Ruin would be the inevitable consequence.

One fine evening, however, the King issued the necessary orders for the invasion, saying, in the presence of both his civil and military attendants, that God, who had assisted him before in many trials, would not forsake him in this emergency, and that at all events, the Emperor would provide for his wife and children. At sunset we embarked on board the boats. The King sent me on shore several times with different orders, and then threw himself down, and was soon in a profound sleep. On my return, I followed his example, perfectly convinced that we were about to make merely a vain demonstration. I was not a little surprised, when I was awakened towards break of day by the sound of cannon upon the shore of Sicily, immediately opposite the left of our lines. My astonishment was greatly increased when I beheld, through my telescope, a division of Neapolitans about to land on the island. A few minutes later, I saw a portion of

our infantry on the point of ascending a neighbouring hill.

As soon as it was daylight, the King gave telegraphic orders that the division should cease landing, and our gun-boats exerted themselves strenuously to cover their retreat. Eight hundred of our men, under the command of Colonel Ambrosio had landed, and the whole were taken prisoners. The remainder of the Neapolitan division, which either had not landed, or had succeeded in re-embarking, would inevitably have fallen into the hands of the enemy, had not the current prevented the English from coming up with us. We lost eight hundred men in this attempt, and narrowly escaped the loss of the whole division. The only object of the King in pursuing this reckless undertaking, was to prove to Napoleon that he could easily have invaded Sicily if his own French troops had been as amenable to orders as the Neapolitans. Such a view of the case was most erroneous; for even admitting that a small fraction of the army, favoured by the current, and overlooked by the enemy, could succeed in crossing the channel; it by no means followed, that the whole or any considerable part of the army could effect as much.

It was the month of September, and the approaching equinox rendered the channel more and more difficult of navigation, when the King commanded me to proceed to Naples, to announce his return to the Queen. At the same time, he ordered me to dispose everything for the return of the transports, which were descending from Salerno towards the Straits, to their respective stations. Thus ended this most expensive threatened invasion of Sicily, which was, however, of great service to the designs of Napoleon, who had in the meanwhile succeeded in conveying the necessary

provisions to the Ionian islands, whilst the seas were free from the enemy. At the same time, he had not to contend in Spain with that portion of the British forces which had been sent to protect Sicily.

The King embarked on board a large gun-boat of the royal navy that he might reach Naples more speedily, accompanied by several others containing his suite. They encountered a violent gale, and were upon the point of perishing. They landed at last in the vicinity of Sorrento, and mounting upon mules, reached Castellamare, where the royal carriages were in attendance.

Towards the end of this year, the King sent me into Apulia, with written instructions how to proceed when I got there. I transcribe the document, which was dictated by Joachim to his secretary in my presence.

" Naples, le 16 Xbre, 1810.

" A Monsieur le Colonel Pépé,

" Monsieur le Colonel,

" Vous vous rendrez à Lecce, et de là à Manfredonia, en remontant tout le littoral. Vous vous présenterez chez tous les intendans et sous-intendans. A Brindisi, vous vous occuperez particulièrement à connaître les différents établissemens qui y existent, combien on pourrait y loger de troupes, combien de forçats, combien il faudrait de temps pour mettre en état ces établissemens, combien de mois de l'année l'air y est malsain. Consultez les principaux habitans sur les dépenses crues nécessaires pour nettoyer ce port, et combien de temps il faudrait pour cette opération en y employant 2000 hommes. Vous me rendrez compte de l'armement du port de Brindisi et de ses forts; enfin de son système général de défense.

" Dans tout l'espace que vous parcourrez, vous prendrez des renseignemens sur l'esprit public, sur le degré de confiance que méritent, et dont jouissent les autorités civiles et militaires. Vous vous informerez aussi du prix des grains, et si la subsistence des populations est assurée ; mais ces informations doivent être prises avec une grande discrétion et de manière à ne pas répandre d'alarmes.

" Vous recueillerez les nouvelles que les agens des Anglais se plaisent à répandre, et vous chercherez à détruire l'effet de celles qui pourrait tendre à troubler la tranquillité publique, et à gêner la marche du gouvernement.

" Vous me rendrez compte aussi de l'état dans lequel vous aurez trouvé les routes ; si les impôts excitent des plaintes, et si la conscription se lève sans difficulté.

" Vous m'écrirez régulièrement tous les courriers, et par estafette extraordinaire si vous avez quelque chose d'important à me communiquer.

" Sur ce, Monsieur le Colonel, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde.

" (Signé) J. NAPOLEON."

The most difficult of the above orders were those which related to the Port of Brindisi, which might have taxed the ingenuity of a whole commission of hydraulic engineers. By good fortune, however, I met in that city a Colonel of Engineers, whose name I have forgotten, but who was deeply versed in his profession. I requested him to write down his thoughts and views for the improvement of the port and to sign them, which document I immediately forwarded to the King. On my return to Naples, I gave Joachim a minute account of all I had seen in the course of my

expedition. Afterwards I became aware that the chief object of the King in entrusting me with that mission had been to satisfy the anxious inquiries of Napoleon, who was at that time meditating the possibility of conveying his army over to Greece.

Before Joachim quitted Calabria, in September, 1810, he committed several grievous errors. Those provinces were infested by numerous bands of brigands, who were the dregs of the insurrection which had taken place four years before. These men, accustomed to scour the country, undisciplined, but familiar with danger, and combining with the natural Calabrese hardihood a perfect knowledge of the woods and mountains in which they found refuge, were a horde of assassins, and the terror of the whole country. Their destruction might easily have been effected by a body of well-organized militia, supported by a small number of troops. The King, however, thought it better to leave in Calabria a General to whom he confided the functions of an *alter ego*, the exercise of whose power drew an immense amount of odium upon the Government of Joachim. This feeling was strengthened by the cruel persecution of the *Carbonari*, several members of which were most cruelly put to death. The doctrine of the *Carbonari* was first established in Calabria in despite of the persecutions carried on against it. In the course of a very few years it had spread over all the rest of Italy, and had even penetrated into France. I have never been able to learn the manner of its first establishment in Calabria, and its origin still remains a mystery even to many of its warmest disciples. What the historian Botta relates upon this subject is the mere fanciful conception of a romance writer. I will restrict my remarks upon the

matter to saying, that the English, having discovered that the *Carbonari* had obtained a firm footing in Calabria, opened a correspondence with them, and promised to grant them a constitution similar to the one they had given to the inhabitants of Sicily. The first victim of the sect of *Carbonari* was a worthy Calabrese, by name Capobianco, and he was sacrificed by an act of the most infamous treachery. A Colonel who commanded the province of Cosenza, having invited Capobianco to dine with him, had him arrested immediately after dinner, and the next day he was publicly beheaded in the great square of Cosenza. Thank heaven! there are not many examples of such infernal treachery. Although the manner of Capobianco's arrest is alluded to by several historians, and has been related to me by more than one person, I am still averse from yielding entire belief to so hideous a transaction.

King Joachim, as well as the three brothers of Napoleon, Joseph, Louis, and Jerome, each of whom had been by him elevated to the throne, were desirous of reigning independently; but the Emperor, forgetful or heedless of the unchangeable nature of the human heart, wanted not merely to keep them his allies, but to treat them as his subjects. If such conduct was repugnant to the feelings of Joseph, King of Spain, Louis, King of Holland, and Jerome, King of Westphalia, it was far more so to Murat, King of Naples, who had not a little contributed to the exaltation of Napoleon. Joachim was, however, fully conscious that without a numerous and powerful army any attempt to consolidate his power and preserve his independence must be vain. Availing himself, therefore, of the tranquillity of the kingdom, and notwithstanding the presence of the English in Sicily, he began to organize

and increase his army. His perseverance and determination insured some degree of success to his attempt, although more might have been done had his talents been equal to his decision of character. In granting promotion and distributing rewards he was always guided by his excessive desire of acquiring popularity, and of satisfying the wishes of his courtiers, or rather of the Court ladies. I do not mean to insinuate that he was therefore insensible to individual merit. We were in the habit of saying amongst ourselves, that the King had two lists of persons—one of favourites whom he wished to remunerate, and another of those whom he esteemed and valued. The truth of this is proved by the fact of his having raised to the rank of Baron several Generals and Colonels entirely without merit, as well as by the numerous promotions he made both amongst the French and Neapolitans in his service. There is little doubt that a great part of the military misfortunes of the kingdom, and the discredit which fell upon it may be ascribed to the injudicious selection of the officers of the army. He issued a decree commanding that all such persons as chose to remain in the civil or military service of the kingdom should acquire the rights of Neapolitan citizenship. Such a decree, though perhaps wise in itself, was extremely displeasing to the Emperor Napoleon, who at once declared by an edict that the countrymen and companions in arms of Murat needed not the title of Neapolitan citizen to hold any civil or military employment in the kingdom. It must be conceded that even the strongest mind is apt to be intoxicated by power. Napoleon could not have offered a greater insult to a King and a people of whose assistance his ambition stood in great need.

It was now the month of October, 1810. I demanded

an audience of the King, and entreated that he would fulfil his promise of giving me the command of a regiment in Spain. He reproached me slightly with wishing to quit him, to which I replied that the kingdom being now quiet, I was eager to exert myself in the duties of my profession, to be the better worthy of his esteem. He then assured me that I should have the best regiment in his army, which was composed of the remains of three regiments well-inured to warfare from having passed a long time in Spain. Besides these, there were two squadrons of cavalry, so that I would have the command of a brigade. This more than fulfilled my wishes. Tommaso Susanna, whom I almost venerated, and who had been formerly my superior in the Military College of Naples, vainly opposed my departure on the plea that no man of courage and honesty should undertake a war in itself unjust. My reply was, that the Neapolitans needed an army, which could only be formed by service in the field, and that a soldier could never benefit his country unless he had been practised in war. At the end of the year I quitted Naples and reached Pau, the capital of the lower Pyrenees.

CHAPTER XVII.

1811—1813.

I proceed to Spain, and meet my brother at Saragossa, who was on his way to France with the Spanish General-in-Chief, Black, who had been taken prisoner, and who was in his custody—Condition in which I find the remains of the Neapolitan division—Remarkable events which occur to me during two years passed in the kingdom of Valencia and in Aragon—My patriotic opinions are reported in a vindictive spirit to Marshal Suchet, who causes me to be arrested and confined in the citadel of Valencia—I resume the command of the Neapolitan Brigade—My return to Naples.

I was detained at Pau a few days purchasing horses and other necessaries indispensable for the campaign upon which I was about to enter. I had besides to make arrangements with two merchants of that city who undertook to forward to Spain linen, shoes, and other articles of wearing apparel for the corps I was going to command. The merchants of Pau were as rapacious as Jews, and charged me for everything at least twice its value.

On my departure from Pau, the snow was so deep that I experienced considerable difficulty in crossing the Pyrenees. However, I succeeded in reaching Yacca,

where I found a General and several French officers of rank in the service who were waiting the arrival of a strong detachment to proceed to Saragossa, the road to which city was constantly threatened by numerous bands of Mina's followers. This state of things reminded me of the insurrectionary war of Calabria, although the latter seemed to me to have been far more vigorously carried on, considering that in point of extent, when compared with the provinces of Spain, our own presented the same difference as is to be found between a miniature and a full-sized portrait. On arriving at Saragossa I met my brother Florestano. He was conveying to Paris the Captain-General Black, who had surrendered his army besieged and shut up in the city of Valencia, and twice as numerous as that of his adversary, to Marshal Suchet.

The siege of Valencia took place immediately after the battle of Merviedo, in which the small Neapolitan and an Italian division under the command of General Palombini bore a part: the latter indeed decided the fate of the battle by routing a numerous body of the Spanish cavalry.

Florestano was held in high esteem by the French; and it was no small testimony of the confidence reposed in him by Marshal Suchet that the safe custody of the prisoner Black and his staff should have been confided to him. On this occasion Suchet recommended my brother warmly to the notice of the Emperor, who wrote to the King of Naples, enjoining him to promote Florestano to the rank of Major-General. My brother exerted himself to the utmost to mitigate the vexation of General Black during their journey. Ten years later, when I reached Madrid as an exile, the Captain-General proved that he had not

forgotten my brother's generous conduct, and evinced his gratitude by kindness towards myself.

Florestano informed me that the Neapolitan corps, destined to compose my brigade, was as brave as might be wished; but that it was wofully deficient in military knowledge, in discipline, and in interior economy, and that he pitied me that I was about to undertake such an office. The reader can readily conceive with what regret we again parted at Saragossa. After bestowing upon me a great deal of useful information respecting the Neapolitan officers, my brother took leave of me, and continued his route towards Paris. On his arrival there he saw the Emperor, and on his subsequent return to Naples, King Joachim promoted him to the rank of major-general.

When the remains of the five Neapolitan regiments arrived at Saragossa, I went out to meet them in private clothes, the better to preserve my incognito, and that I might make my observations with more freedom. The condition of the two squadrons was not so bad as I had supposed; but the three regiments, forming six battalions, were in a most woful state. They were ill-clothed, and marched in the most disorderly manner, and to crown the matter, they were followed by a crowd of women, equal, if not superior to them in number. When I first saw them I was filled with sorrow, but I did not lose heart. I said to myself: "what an act of patriotism it would be, could I succeed in bringing these troops into an effective condition, in a foreign land, and in the midst of sanguinary and incessant warfare!" and from the bottom of my soul I adopted my companions in arms as my children. The wretched state of these troops had been caused by King Joseph, and by

Murat, who had been compelled by the Emperor to furnish troops which they looked upon merely as "food for powder," and for which accordingly they took small care. These regiments had been fighting in Catalonia, Aragon, and Valencia, without at any time receiving any fresh supplies of men; but those who still remained, being inured to the severest warfare had become first-rate soldiers. General Ferrier, an excellent officer, who commanded at that time the Neapolitan brigade, and who soon after left Spain, caused me to be recognised by the troops as their chief.

On drawing them out in order of battle to review them under the walls of Saragossa, I was struck by their stern and martial appearance. But when I ordered the commonest evolutions, they could only execute them in a slovenly and inexact manner. The soldiers were unprovided with *le livret*, so that there was not a shadow of regularity in their accounts. To crown all, the officers were imbued with an universal feeling of discontent, produced by Murat's reckless and lavish promotion of officers at every review in Naples, totally forgetting the claims of those who were shedding their blood in Spain. The two squadrons of the two regiments remained almost in the same state as I found them, and the six battalions of the three regiments were reduced to three battalions and one regiment, which took the name of the 8th of the line, of which I was Colonel. In order to carry on their operations with a certain degree of regularity, I found it indispensable to labour the whole day; in the evening, I assembled the officers at my residence, in order to explain to them the theory of the *école de bataillon et de ligne*. They were all brave and honour-

able men, and had shown their valour, not only against the enemy, but in numerous duels, which they had fought with the French officers, justifying fully a saying of Machiavel, that the courage of the Italians when opposed man to man is far superior to that of other nations.

I had bent my endeavours to give the most entertaining turn to my instructions; and the better to spare the self-love of the officers, I used to say, that theory was nothing in comparison with the practical experience acquired by the habit of warfare; but that, nevertheless, there were many occasions when it was indispensable; a proposition I illustrated by the most minute reasons. At the same time, I began to occupy myself with the clothing of my troops. At this period, when I only allowed myself two hours rest in the twenty-four, that I might have more time to devote to the execution of my designs, I received orders to escort two thousand five hundred Spanish prisoners of General Black's army, which had surrendered at Valencia, as far as the French frontier. Had I been allowed to take the whole brigade with me, I should have felt less averse to such an undertaking; but, instead of being accompanied by the eighteen hundred men forming my regiment, I was obliged to leave one thousand at Saragossa, and of the two squadrons, comprising together one hundred and sixty riflemen on horseback, one alone was permitted to accompany me. It seemed utterly impossible to me that I could succeed in conveying such a body of prisoners through their own native provinces, and in a state of insurrection, threatened as I was on my left by Mina, who had at his disposal at least eight thousand men, whereas, I was obliged to cross difficult

snow-covered mountains with only eight hundred foot-soldiers, and eighty horsemen. My instructions intimated that I was only to give a half ration of food to each prisoner, that I might keep them in a more manageable state. I did not act up to this instruction, because I thought that the weakness which would necessarily result from such a system must impede our progress in the lengthened march before us. I had begun to perceive that the French were losing a considerable number of men in Spain by the recklessness of their proceedings. Had the Spaniards, supported as they were by the English, displayed an energy proportioned to their perseverance, the Peninsular War would have taken a different and more favourable turn for them.

Finally, thanks to fortune, even more than to my own exertions, which were however unremitting, I succeeded in conducting my prisoners to the frontier of France. On my way back to Saragossa, unencumbered by prisoners and discharged of responsibility, I determined that my troops should begin to learn to march in a cautious and orderly manner. I was extremely anxious to get them out of the habit of thieving which they had acquired. The Italian soldiers, from a feeling of ill or well directed enmity, aimed at surpassing the French, not only in their virtues but in their vices. In that ruthless war of Spain, the habit of plundering existed even in the army of Marshal Suchet which was far better disciplined than the others. My troops seemed to wish to vie with, or to excel the French in the art of thieving, to which they had given the name of poetry. The thieves went by the appellation of poets, and this sorry joke arose from the circumstance of several robberies having been committed with an extraordinary

degree of art and sagacity. One might have fancied oneself in ancient Sparta, where a well concealed robbery was looked upon as a virtue. Such, however, not being my own view of the matter, I issued an extremely rigorous order of the day, in which I declared that every theft should be punished to the utmost extent of the law; at the same time I threw much blame upon such officers as tolerated these delinquencies by treating them as jests, and qualifying them by the name of poetry. The great care I took to ensure my soldiers having more than was strictly necessary for them, induced me to hope that my brigade would become a model of principle and honour. The officers were in the habit of using opprobrious language to and ill-treating the men under their command; I immediately put a stop to such an abuse of authority by an order of the day, in which I pointed out to them temperately, that superiors should never punish their subordinates otherwise than according to the letter of the law, the more so, that their companions may, by force of merit, be raised to their own level, if not to a still higher rank. My troops were little used to such language, nor were they more so to the minute attention I paid to their dress and personal cleanliness. I was extremely exacting on the latter score, and to assure myself that the men followed my injunctions, I took the trouble of examining them myself. I was accustomed at the same time to see whether their clothes were in a suitable condition, their hair and nails properly cut, insisting, by another order of the day, on the extreme importance of attention to such minutiæ.

One morning, at day-break, just as my column was about to quit Ayerbe, a French officer arrested a Neapolitan fusileer who had been guilty of stealing

several articles from one of the bales just arrived from Pau. An adjutant-major of my regiment brought the culprit before me, calling him by the name of "poet"—so common was the term become. I immediately ordered my column to march towards the plain which lies between Ayerbe and Saragossa, at a small distance from the high road, where I formed it into a square. I then addressed my troops in a spirit of nationality, to which the multitude is rarely deaf, telling them that the poor wretch who had dishonoured himself in the eyes of the French, was unworthy of the name of Neapolitan, and that having ceased to regard him as such, I ordered that he should receive two hundred lashes, and that, degraded by such a chastisement, he should no longer form part of the army, but be abandoned to his fate. I did not care to be present at the execution of this punishment, after which, my column resumed its march. The soldiers who witnessed the care I bestowed upon them, approved my sentence by their demeanour, but the officers, who regarded it as irregular, were divided in their opinions respecting it.

This circumstance put an end, at least amongst the Neapolitans who remained in Spain, to thieving, alias poetry. I exposed myself by this infliction—a punishment not authorized by the law—to be brought to a court-martial; but what dangers would I not have encountered, if by braving them, my brigade might acquit itself with honour in a foreign land? I remained for a few days longer in Saragossa, devoting the whole of my time to the improvement of the appearance of my troops, and to their instruction. I was next ordered to fix my head-quarters at Castiglione della Plana, and to occupy with my brigade the line which runs between Venincurlos and Morviedro, the ancient Saguntum.

On my arrival at Saragossa, I had expected to find its inhabitants overwhelmed by grief at so disastrous a war; but far from this being the case, they seemed solely bent upon amusing themselves to the utmost of their power. The women, particularly, did not scruple at forming intimacies with the invaders. That my own officers should contract friendship with these ladies, did not astonish me, because being in the country against their will, they were looked upon in a favourable light, and called "cousins" by the inhabitants. Their good will was not, however, confined to the Italians: the French officers found, amongst the ladies of Saragossa, as many friends as they could desire.

On beginning my march, I thought I had delivered myself from the numerous hordes of women who used to follow the regiment from Saragossa to the frontiers of France and back again. They had not been seen, so that I concluded that my severity had produced the desired effect. I was awakened out of this error, however, by one of my adjutant-majors, who told me that about one hundred women among those who had followed the brigade from Valencia, still remained at Saragossa prepared to follow the column. On the first day's march, I only saw the licensed suttlers; but the same adjutant-major informed me that one part of the female band had started three hours before, and another three hours later than the column, that they might not be seen. On the second day's march, I sent off one detachment of troops before the column, and a second some hours later, so that the whole of the women were arrested. But what to do with them? How to prevent their return?—How?

An idea entered my head, which I carried into speedy execution. I ordered the regimental barbers to cut off

all their hair, to shave their heads, and then to expose them to the sight of the soldiers. On beholding their women present such an extraordinary appearance, they began to turn them into ridicule, at the same time I threatened to send them all to prison at Saragossa, in the event of their continuing to follow the regiment. Having thus shaken off this female horde, and destroyed the poetical propensities which had been so prevalent in the army, I began to breathe freely.

I was followed on my march by an army tailor and a number of his men; the quarter-master transported the books, in which were kept the tedious but indispensable accounts, upon mules. It has always been my opinion that a dirty, ragged soldier, must lose all feeling of self-respect, so I constantly endeavoured not merely to clothe mine decently, but even with a certain degree of elegance. Nor have I ever swerved from another of my maxims, that the soldier is truly grateful to those who care for him, and that he prefers in his superiors a strict discipline coupled with kindness, to the want of it when accompanied by no regard for his comforts. It is certainly difficult to bring Italian troops to a proper degree of discipline; but when that is once effected, they are equal to the most arduous enterprises. The system which is most suited to the soldier, is that which I must call rational, that is to say, which lays down the principle of never permitting a fault to go unpunished, whilst at the same time the man is treated with a degree of paternal kindness, and addressed in such terms as conduce to awaken in his mind a generosity and nobleness of sentiment, and lead him to perceive the advantages of discipline and method.

On reaching Castiglione della Plana, I remained with

only a few horsemen, and the flank companies of my regiment; the remainder of the brigade was extended along the line which begins at the mouth of the Ebro, and terminates at Morviedro.

Scarcely a day passed that we were not attacked by the enemy, sometimes at one end, and sometimes at another of the line. All my detachments were in possession of fortified habitations, which were mostly ancient convents. One of these buildings of great size, was situated in Castiglione della Plana, and contained the ammunitions of the whole line. Once I was there with only the first company of grenadiers, when I was apprised that one of my detachments, composed of about eighty men, had been attacked by a body of nearly eight hundred Spaniards, in a village at a distance of about five leagues from Castiglione. The fortified convent was not in a state to resist for any length of time. Under such circumstances, had I shrunk from hastening to the assistance of my detachments, I should have incurred the reproach of weakness and irresolution; and if I had proceeded to their aid with the small forces I possessed, and had failed, I should have been censured for the audacity of my attempt. In this predicament, I decided upon risking the second alternative. Adding, therefore, to my grenadiers the few other soldiers remaining in Castiglione, I began, with about one hundred and thirty men in all, my march. When I had reached half way, I ordered a halt, and told my men that the enemy was at least ten times our number, but that the Neapolitans, who had fought in Spain during so many years, and who had earned the respect of the French would never, from the inferiority of their numbers, be induced to forsake their companions. I added to this what-

ever I thought would be most likely to excite their courage, and then resumed my march. The enemy, hearing that I was supported by a superior force, withdrew, and thus my detachment was saved. This occurrence produced a most happy effect upon the minds of my soldiers.

My cavalry furnished the necessary escort for the service of the army, which satisfied Marshal Suchet, who was by no means easily satisfied. When at Castiglione della Plana, (although it was often necessary for me to drive back first one and then another Spanish band), I did not relax my discipline, or cease such instruction to my regiment as might bring it to the greatest possible perfection: with this view, I constantly visited the detachments along the line. At about this period the command of that part of Valencia was bestowed upon a French General, F—, who was an excellent man in many respects, but without much mind. He professed a considerable degree of friendship for me, and used to write to the Marshal the most flattering notices respecting me. We were, nevertheless, often at variance, not upon matters of duty, but upon our political and national feelings. The sentiment of patriotism was ever uppermost in my breast, and it will follow me to the grave like an incurable malady. One day in particular, we were marching against the Spanish Brigadier, Fraile, who held a most advantageous position in the village of Buena Figos, situated on a considerable elevation. Our force consisted of part of my brigade, and of one French battalion. The General left me to act, and after I had dispersed and pursued the enemy, he congratulated me and my followers upon our conduct. As he did so, he turned to the French,

saying, that we ought no longer to be looked upon as Neapolitans, but as Frenchmen. At this silly speech, the French officers coloured, and I could not be angry, for the poor man assuredly intended a compliment.

After some time, General F— received orders to conduct my brigade to Valencia, where it was received by Marshal Suchet. On this occasion I received the full reward of all my anxiety and solicitude. The Marshal, as was his wont, passed the review with the most minute scrutiny. He looked into the account-book kept by the soldiers, examined their clothes and accoutrements, and asked them a thousand questions; and I remarked with the greatest pleasure his extreme wonder. The uniform of my regiment was white, faced with pink. These delicate colours, which had been chosen by Joachim, served to set forth the bronzed, weather-beaten countenances of my soldiers, and gave them a truly martial aspect. It seemed incredible to him that in so desultory a war, the accoutrements of the soldiers should be in such excellent condition, and that I should have succeeded in clothing them so well in so short a space of time. Next followed an examination of their military instruction. The Marshal ordered me to command the exercise to begin from the simplest detail, and to proceed to the most difficult evolutions of the line. He could scarcely believe what he saw, when he beheld the same battalions which, a short time before, were unable to execute the easiest manœuvre, now perfectly acquainted with the most difficult. The next day he published an order of the day, in which he extolled the instruction, administration, and condition of the 8th Neapolitan regiment of the line. Such an

order of the day carried no small weight in the army of Marshal Suchet, who was a most scrutinizing and able judge of military discipline and administration.*

Still under the command of General F—, I was sent to the cities of Requena and Cuenca, on the line from Valencia to Madrid. During the summer the heat was intense in those plains; and as I recollected that the Romans were in the habit of mixing a little vinegar with their water, I purchased a large quantity at my own expense, which I distributed to the different companies. At first the men used to laugh at this, but later they knew not how to do without it. Water was not often to be got, and whenever the column approached any, I ordered that they should drink with order and method. In order to avoid any sudden surprise from the enemy, we fortified a convent at Requena, for my brigade was not strong

* I transcribe the order of the day of Marshal Suchet:—

"Armée Impériale d'Aragon, Valence le 5 Juillet, 1812.

"ORDRE DU JOUR.

"Monsieur le Maréchal, Duc d'Albufera, a passé en revue le 8e. régiment de ligne Napolitain. Il s'est aperçu avec plaisir que ces troupes avaient gagné sous plusieurs rapports, particulièrement sous celui du bien-être du soldat. Le Colonel Pépé depuis son arrivée s'est occupé avec succès à établir l'ordre inconnu avant lui dans la comptabilité du régiment, à régler les livrets, et le décompte des soldats, à leur assurer les effets dont ils ont besoin et auxquels ils ont droit. M. le Maréchal espère que la surveillance et la persévérance du chef amélioreront aussi la tenue et l'instruction d'un régiment, qui par son courage a mérité une part dans les succès de l'armée d'Aragon.

"(Signé). Le Maréchal Duc d'Albufera,

"Pour copie conforme, le Général de Brigade St. Cyr Nugues."

enough to stand against Villacampos, Bassacourt, and other Spanish Generals, whose united forces amounted to about ten thousand men.

After several days of constant skirmishing, General F— received orders to proceed rapidly against Bassacourt, that he might come upon him unexpectedly. Hoping to achieve a brilliant exploit, I took upon myself the responsibility of commanding my soldiers to leave their knapsacks behind them. The danger I incurred by so doing was immense, for we might have received orders not to return to Requena, in which case I should have been brought before a court-martial. But I was burning with an almost feverish desire that the Neapolitans should distinguish themselves in the army of Aragon, and to realize such a wish I would have committed any act of folly. We accordingly began our march: it was necessary to advance more than thirty miles under a burning sun. General F— was accompanied on this occasion by my brigade only, composed of the 8th of the line, and about eighty riflemen on horseback, the remainder being left between Castiglione della Plana and Vinaroz. During the whole of this march, the brigade acquitted itself as if it had been on parade. We passed the Cabriel over a wooden bridge, and found ourselves in sight of the enemy, whose drums told us they were preparing for action. Having drawn out my line and equalized the platoons in each battalion in order of battle, I awaited General F—'s orders to begin the attack. But the General, after bestowing much praise upon the good order of our march, added that he did not deem it prudent to attack the enemy, of whose force we were ignorant, at so great a distance from all chance of assistance. I replied, that he erred greatly if he mistrusted my troops, who

would fight as bravely as the best soldiers in the French army. He answered that, although perfectly convinced of the truth of what I said, it was nevertheless imprudent to run so great a risk.

On beginning our countermarch, I could not but observe that the air of bravery which had previously glowed on the faces of my followers had now entirely disappeared. Such men as the ancient Spartans and Romans are to be found amongst the natives of a southern latitude, and not in the north. But to produce such a race, not only good laws and good fortune are needful, but the art of rousing the imagination and exciting the exquisite sensibilities of the southerns. On our countermarch towards Requena, four grenadiers deserted from my battalion. I could scarcely credit this fact, so great was the confidence and affection shown me by my soldiers, who never spoke of me but as a father. Another Commander would, perhaps, have punished the whole company, but I adopted a different course, and bestowed great praise upon the grenadiers who had not followed the base example of their four comrades, who had wickedly abandoned their Commander, a countryman of their own, and who loved them even as though they were his own children, and who had done this to serve under Spanish officers. On the following day, I directed that the company should go forth and reconnoitre; ordering the officers and the sergeants if they came in sight of the enemy to withdraw to a considerable distance from their men, thus to leave them free to desert if they desired to do so, since I preferred being able to depend upon those few who might remain faithful to their national banner, than having to mistrust them all. My expedient was successful. There were no more cases of desertion, even

at a later period, when a kind of mania for deserting possessed the troops.

It would only weary the reader were I to relate all the vicissitudes which befel me during the time I remained between Requena and Cuenca. Finally, I was ordered to return with General F— to Castiglione della Plana, where my brigade was stationed along the line as previously. I was sent one day, with only four companies and a few horse to attack the enemy. They had taken up an excellent position in the adjoining mountains with a force of about a thousand men. A small French battalion was to second my movements, and attack the Spaniards in flank. After a very long march, I halted to give my men a short rest, and just as I was resuming my march, after having called over the roll as was the custom, an Adjutant-Major came and informed me that six men were missing from the first company of grenadiers, the same from which the men deserted near Requena. "It is impossible!" was my first exclamation, and I immediately ordered a search, which only served to confirm their absence. Upon this, I exclaimed in the presence of the assembled column, "It is not possible—it is not possible that Neapolitans should forsake their comrades at the moment of battle!" and at the same time I gave direction that the cavalry should make a more minute search after the absentees. During this time the eyes of all were fixed on me, as if they feared that I felt humbled by what had occurred, when the six grenadiers suddenly made their appearance. The account they gave of their absence was, that they had been running after some women who had attracted their attention. I did not let this occasion escape me of exciting in the breasts of my soldiers a feeling of self-confidence. The affair we were upon ended well, and obtained encomiums for its results.

There arrived from Naples at this period two Captains of infantry, notorious for their ill conduct, and bearing orders from the Minister of War to be admitted into my regiment. Obedience to such a requisition would have deprived two deserving Lieutenants of the promotion they had long deserved, whilst at the same time it would imply that an introduction into the best Neapolitan regiment was regarded in the light of a punishment. This was but too truly the case, for officers were often sent to it on such an understanding. What strange errors are often committed by Princes and men in power! I exposed myself to great risk and embarrassment, by sending the two captnais in question back to Italy, protesting loudly that I would not allow such an injury to be done to the officers of the corps under my command. My officers, fearful that I should be recalled, entreated that I would not pursue such a course, saying affectionately, that they begged of me not to increase their misfortunes by losing me. I replied that I would prove to them my esteem even at the risk of losing my rank in the army. King Joachim, however, did not dismiss me. We received at the same time, the intelligence that a corps composed of two Neapolitan divisions was being organized, and that it was to be directed towards Germany. My brother Florestano, now promoted to the rank of General of Brigade, was the Commander of the staff of that corps, which was destined at a later period to endure such sufferings in the campaign of Russia.

During this war the Spanish women constantly manifested, as I before said, a great predilection for the Italian soldiers, especially for the Neapolitans, whom they called *hermanitos*, that is to say, "cousin." The natural coquetry of the Spanish women, added to their

desire of injuring the invading army, induced them to exert all their arts of fascination to entice my officers and soldiers to desert: in one instance, they succeeded in luring from me even a Lieutenant.

This spirit of desertion first began in the detachments at a distance from me, and gradually extended to those more near, although no instance of desertion ever occurred in those detachments which remained immediately under my own eyes. As I was fully conscious of the worth and merit of the officers commanding the more distant detachments, and that the result of a severe investigation showed that they were in no wise to blame for what now took place, I was led to inquire how it happened that the soldiers under my own command never made any attempt to desert. To this the officers replied, that they could not succeed in obtaining the same moral influence over the men that I had acquired. I immediately entreated General F—— to write to Marshal Suchet, and request him to allow the whole brigade, or at least my own 8th regiment of the line, since no instance of desertion had occurred amongst the cavalry, to be assembled under my own eyes, and to engage in my name that no more cases of desertion should take place; but the Marshal heeded not this request, and persisted in keeping my troops dispersed. I made another attempt. I sent one of my Majors, Labrano, to General Arispe, to beg that he would obtain from Marshal Suchet permission for me to proceed to his division, which was stationed near Alicante, opposite the Anglo-Sicilian forces, landed there under the orders of Lord William Bentinck. All was of no avail; and my soldiers continued to desert daily.

Whilst things were in this state, General F—— tor-

mented me by continual invitations to dinner. On one particular day he invited me and several French superior officers, as well as some of my own. During dinner the conversation turned upon the glory of Napoleon, which General F—— affirmed had never been equalled in the history of man. Annoyed at so ridiculous a deification of his idol, I could not refrain from saying that as yet Napoleon had not equalled either Alexander, Hannibal, or Cæsar. Upon this, General F—— started up, exclaiming that he idolized Napoleon, and would not permit a comparison of him with any body, adding afterwards: "I believe Colonel Pépé loves neither Napoleon nor the French." I replied instantly that I was serving in the army of Aragon, but that I made no parade of my affections. This discourse which did not please the General at all was repeated in several places, but especially in Valencia.

Meanwhile, the soldiers continued to desert from the different detachments scattered about the country. General F—— one day sent an aide-de-camp of inferior rank to question my soldiers and officers, whom he found in the street, whether they had any cause to complain of me; but officers and soldiers alike expressed themselves in my favour with so much enthusiasm, that F—— was irritated by it. On learning this, I went to him and said that he had only a right to question my troops at a review or in their quarters, not to have them waylaid by an aide-de-camp of inferior rank to put them at enmity with their Colonel, and that I felt so much hurt by the irregularity of his proceeding that I requested leave to proceed to Valencia, that I might lay my complaint before Marshal Suchet. He granted this request; but a short time after invited

me to dinner to bring about our mutual reconciliation. I replied, that being upon the point of departure for Valencia to complain of his conduct, it was out of my power to accept his invitation. Upon this he immediately dispatched an extraordinary courier to Marshal Suchet with a letter, in which he stated that, although hitherto he had extolled me highly in his reports, yet that all my excellent military qualities were unavailing, for that I spoke of the Emperor disrespectfully, that I did not love the French, and that I regarded the war in Spain as unjust. To these representations, he added that he suspected I might one day desert the French standard for that of Spain. On the following day, when I reached Valencia, and presented myself before Marshal Suchet, he immediately ordered the Captain of Grenadiers on duty at his residence to take my sword from me, and to conduct me to the Castle of Valencia, where I was as strictly guarded as if I had been guilty of a capital offence; and this, notwithstanding that the Marshal was wont to say, that the best Colonels of his army were those of the 14th French regiment of the line, and the 8th Neapolitans. I was informed later, that the high colouring given by F—— to what I had said respecting Napoleon, had almost induced Suchet to send me to Paris escorted by gensd'armes.

The fortress of Valencia was commanded by a General officer of the kingdom of Italy, named Mazzucchelli. He was addicted to literature and music, and was no less brave in the field, than intelligent in private life. I wrote to him, and he immediately sent me one of his aides-de-camp, through whom he expressed towards me the most affectionate regard, promising likewise to exert himself with Suchet in my behalf, who, however, he said was highly incensed against me. This

aide-de-camp was the first to tell me the contents of General F——'s letter to the Marshal, and I was indeed astonished that he could suspect my fidelity to the French standard. General Mazzucchelli took charge of a letter which I addressed to Marshal Suchet, and which affected him considerably. Instead of manifesting any affection for the French in my letter, I openly stated that my sentiments of patriotism precluded my devotion to any other country than my own, but at the same time, that those very sentiments carried to the highest excess, ensured a service on my part of zeal, fidelity, and honour. My first imprisonment and subsequent exile at sixteen years of age, the campaign of Marengo, and the Fossa del Maritimo at nineteen, the war of Calabria at twenty-three, the dangers I had incurred, my appointment to the command of a regiment by Marshal Massena, were events tinged with more or less romance, but I had authentic documents to bear evidence of their truth. The French General behaved in the most noble manner towards me; and threw great blame upon General F—— for his accusation against me, by which I was made to appear guilty of little less than treason on the strength of a mere after-dinner conversation. General F——'s conduct to me recoiled upon himself. He was soon after sent back to France to his great regret. The Marshal restored me to liberty, and returned me my sword by General Mazzucchelli. I was again put in command of my brigade, and—so Mazzucchelli assured me—of the Marshal's esteem; but he never showed me the same kindness as before this event.

In compliance with military etiquette, I went to thank him for my liberty. He held me in conversation

walking up and down the room for an hour and a half, and when he learnt from me that General F—— had turned his back upon Bassacourt's Spanish column, he exclaimed: "Such conduct as this is the cause of every evil." He ordered me to join my regiment at Saragossa, whither it had proceeded from Castiglione della Plana, but that the mounted rifles were to remain upon the line between Morviedro and the Ebro. I next went to take my leave of General Mazzucchelli, who at that time was a sincere and zealous patriot. After thanking him for all the kindness he had shown me, I quitted Valencia, which I was destined to revisit ten years later under different and even more painful circumstances. During the few days of freedom I passed at Valencia, I was obliged to keep retired to avoid the numerous invitations of the Spanish families, who looked upon me as a martyr to their cause; the same kind feeling was conspicuous as I passed through Castiglione della Plana.

On reaching Saragossa, the officers of my regiment came out to meet me on horseback, and I felt as if I were returning into the bosom of my family. By virtue of an authorization given me by the Marshal, I formed two out of three battalions, placing the supernumerary officers, sergeants and corporals in the remainder of the company. I had left about a thousand men, veterans and most of them covered with wounds. Whilst in Aragon we were almost constantly in moveable columns, and the valour displayed by the Neapolitans was much talked of. During the time we were at Saragossa, great admiration was excited by the good looks, cleanliness and smartness of my men on parade. The great care I had taken to make them contented and

happy, and to cause their merit to be viewed, had insured me their entire affection, and they were convinced that no father could love them more devotedly than I did.

Towards the end of the year 1812, we read the famous bulletin in which Napoleon could no longer conceal the unheard of reverses experienced by his army in the midst of the snows of Russia. Such intelligence did not seem to promise much support to the invaders of the Peninsula; and the natives began to raise their drooping courage. My own Italy might have derived much advantage from the disasters of the Emperor, a knowledge which caused my mind to dwell a great deal upon them. A few days later I received very sad tidings of my brother Florestano and various others who had been my companions, and who had suffered greatly in the Russian campaign. Florestano commanded the horse-guards of the King of Naples, composed of a regiment of Hussars, and of another guard of honour. The soldiers composing that brigade were all of respectable families in easy circumstances. It was a magnificent corps, but suffered so intensely from the cold, that two Colonels, the Duke of Roccaromana and the Prince Campana, as well as my brother, had their extremities frozen. Florestano lost half of his right foot, and in this crippled condition with the wound in his chest still open, he remained at Dantzic with the Neapolitan division.

These tidings of the great reverses of Napoleon were spread abroad through the Peninsula by the English, but without any exaggeration. The Spaniards were rendered bolder than ever; Aragon was in a state of violent excitement; nevertheless the whole of that

extensive country was kept under control by only five thousand men, the greater part of whom were Italians. If in the time of Massena, the Calabrese had been united and assisted by the English, that brave warrior with sixty thousand men could not have resisted them; such are the vigour and ardour which exist in the breasts of the Calabrese. My regiment was always in motion, first to the right and then on the left of the Ebro. Once I was placed under the orders of General Severoli of the kingdom of Italy. On quitting Aragon this officer wrote to General Pâris who commanded that province, "Confide in Colonel Pépé; let him act according to his own judgment, and you will be satisfied with him."

It was the month of April of the year 1813, when I received orders from the Neapolitan Government, which were approved by Marshal Suchet, to leave only one battalion in Spain, and to proceed with the remainder of my troops to Naples: the cavalry, however, was to remain in Spain. I was allowed full scope to manage this operation. All my followers wished to return to Naples. They were attacked by the malady called *nostalgia*, or home sickness, which was perhaps increased by seeing realized in them the adage, that "the absent are always in the wrong." On this occasion, I determined upon consulting solely the advantage of the Neapolitan army. I selected to accompany me as many corporals, sergeants, and officers as I could, about three hundred in number; always letting my choice fall upon the most deserving. I made but one exception to this rule. I left Major Staiti in Spain, although he was a more valuable officer than the other major. I felt that it was my

duty to leave my fellow soldiers under the command of the more able of the two superior officers. This proceeding of mine was, however, injurious to that excellent Commander, who being away from Naples, although engaged in a campaign, received his colonelcy after the other major I had taken with me. Staiti died without attaining higher rank, although his colleague was made a General of Brigade. I quitted my beloved veterans with my eyes suffused with tears, and with a heavy heart, as the thought arose that few among them would ever again behold their native land.

I had scarcely left Spain, and set foot upon the French territory, when I separated myself from my small column, followed only by my servant on horseback that I might enjoy the pleasure of being alone, which I could now do without danger; a luxury unknown in Spain at that period, when it was impossible to stir unless escorted by a detachment of troops. On arriving at Pau, I sold my horses and such other things as I could not take with me at a low price, and purchased at a very high one a travelling carriage to convey me on my way. I then took leave of my three hundred fellow soldiers, and leaving with Major Lubrano full instructions how he was to proceed on the three months' march which was to take them to Naples, I ordered post horses, and travelled full speed day and night, until I reached Milan, where I hoped to learn some intelligence of my brother, on whose account I experienced such cruel anxiety as to feel certain at times that he was no more. At Milan, Baron Trecchi took me to some friends of his connected with the war department; but my heart sank within me, when I found that they could give me no tidings of Florestano.

Here I saw for a moment a literary man named Salfi. He was a native of Cosenzo in Calabria, and resided at Milan, where he received a pension from the government. I remarked to him that his talents were precious to the south of Italy, and that I would request the King to give him an employment at Naples. Salfi accepted my offer, as if he did not greatly reckon upon its result. I departed from Milan in the greatest haste and anxiety of mind, hoping, yet sometimes fearing, to gain intelligence of my brother in the kingdom of Naples.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1813.

I reach Naples—State of the army on my arrival there—Merits and faults of King Joachim—I am promoted to the rank of Major-General—Secret negotiations of the King with the English—His departure for Dresden—I am sent with my brigade into the Abruzzi, and a little later to Ancona—Perplexity of Joachim whether to declare for France or Austria.

On his return from the unfortunate campaign of Russia, the King received me with the greatest kindness, telling me I should find an 8th regiment of the line three times as numerous as the one I had left in Spain. "There may be more *men*," was my reply, "but not more *soldiers*." In point of fact, there had been formed in the kingdom another regiment of infantry named the 8th of the line, as though the one in Spain no longer existed. On reviewing it next day, the appearance and number of the men gratified me, but on examining them more minutely, my pleasure was changed into pain. It was quite impossible for the King properly to organize an army. There existed no fixed laws for the choice and promotion of officers, or if some few did exist, they were evaded that the King might satisfy his favourites of both sexes.

Murat was a Charles XII. in the field, but a Francis I. in his Court. He would have regarded the refusal of a favour to any lady of the Court, even though she were not his mistress, as an indignity. Besides, the French admitted to serve in the Neapolitan army were mostly men of little value, the more meritorious being employed in France, and those who served in Naples aiming at nothing beyond leading a joyous life and making their fortunes. As the greater part of these held high situations, which they in no manner deserved, the result was that the army was going to ruin. The troops were paid with great regularity, but the private administration of the different corps was as bad as possible, being totally without order and discipline. In organizing my regiment properly, according to my own ideas of the matter, I needed all the authority possessed in Spain, an authority which I did not enjoy in Naples. My wishes were there at once understood, not only because I had to deal with veteran soldiers; but for this powerful reason, that the further a man is from his home, the stronger are his feelings of patriotism. When I quitted Spain, I was full of political hopes, but on beholding the advantage that the King derived from the independence he had acquired by the misfortunes of Napoleon, I fell into a state of such profound sadness, that I was upon the point of quitting the army altogether. It is certainly not a vain boast to affirm that I served as a citizen and not as a mercenary, although almost all my father's property at that period, was to devolve on my eldest brother, as, while the *Code Napoléon* had dissolved the law of primogeniture, it did not operate in the person of my father himself, but on that of my brother.

In a few days I was made a Major-General, and this

promotion caused me to lose the title of officer of ordnance. Strictly speaking, the King should have promoted me to be one of his aides-de-camp, as I had long been attached to his military establishment, and without any excess of vanity I may say I was the best amongst them. Had I made any complaint in the matter, he would have done me justice; but I was resolved that the honours he had to bestow should in my case proceed spontaneously from himself. It will be seen that he afterwards made me one of his aides-de-camp on the field of battle. A short time before my return to Naples, an event occurred which showed to advantage the magnanimous nature of the King. He was reviewing several battalions in the Campo di Marte, when in the midst of the fire one of the officers of the staff, who stood near the King, was wounded by a bullet. The wounded man had stood so immediately behind the King, that all present supposed that the ball had been directed against the King himself, and what made the case more serious was, that the shot had come from a battalion of the royal guard, amongst whom were many Carbonari. The officers in attendance upon the King entreated him to order the fire to cease; but he smiled as he replied, "I see that you suspect the bullet was purposely fired at me; but you are in error, for children never desire the death of their father." As he uttered these words, he presented himself successively in front of each battalion and ordered them to fire. This intrepidity of the King entirely destroyed any latent feelings against him which might have existed in the minds of the Carbonari soldiers.

My brigade consisted of the 6th and 8th regiments of the line. I found the first in a worse condition than the second. It had been much diminished by desertion

when stationed in the city of Maddaloni, for which reason it was confined to its quarters; that is to say, the loyal were punished for not following the example of those who had deserted A truly rational manner of governing men! That regiment compelled me to bestow upon it all the labour belonging to the office of Colonel. It was commanded by a French officer, Colonel M—. He was a brave soldier, but being somewhat elevated in spirits by a recent marriage to a distant relation of Marshal Perignot, he thought of nothing but enjoying himself. My brigade was the first of the two which formed the division of the Prince Strongoli.

I passed into the Abruzzi with my brigade, where I learnt that the King was gone to Dresden to command Napoleon's cavalry. Such was the eccentricity of Joachim, that a few days before quitting Naples, he had been in treaty with England to proclaim the independence of Italy, that nation engaging to furnish twenty thousand men, and a considerable sum of money for this purpose. The ratification of the treaty only reached Naples after the departure of the King. I was informed of this fact two years later by the Duke of Campo Chiaro, Minister and Ambassador of King Joachim.

As his Majesty passed through Florence, he learnt that my three hundred men had arrived thither from Spain. He reviewed them and admired their accoutrements and demeanour. Instead of crying "Long live the King," as was the habit of the younger soldiers, these maintained a strict silence. The enthusiastic King was so struck by their general appearance, that he could not refrain from embracing one of the sergeants. Several of those brave men ventured to express their hope that he would not change their Colonel; he

replied that as their Colonel had been promoted to the rank of General, they should henceforth form part of his royal guard. Whilst in the Abruzzi between Chieti, Lanciano and Vasto, I took the utmost care to improve my two regiments. At Chiesi, I formed a friendship with the Intendant of that province, the Duke of Montejosi. He was a Carbonaro, and made me acquainted with several grand masters of that sect, which had already acquired a gigantic extension over the kingdom and especially in the Abruzzi. The Duke professed the purest morals, and desired the formation of liberal institutions. During the time I had been in Spain, the English had contributed greatly to propagate *Carbonari* doctrines over the kingdom, by means of emissaries whom they landed from Sicily. I looked upon this sect as a useful agent for the civilization of the popular classes; but at the same time I was of opinion, that as it was necessary to force the King to grant liberal institutions, it was needful to make use of the army to avoid as much as possible all disorders of the State, which disorders would have been easily turned to the advantage of the Bourbons of Sicily, whom Lord William Bentinck was always ready to bring back to Naples. It is an unquestionable fact that Lord William, with the view of flattering the hopes of the *Carbonari*, submitted to their inspection the Constitution which he had given to Sicily in 1812, in the name of the English Government; and if, by a secret correspondence, he promised to assist the *Carbonari* so that they should revolt against Murat in their endeavours to found liberal institutions, it was with the sole object of putting the Neapolitans again under the power of Ferdinand IV. and of his son Francis, that they might employ all our forces against the French. Now, however

ardently we might desire a Constitution, the Bourbons were so detested; the horrors perpetrated by Ferdinand in 1799 were still so fresh in the minds of all, that it was impossible to place the least confidence in him. Liberty itself would have been without a charm, if she had arisen under the reign of a Prince reeking with the blood of so many hundred excellent citizens.

If Joachim regarded and esteemed me, the Queen, his wife, who was proclaimed Regent during the King's absence, hated me most cordially as an open adversary of the French party. It happened that Prince Strongoli was obliged to quit the command of the division in the Abruzzi, and to prevent my assuming the vacant command, as I was entitled to do, having been promoted prior to my colleague, General d'Aquino, the Queen sent thither a third Major-General older in rank than myself, who took the command of the division. This officer was General d'Ambrosio who behaved to me in a truly comrade-like manner. He told me he had taken no steps to persuade the Queen to so irregular, not to say so unjust, a measure as that adopted by her. I replied, that had any other Major-General than himself been sent, I should not have submitted to such an act of injustice; but that I bore it for the sake of the high esteem in which I held him, and for the love of a cordial agreement between fellow-soldiers, which should reign amongst us during the King's absence.

It was now the month of September of that disastrous year, 1813. Napoleon having lost the battle of Leipzic had retreated with difficulty to the Rhine. Joachim who had signalized himself greatly in that campaign, embraced the Emperor for the last time, and quitted those scenes to return to Naples. On his

arrival, instead of bending all his endeavours to conciliate the regard of his people, and to the proper organization of his army, he used his utmost efforts to extinguish in the minds of his soldiers the knowledge which they were acquiring, and only displayed in idle reviews the really fine appearance of his army. Unfortunately for him as well as for our poor country, Murat fancied himself extremely sagacious in the art of kingcraft, and above all, that he alone could manage his affairs in the then intricate political state of the times. I do not mean to imply by this that the King was deficient in a certain sagacity; on the contrary, he could at times reason very aptly, and according to the opinion of his minister, Giuseppe Gurlo, who was a man of no ordinary stamp of mind, the King when in council often reasoned in a manner far superior to any of his ministers. However, in this instance, which was to decide upon his existence, he acted without the least judgment. How could he avoid seeing the impossibility of retaining his throne under an absolute sway, when his rival Ferdinand (although forced to do so by England) had given a Constitution to Sicily, and promised one to the Neapolitans to tempt them to restore to him the kingdom he had lost on this side of the Strait. Thus is it that the love of dominion blinds men in power.

Joachim was in treaty at one time with England, France, Austria and the Viceroy of Italy, thinking by such means the better to conceal from them his true designs, if indeed he really had any fixed designs. The primary cause of all Joachim's aberrations was the extraordinary conduct pursued by Napoleon towards him, who one day exalted him to the skies, and the next would humble him to the very dust, condemning

every thing he did, not only through the public papers, but in his private correspondence; one day treating him as a King, and the next scarcely showing him the respect due to his former aide-de-camp. The following particulars were related to me two years later, by the Duke of Campo Chiaro, who was at the head of the police.

Joachim wrote to the Emperor that he had thirty-thousand men ready to support their common cause. Napoleon answered that the thirty thousand men were to be sent to the banks of the Po, where they were to await his further orders. This notification reached the King whilst he was visiting Pompeii with the Queen. Murat tore the letter in pieces, threw it on the ground and stamped upon it; then gathering up the scattered fragments he returned in haste to Naples and assembled his ministers, to whom he said: "Gentlemen, the Emperor ill-uses me in the most unwarrantable manner, and treats me with no more regard than if I were a corporal." If instead of acting in this cavalier manner, the Emperor had excited the self-love of Joachim by his usual praise, and put him at the head of all the Italians as well as of the French, then commanded by the Viceroy, to whom he might have given some other charge, the heroic King of Naples would have startled Vienna with an army of a hundred thousand men. But such fortune was not in store either for Italy or for France, inordinate ambition having already damped the genius of Napoleon. The year before, the Emperor, in a remarkable order of the day had vaunted Prince Eugene to the skies at the expense of Joachim, and now he left these two rivals in Italy, where their mutual jealousy paralyzed the power of almost a hundred and fifty thousand men obtained

out of the whole Peninsula, and of about thirty thousand Frenchmen stationed in Lombardy. The above-mentioned forces under the command of an able General, might have entirely changed the destiny of the empire of France.

We were in the month of November, and the Neapolitan army, composed of about twenty-two thousand men, had begun to march towards Rome and Ancona. The second division of infantry, of which I commanded the first brigade, was directed to the latter place. My anxiety for the instruction, discipline, and efficient administration of my brigade was now become notorious. I always marched in the middle of the ranks, and for the better instruction of my column I exacted that it should always proceed as if the enemy were opposed to it. Although Napoleon was not quite certain of the fidelity of Joachim, he had given orders that we should be well treated both in the Papal and Tuscan States, and accordingly the second division was better received in Ancona than usual. This place was commanded by the General of Division Barbou, who was extremely astonished when he beheld the Neapolitans halt at Ancona, instead of proceeding onwards towards the Po. For my own part I regarded this halt with some suspicion, and the indecision of Joachim, coupled with his former disputes with Napoleon, were subjects on which I reflected deeply. Happening one evening to speak upon the subject to General Ambrosio, who had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, he laughed at my suspicions, which he looked upon as the effect of my aversion to the French. In the meanwhile, I lost no time in so disposing things that two select companies of my brigade should occupy the Castello de Cappucini, which

was held in such little regard by Barbou, that he had only a sergeant stationed there with a few soldiers. This precaution on my part was the means of our easily becoming possessors of Ancona some time afterwards, because the castle in question commanded not only the city but its fortress. In the midst of these uncertainties, which were to decide the fate of the South, and perhaps of the remainder of Italy, the year 1813 came to a close.

CHAPTER XIX.

1814.

Treaty between Joachim and Austria—Siege of the citadel of Ancona—Expedition to Macerata and Fermo—The King arrives in Ancona—Incidents which occur between him and me—I bring about an association of Generals to force the King to grant us liberal institutions, and to dismiss all the foreigners employed in the civil and military administrations in the kingdom—I approach Parma in order to support the Austrians—Retreat—Our columns continue to advance—Combat before Reggio—I enter that city—My brother arrives there from Dantzic—Lord William Bentinck arrives—Secret treaties between Joachim and the Viceroy—Movements of the Carbonari in the Abruzzi—I resume the command of the vanguard—In sight of Piacenza, we receive the unfortunate intelligence of the fall of Paris.

We had reached the month of January of the year 1814, and the King was about to form an alliance with Austria. This latter power engaged itself to maintain an army of sixty thousand men in Italy; the King of Naples thirty-one thousand. I could never bring my mind to conceive how any man could be induced to take up arms against his own country, neither could I believe it possible that an absolute King, the ruler of a people over whose lives and property he had full and

unlimited sway, and who boasted of being as a father to them, could ever act in open opposition to the interests of his subjects.

Since the extraordinary resolution of Napoleon had prevented Joachim from putting himself at the head of all the Italians and French in the Peninsula, and from threatening Vienna with them, by which means he might perhaps have saved both Italy and France; it became urgent that this Prince should turn his whole mind to the fate of the Neapolitans, and to the preservation of his own throne. Had he granted to his people those liberal institutions so often demanded by them, and formed a true and genuine alliance with England and Austria, exacting from them strong guarantees for the consolidation of his constitutional throne, he would most probably have remained in possession of the crown, and the Neapolitans of their liberty, which in the course of time would have extended itself as far as the Alps. By such a measure, he would have aided efficiently the South of Europe against the northern powers.

In every view of the case, it was apparent that Joachim was reduced to such a condition, that had he declared himself against the allies, he would have been deprived of his crown in less than a fortnight. My opinion on this point is formed from profound conviction, and from thorough knowledge of the tendency of the people and army of our kingdom.

General Macdonald arrived in Ancona with his brigade, and I had orders to proceed to Pesaro with mine. There I received, on the same day, directions from General d'Ambrosio to march towards Bologna, and a letter from Macdonald, stating that he found

himself in a very difficult situation at Ancona. He said that the French General, Barbou, who occupied the citadel with his troops, treated him as an enemy, and only awaited the arrival of fifteen hundred men, stationed between Macerata and Fermo, to assault him. Macdonald had only the Castle of Cappucini, and could not depend entirely on one of his regiments, the 19th of the line. I immediately decided upon marching towards Ancona, writing at the same time to General d'Ambrosio, that I was ready to return in the event of his disapproving the step I had taken. Before quitting Pesaro, however, I called together all the French officers, about forty-seven in number, who served in my brigade. I told them that as it was a question of fighting against their own countrymen, I was anxious to know sincerely from them whether they were capable of such an indignity. I put the question to them in such a way that they were bound to adopt the more honourable course. They requested, however, that I would commit what I had demanded of them to paper, and as I did not hesitate to give them such satisfaction, they were soon on their way to France. On reaching the head-quarters of d'Ambrosio and Carascosa, situated near Bologna, these two Generals, amazed at the boldness of my resolution, detained the officers, thinking to please the King; and one of them, Colonel Merliot, was appointed by Joachim to be Colonel of the royal guard, as a reward for his remaining in our service. In the meanwhile, I did not omit this occasion of saying to my troops that, being all Neapolitans, both officers and men, our acts—glorious or inglorious—would now be exclusively our own.

A courier brought me a despatch which approved my movement; and my arrival at Ancona was a great relief to General Macdonald. Not, however, wholly satisfied with the extent of my assistance, he proposed that I should make an excursion to Macerata and Fermo, the civil and military authorities of which departments were subjected to the Government of Milan, and there I was to dismiss the fifteen hundred men upon whose assistance General Barbou relied. I took upon myself the responsibility of this difficult proceeding. All the troops in those departments belonging to the kingdom of Italy, were disbanded; and one million of francs, which were on the point of being despatched to Milan for the Prince Eugène, were sent by me to the treasury of Joachim at Ancona.

The Prefects of Macerata and Fermo requested from me such a declaration or proclamation as would justify them in the eyes of their superiors. I satisfied them by a very concise statement, in which I spoke of the independence of Italy: this was printed.

During this time, the first and second Neapolitan divisions were in open correspondence with the Austrians near Ferrara; and on my return to Ancona with my brigade, I kept Barbou closely besieged in the citadel. The King arrived there about the same time, and approved of all I had done, except the proclamation in which I had spoken of our national independence. The King having declared to the Duke of Campo Chiaro that I should do well not to interfere with political affairs, I told the King that I looked upon the business of the million of francs as quite a political

operation. I regret deeply not having preserved a single copy of my short proclamation, as it was the first in which any allusion to the independence of Italy was ever made.

All the French in the service of Naples, either in a civil or military capacity, and who had not abandoned every proper feeling, returned to France immediately on learning that the King had formed an alliance with Austria. Their example was not followed by some of their companions, who, well knowing that they could not carry away with them the wealth they had wrung from the Neapolitans, still remained amongst us. The obstinacy of the King in keeping about him those who thwarted every useful measure, and who, by secret machinations, were the chief obstacles to the King's granting us a Constitution similar to that of Sicily, maddened me with rage: not only myself, but the ministers of the Prince, and even his courtiers, shared my views. The French who had remained amongst us, were not only bent upon inducing the King to refuse us liberal institutions, but they likewise laboured to throw discredit upon the alliance he had formed, declaring that both were fallacious and transitory; and these arguments were employed to wash away the stain of their having consented to fight against France.

On one occasion, the King promoted to the rank of Colonel, in one of the regiments under my command, a French Lieutenant-Colonel, who, with the exception of physical courage, had no one quality calculated to fit him for the leader of a corps. I immediately hastened to the King, and in the presence of his ministers and other considerable persons, I spoke to him with so

much earnestness and frankness, that the Counsellor of State, Pocrio, who was present, kept pulling me by the skirt of my uniform to induce me to moderate my language. Nevertheless, I continued to open my whole mind to the King, and even made him aware of what his counsellor was at that moment doing to prevent my openly expressing my opinion, which, however, was his own, and that of the minister, the Duke of Campo Chiaro, both of whom the same morning at breakfast had avowed to me their full concurrence with my own ideas. Neither of these persons was displeased with the frankness of my speech, only they wished that I had conveyed what I had to say in more measured terms.

This little scene caused much merriment to the King and other persons who witnessed it. His Majesty ordered me to be in readiness to assault the citadel at break of day with my most select companies. I thought such a command extremely strange, especially as not a single shot had been fired on either side, and there were no breaches to open the assault. However, I acted up to the injunction I had received, and as soon as morning dawned, I went to the King's apartment to inform him that every thing was in readiness. When I got there, I learnt from the aid de-camp on duty, that his Majesty was fast asleep, and that he had not made any preparations to be on horseback so early. I waited several hours before I could speak to the King, and I found at last that he had taken this way of revenging the frankness of my speech on the preceding day.

To give the reader some idea of the King I had to

deal with, I will state that two days after that on which I had orders to be in readiness for the assault, being encamped just outside the city of Ancona, and being myself lodged in a miserable hut in sight of the citadel, I found my humble residence invaded by the King and his suite. He immediately seated himself and began to dictate several letters, after which he sent to Ancona and ordered his dinner with all the necessary appendages to be brought to him there. As soon as the repast was over, he called me aside and told me that he had two favours to request of me. I replied that I had always been obedient to his commands during the past, and that even so would I continue to be for the future. He then began by granting me two decorations of the order of the Two Sicilies, which I had asked for two superior officers, my subordinates, one of whom was the chef-de-bataillon, Guarini. After this, he imparted to me a new plan he had formed of giving me the command of the 9th regiment of the line, instead of the 8th, which formed part of my brigade, and of placing under my protection the French Colonel of the other regiment under my orders, bidding me at the same time to start on the following day for Bologna. I was greatly amazed at this intelligence, and not a little grieved to be obliged to part from the 8th regiment of the line, which was composed of about two thousand soldiers, whom I loved as if they were my children, and who in return looked up to me as to a tender father. The 9th regiment, on the other hand, although composed of very fine men, all of whom, however, were but just liberated from prison, was so adverse to every species of discipline, that out of three thousand who had quitted Naples, scarcely two

thousand now remained, in consequence of the constant desertions which had taken place amongst them. As for their Colonel, my hatred against the French who still held service with us was well known, and I have already given my reasons for this feeling. The King, however, said that it did not suit him to retract the appointment of this Colonel, so that nothing remained but to submit. He then went on to talk to me of our future destinies, adding his deep conviction that I alone had the power of reviving the flourishing condition of the 9th regiment, which had fallen into such discredit. In short, he made use of such seductive means of overcoming my scruples, that I became like an infant in his hands. I promised to execute his commands, and the following day found me in Sinigaglia. Towards the approach of evening my attention was arrested by the report of some musket shots; immediately after, several officers of the 9th came and informed me that about a hundred soldiers had deserted with arms and baggage, firing as they went upon the guards who endeavoured to oppose their departure, and that the officers at the imminent risk of their lives had succeeded in preventing many others from following so fatal an example. The officers ended their account by saying, that it was essential to disband the regiment, since it was impossible to bring it into proper discipline. I issued orders that all the officers of every grade in the corps should pass the night in the quarters of the regiment instead of their own lodgings, and announced that in the course of a few days the regiment would become a model of discipline and order. The officers, dissatisfied at serving in the 9th, endeavoured to convince me that I was about to attempt an impossibility.

I replied that I would go and shut myself up in the cell of a hermit, rather than not teach them the way to command, and the soldiers the obligation of obedience.

I quitted Sinigaglia the following morning at dawn, and at mid-day I had reached the walls of Fano, on the side looking towards Pesaro, and was in front of my brigade, drawn out in order of battle. Four deserters out of the hundred were taken prisoners; I assembled a court-martial to sit in judgment upon them. Whilst the deliberations were going on, I addressed myself to each company of this ill-conditioned regiment in these words: "You are very fine men, but strange wild-headed fellows, or you would never, at so early an age, have been shut up in the prison whence you have been just delivered. But I wish my soldiers to be full of spirit and resolution. I will take the utmost care of you; you shall live well; but I never allow the slightest neglect to go unpunished. Under such treatment your faults will disappear, and you will become the first and best troops in the Neapolitan army, and you will be esteemed and regarded by all your officers." I then diligently examined the state of their uniforms, and finding them unprovided with every thing, I promised that in future they should be furnished with all that was necessary; that they should be well fed, and never again be exposed to the ill-treatment of their officers, since the only difference between the private soldier and the General, in the eyes of the law, lay in their rank, not in their right. My discourse made the eyes of these warm-hearted beings sparkle, and they replied to me in their native idiom "*e nuje ci facimmo buoni soldati,*" (and we will become good soldiers). These

words coming from the heart, were, when they reached my ears, the happy omen of future success. I replied that I was convinced of their good intentions. Then to excite their self-respect, I said to them: "My soldiers in Spain appeared even more incorrigible than yourselves; nevertheless, by dint of affection and severity combined, I succeeded in bringing those brave men, now covered with wounds, to be models of discipline and a honour to the Neapolitan name." I spoke with more severity to the officers, whom I had assembled together at a considerable distance from their subordinates, pointing out to them that the original cause of the disorders which had taken place was their own inability to command. I swore that I would bring before a court martial the first amongst them who should dare to strike, as well as he who should abuse or ill treat any of the soldiers. At the same time I touched upon the administration of the regiment, and other matters which had been hitherto neglected. By this time the court-martial had pronounced sentence of death upon the four deserters who had mutinied and fired upon the guard; they were accordingly executed, and after the column had filed off in sight of the bodies, I formed it into a square, and manifested the sorrow I experienced at seeing, for the first time, blood shed as an example, instead of against the enemy.

On reaching Pesaro, my principal care was bestowed upon the 9th of the line. I assured myself of the quality of the straw upon which the soldiers slept, saw that their food was of a proper quality; looked if their shoes were neat and clean, and examined the condition of their feet. When I found them sore from the fatigue

of marching, I caused tallow to be distributed to anoint them with. I likewise looked to see whether their shirts were clean and their hair and nails properly cut. All these minute attentions were no less new to the officers than the men. On the following day at dawn the brigade marched through the snow in the direction of the Cattolica; at the first halt I caused wine to be distributed to my soldiers. They were the more satisfied, because they had no right to such an indulgence, and the 9th seemed to have been struck by the wand of a magician. I was in the habit of passing several hours a-day with my soldiers, conversing with them upon their private affairs and families, or examining their livrets and discussing their interests with the Council of Administration.

The King, after having blockaded the citadel of Ancona, had proceeded to Bologna. When I joined him there, I found that the authorities of the town, aware of the bad reputation of the 9th regiment, had requested as a favour from the King that they should be confined to their quarters during their stay. On receiving orders to this effect, I boldly replied, that if the King interfered with the discipline of the brigade under my charge I would quit the command rather than allow that the 9th regiment, which in the short space of six days had become a perfect model, should be punished for its good conduct. Joachim used to call me *Tête de fer, Tribun sauvage*, and then, amazed, he used to say to his ministers that he could not understand the secret of the art which I practised towards the soldiers. I begged the ministers to inform his Majesty, "*que cette tête de fer, ce tribun sauvage, a le secret de connaître ses compatriotes.*"

About this period, the King actuated by his kind feelings on the one hand, and by a want of discernment on the other, had made Generals of several superior officers incapable of holding a high command, and amongst them (without reckoning the French) Majo and Colletta.

The first brigade of the first division formed the vanguard, and was commanded by General Rosaroll. Joachim ordered this officer to proceed into the kingdom to instruct the 3rd battalions of the army. As I was the senior of the Major Generals, his Majesty conferred upon me the command of the vanguard, which was composed of the first regiment of the line, and of the second light regiment. I was then occupied night and day in reorganizing these two regiments after my own mind. I must admit, however, that they were not in a very bad condition, as Carascosa, who commanded the first division mitigated in a great measure the mischief produced by the unskilfulness of Rosaroll.

My arduous military occupations did not, however, make me forget our political situation. Lord William Bentinck, the Viceroy Eugene, and the Austrian General-in-Chief, Bellegarde, all looked upon Joachim in the light of an enemy. Every little adverse event exposed this Prince to the risk of losing his crown, and the unfortunate Neapolitans of falling again under the abhorred yoke of the Bourbons of Sicily, protected by England and Austria. I will not say under the yoke of the Emperor, for had he succeeded in remaining on the throne, he would have been constrained for a considerable time to give up all idea of making conquests. The policy of Joachim tended in every way to deprive

us of all hope of proclaiming ourselves Italians. The only means of extricating ourselves from so unfortunate a situation was, that the King should be made to grant us a liberal Constitution, and that he should immediately dismiss all the French in the service of the Kingdom of Naples. These people hovered about him from morning till night, and in order to preserve their own situations, suggested to him ideas wholly opposed to the interests of the Neapolitans, as well as to the other States of Italy.

That such a course was indispensably necessary was not only my own opinion but that of such of the other general officers of merit as were my countrymen. I recollect that I informed upwards of a dozen Generals, stationed either at Reggio or in the neighbourhood, that on a stated day, General Carascosa wished to see them at his residence. I told the General that these officers wished to enter into communication with him to discuss matters of great importance to all of them. On the day appointed they assembled in a larger number than I had anticipated. The result of the meeting, however, was weak and unavailing, as generally happens when a council is called consisting of many persons. My opinion was that we should present ourselves before the King in a body, and swear to stand by him to the very last drop of blood in our veins, but upon the condition that he should immediately proclaim a free Constitution, and send away every Frenchman in the kingdom. That should he be blind enough to refuse our request, we were to declare ourselves his open enemies, backed by the army and the people. Unfortunately, being the youngest of the assembled Generals, and only a Major-General, I was

accused of excessive hot-headedness, and my opinion on the subject was overruled by that of the Prince of Strongoli and Carascosa. These two officers thought it better that an address should be presented to the King in their names, being the most elevated in rank amongst us. The address was to request the edict I demanded, but it was to be couched in the most moderate terms, carefully avoiding every expression which might be construed into a threat. That this demand might be known to none but the general officers, Strongoli took upon himself to dictate the letter to me. As I wrote, I thought to myself that even this was better than nothing.

When the petition was presented to the King by the two Generals, his Majesty demanded three days for deliberation, during the lapse of which time he persuaded Strongoli and Carascosa to say to all of us that at that moment we must march against the enemy, and that afterwards it would be time enough to decide upon the request we had preferred to him. Had the before-mentioned Generals insisted more strongly, the King would have granted every thing, for at that moment the Carbonari were creating a great agitation through the kingdom. I purpose shortly to expose the conduct of this sect in the Abruzzi.

During three days of delusive hope for Italy, the Austrians, amounting to fifty thousand men, under the command of Bellegarde, were advancing upon the left of the Mincio. The Viceroy, at the head of an equal force, composed of French and Italians, held the foot of the very strong bridge across the Po at Borgo Fort, as well as the city of Piacenza, and

fronted the Austrians. Lord William Bentinck had landed at Genoa with twelve thousand Sicilians and English, and was promising liberty and independence to miserable Italy.

The King of Naples with twenty-two thousand of his own troops, and an Austrian division commanded by General Nugent, kept between Tuscany, Bologna, Ferrara, Reggio, and Modena. Such was the situation of the Austrian, French, and Neapolitan armies. The Anglo-Sicilians were indecisive in their movements, because the fate of the campaign was then being decided in Champagne between Napoleon and the Allied Powers, and likewise from the little faith that Bellegarde could place in the unstable character of Joachim. Indeed, the King made no mystery whatever of the unsettled state of his mind, and often said to the French around him, that he would soon turn and side again with his former brethren in arms. The Austrians so firmly expected this *volta-faccia*, that they attempted with one of Nugent's regiments of hussars to take him prisoner at Bologna, and conduct him to Bellegarde. But the execution of so bold a scheme was not to be accomplished by Austrians.

To weaken the forces of the Viceroy upon the banks of the Mincio, the Austrian General-in-chief requested Joachim to advance upon Parma and Piacenza. His Majesty sent Nugent with his division and a regiment of Neapolitan Lancers to Parma. A little later, I was sent with my brigade and six pieces of artillery to the bridge across the Enza, which river lies at a short distance from Parma. My instructions were to be extremely cautious. One morning, at day-break, the General of division, Grenier, having detached himself

from the Viceroy, Prince Eugene, with above twelve thousand men, French and Italians, proceeded from Piacenza and assaulted Nugent, both in his camp and at Parma. The Austrian officer ill-calculating his defence, lost in the space of an hour a great number of men between killed, wounded, and prisoners. He began to retreat in great disorder, and had I conformed to the orders I had received, I should have formed the head of his column in retreat. But far from taking this step, I told Nugent that I would send off my artillery towards Reggio, and that by keeping upon the high-road with my mounted brigade, I would support him to the last. The truth is, I was extremely anxious not to let such an occasion escape me of accustoming my men to fire without greatly exposing them. Having no artillery to defend, and the fields flanking the high-road being rendered impracticable by the snow, I could easily retreat *alla spicciolata*, (one after another,) without much danger of being followed by the enemy, who advanced boldly. General Nugent continued his retreat along the high-road, encumbered by the load of baggage with which the Austrians are always accompanied. Grenier's vanguard, on beholding me prepared to oppose him, made a halt to reorganize itself; therefore Nugent continued his retreat without being any longer pursued. Towards the close of the day, both Austrians and Neapolitans were hotly engaged close to Reggio, and at night we retreated between Rubbiera and Modena. The conduct I had pursued on the banks of the Enza was the means of procuring me the warm friendship of General Nugent, who had been informed, I know not how, that my orders had been not to expose my soldiers to

danger for the purpose of affording him assistance. The friendship manifested to me by this officer was destined to be of the greatest use to me in proclaiming the Constitution of 1820, as will be shown hereafter.

The Austrians complained loudly of Joachim, by whose divisions they had not been supported at Parma. The King justified himself, saying, that it was impossible to occupy Parma until he established a better communication between Bellegarde and himself; besides not yet having received the ratification of the treaty with Austria, it was not just that he should expose his troops to the extremity of warfare. Finally, however, the ratification reached us; it was accompanied with threats of an open rupture should the King persist in his indecision. His Majesty, therefore, advanced to the assault of Reggio: he was accompanied by the first Neapolitan division, and part of that of Nugent. The fields were impracticable, owing to the heavy snow which had fallen. The head of our column was formed by the Austrians, who encountered the first resistance at the bridge of St. Maurizio, upon the high-road to Reggio; they were closely followed by my brigade. Progressing slowly, being up to the knees in mud and water, they went on exchanging a few shots with the enemy from time to time, who kept upon the defensive and did not care to advance. I knew only too well that I was engaged to fight against the Italians of the kingdom of Italy; I shuddered with indignation at the thought; nevertheless, animated by the desire of justifying, in the eyes of the Austrians, the King's favourable opinion of the Neapolitans, I quitted the high-road with two battalions of the second light regiment and a

few lancers, and advanced, without orders, to attack the enemy upon the left. The little stream across which it was necessary to pass, was so increased by the snow and rain, that when I prepared to ford it, I perceived that none but the lancers could manage to reach the other side, the infantry not being able to resist the current. I sent for some strong ropes which I caused to be fastened to trees growing upon the opposite bank of the stream, which from the increase of its waters had become a violent torrent. The infantry began in this way to cross to the other side; as they were clinging to one of the ropes to assist their passage, it suddenly gave way, and officers and soldiers were in danger of drowning. Almost all were saved, however, by the lancers, who plunged with their horses into the water to their assistance.

The enemy, on perceiving its left about to be attacked, began slowly to retreat. Both the King and the Regent in their orders of the day, which appeared in the public press, spoke of me more highly than I really deserved. The Franco-Italians, who had retreated to Reggio, might be looked upon as our prisoners, since part of our column had pursued and come up with them half-way between Reggio and Parma. But Joachim allowed them to effect their retreat, and by thus opening a passage for the enemy lost all the fame he had acquired in the eyes of Austria by the valour of his first assault.

During the battle of Reggio, the King had been under the impulse of two powerfully contending feelings: on one side, he was deeply grieved to fight against his national banner, under which he had once served with so much valour and glory; and on the

other, he rejoiced at the courage and skill of the Neapolitans, who were dear to him, and whom he regarded as the main supporters of his throne and of his grandeur.

As soon as Reggio was evacuated by the enemy, the King directed that my brigade, which had sustained the entire burden of the day, should enter the town, that I might re-form it; and in truth it stood not a little in need of rest. Officers and privates were alike covered from head to foot with that black-looking mud which is produced by rich, well-cultivated land mingled with snow. I put my men in order as well as I could, and then filed off before the King, who saluted me with much satisfaction, and with his usual smiling expression of countenance. As the soldiers drew nigh to him, they began to utter such coarse abuse of the French, now become our enemies, that the King, losing all patience, ordered them to be silent. Then turning to the staff around him, he said: "On voit bien que celle-ci est la brigade de Pépé." Could he have read my heart, he would have seen all the sorrow I felt at fighting against Italians, and even against the French. I did not like to see the latter domineer in my own country; nevertheless, I should greatly have preferred their alliance to that of Austria. How ardently should I have desired, with the French for allies, to fight against the Austrians! But neither Napoleon nor the fate of our miserable Italy would admit of it. The French and Italians together might perhaps have been able to coerce Vienna; in which case the Northern powers would not so easily have triumphed over the French empire, and subjugated the whole of the Italian Peninsula. I did not allow Joachim to suppose that I was

capable of exciting my soldiers to use epithets injurious to the French. I complained to the King of his credulity, adding, that the soul of the savage could not stoop to become a teacher of abuse.

Arrived at Reggio, I was much concerned on visiting General Severoli to find that his leg had just been amputated; owing to a wound inflicted upon him by my troops a few hours before. I had served under him in Aragon; he was a true Italian at heart, and had always been extremely kind and friendly to me. During the whole time that I remained in Reggio, I made a point of spending all the hours I could spare from my duty with him. In an ill-governed army it is wholly impossible to prevent all disorder. The King had granted me all the rewards that I had demanded for my subordinates, nor could I be chary in requesting them, since he was distributing decorations and promotion to those who little deserved them. I was, therefore, constrained to ask for recompenses for such as had acquitted themselves only tolerably.

The King established his head-quarters at Reggio, where the English General, Lord William Bentinck, soon arrived. This officer detested Joachim, and used to call him *le pendant de Bernadotte*, Prince Royal of Sweden, who was looked upon as faithless to the Allied Monarchs. The landlord of the house in which the British General lodged, often related to me all that the latter used to say of Joachim.

One night, at an advanced hour, when I was in a profound sleep, I was suddenly aroused by the noise of a post-chaise which had stopped at my door. In a few minutes the door of my bed-room was opened,

a man wrapped in a large cloak approached the bed, and a moment after I was embracing my brother Florestano. I could scarcely credit my eyes, and it seemed as if I were still in a dream.

My brother had arrived from Dantzic, of which city want of provisions had compelled the surrender, and its garrison, under the command of General Rapp, had been made prisoners of war. Thanks, however, to Joachim's alliance with the enemies of France, the Neapolitans were allowed to return to their native country, and I again beheld my brother who had not yet recovered from the dreadful wound in his chest, which still remained open. He had lost all the toes of his right foot, which had been frozen in the Russian campaign, and the wound caused by the amputation was still unhealed. In this dreadful condition, he had gone on fighting at Dantzic like the other Generals, being helped to his horse by two soldiers; in this deplorable state, he had advised, in a council of war held by General Rapp, that instead of surrendering, they should attempt to cut their retreat through the enemy. Of course he regarded such a proceeding as dangerous, but still it was possible; and he thought that between a long confinement in so dreadful a climate, and the exposure to great but glorious perils, there ought to be no hesitation.

It seems scarcely credible that Las Cases should put into the mouth of Napoleon at St. Helena words importing that the proposal to attempt a retreat by force had been suggested by General Chambrer, who, at that period was only a Major, and could not, therefore, be admitted to the Council of War of the Generals. Truly, there is cause in this instance to say, "and thus is history written!"

May this anecdote incite the Italian historian of Italy to record the heroic traits of her modern sons, rather than to revert in quest of fame to the history of times prior to the Romans and the Etruscans.

The circumstances under which my brother suffered so severely are these. On the night of the 6th December, he received orders to escort Napoleon from Osmiana to Wilna, with the brigade of cavalry under his command. The cold was so intense, that the postillion who drove the Emperor was frozen to death. Captain Piccolettis of the same brigade, volunteered to drive the Emperor as far as Wilna, where, out of two regiments, not more than from thirty to forty men arrived. Florestano only discovered that his feet were frozen, when it was too late, and it was entirely owing to his brave aide-de-camp, Major Cianciulli, that he succeeded in reaching Dantzic at all. Whilst my brother and I were in conversation, I received a letter from the King, in which he informed me that on the following morning, accompanied by Lord William Bentinck, he would review my brigade with a battalion of the royal guard. His Majesty added, that he was desirous that these troops should make a brilliant appearance. The English General admired them extremely, at least, he told me so the same day at the table of the King where we dined.

The King still continued his wavering policy, the more so, from his having received intelligence of Napoleon's success in Champagne. This circumstance caused Joachim to send two of his Generals secretly to the Viceroy Eugene, to propose an alliance between them against the Austrians, his newly made friends. But the Viceroy gave audience to these two Generals, for the sole purpose of compromising Joachim with

Austria. About this time, an incident occurred which added strength to my conviction as to the necessity of establishing the most severe discipline in our ranks. A soldier of mine being on guard at one of the gates of the city, had been directed by his sergeant to steal a fowl from the house of a neighbouring peasant, who discovered the theft, and being irritated by it, called the soldier a Neapolitan brigand, who, upon this, raised his gun and shot the peasant dead. I was constituted President of the special Council of War, and his life was to a certain extent in my hands, since the other members of the council, my subordinates, aware of the deep importance I attached to all matters of discipline, would have voted according to my opinion. The Captain of the company to which the unfortunate soldier belonged, informed me that he had only joined the corps a few months previously, that he was brave, and bore an excellent character, that he did not look upon the theft of a fowl as a crime at a time of war, and at all events, that the sergeant was far more guilty than he. None could have desired to save the unfortunate young man more ardently than myself; but the blood of an honest countryman, the father of a family, had been shed, and called for reparation; no less did the relaxed discipline of our army require the necessity of showing the Italian soldier his duty in the provinces of Italy. These circumstances called imperiously that an example should be made. I was perplexed on hearing Florestano say, when he entered the room in my lodging, where the council was assembled, that unless I showed extreme rigour, we should have an army composed entirely of thieves and rascals. The wretched man was condemned to death, and I did my

utmost that the blood thus shed should produce the greatest effect. After the brigade had filed off before the body, I formed them into a square, which was surrounded by numerous inhabitants of Reggio of both sexes and of all classes, who were at once satisfied with the promptness with which justice had been done, and moved to compassion at the sight before their eyes. I then addressed myself to the soldiers, exhorting them to discipline; I spoke to them in patriotic terms, which were gateful to the people of Reggio. A few days previous to this, the King had passed before my bivouac: I complained bitterly to him of the commissariat who allowed my troops to starve. He galloped on towards the advanced posts, and asked some of the soldiers if they were well fed, to which they answered in the affirmative. As the commissariat were all natives of France, the King was extremely glad of being able, as he thought, to prove to me that my complaints were unfounded, and arose from my hatred to the French. His Majesty hastened to speak to me about the abundant food of the soldiers whom I had represented as starving. I replied, that unless I had the scruples of a monk, I could not allow my men to perish from want under my eyes in the midst of the rich provinces of Italy; but that the abundance in which the soldiers revelled was the produce of pillage and marauding, the consequences of which were most fatal, and tended to destroy all discipline, and to earn for the Italians the reputation and name of *malviventi*. The King answered, "Il faut que vous ayez toujours raison."

A few days after, in my capacity of senior Maréchal-de-Camp, the King ordered me to assume the command

of a separate brigade, which had been left by Macdonald, now become Minister of War. This brigade, which had a battalion more than the others, and a regiment of lancers, was stationed at Bologna, to which place the King removed his head-quarters. It was generally reported that the King had made this disposition because he thought me too well beloved by the corps under my command. The Prince of Stromboli, Captain of the royal guard, incessantly asserted that the King was causing me to make the tour of the army for the purpose of imbuing it with democratic principles. But Joachim had other thoughts in his mind, as will be seen hereafter.

The Prince was in the frequent habit of coming with his staff to see me instructing the troops in their evolutions, of whom I had recently taken the command. Some of the ladies of Bologna used to precede him, and others to follow in their gayest equipages, all eager to obtain a look or a smile. According to my usual system, I endeavoured to convert the instructions I gave my men into a pleasure. I never blamed either officers or privates for errors of ignorance, but with the utmost patience and good humour I exacted that they should be perfectly instructed in their duty. I was accustomed to make them perform various evolutions at full gallop, and when they were in a state of great confusion, I formed them in order of battle, or in a column, making them remain quite motionless. This state of immobility was not easily obtained from these children of a southern clime; I however succeeded by telling them I had nothing else to do, that it was my greatest pleasure to be with them, and that I would remain during the whole day, should even one

amongst them fail to stand as I bade him. "Let us show the inhabitants of colder climes, that like them we can transform ourselves into statues, whilst they never can acquire our natural elasticity."

The King remarking that there was always a quantity of wine ready for distribution to my troops, asked me how I managed to get it for them. I replied, "that it was very possible that the administration would make me pay for it one day or the other out of my pay; but, that being a poor devil, I hoped that the King would not allow such a proceeding." His Majesty then offered me a gratuity, but I answered that a *Tribune* could not accept such a thing. The Prince always smiled when I spoke to him in this strain. Why was not the mind of that unfortunate man equal to the goodness of his heart? It will be seen hereafter how much my sensibility suffered for this Prince, whom I loved with a true affection, second only to that which I bore my country.

During the period of which I speak, a courier arrived from the Abruzzi, bearing despatches from the civil and military authorities of that province, stating that the Carbonari had effected an insurrection in the province of Teramo, which seemed about to extend itself to the neighbouring provinces of Aquila and Chieti. Even I, who, more ardently than all the Generals, desired a Constitutional Government, regretted that such a movement had taken place. I was fearful that the English would avail themselves of such a circumstance to bring the Sicilian Bourbons amongst us. The King immediately ordered Florestano to depart with three battalions, a regiment of lancers of the guard, and several pieces of cannon. My brother, who was by no means pleased at such a mission, replied, that

he was just returned from Dantzic without a horse; that his aide-de-camp was still on his way to join him, and that his wounds were not yet healed. The King immediately made him a present of two magnificent horses, told him to select one or two aides-de-camp out of the whole army, and finally begged him to be patient upon the score of his wounds. Seeing my brother obstinately bent upon not going, I presented myself to his Majesty, and offered to execute this mission in his stead. The Prince replied that he would make use of my services when it was a question of exciting instead of quelling an insurrection. Finally, after a whole day of hesitation, Florestano, urged by myself and the other Generals, decided upon going. It was impossible to have ended this affair better than, exerting his usual good sense, it was terminated by my brother.

Preceding his column, Florestano entered the Abruzzi, when the ring-leaders of the rebellion had so much confidence in his loyalty, that they presented themselves to him. He explained to them that, painful as was the task with which he was charged, to put down this civil commotion, he nevertheless had accepted it, firmly convinced that in putting an end to that revolt he should render no trifling service to his country; for at that time the insurrection of the Abruzzi could lead to nothing less than the loss of national independence. He exhorted them to abandon their enterprise, and assured them that a veil would be thrown over all that had happened. The occupants of the Abruzzi, sincerely wishing the good of their country, laid down their arms, and prevailed on the Carbonari to do the same.

In this manner, as by enchantment, the tumults

which menaced the Abruzzi with such overwhelming disorder, subsided into perfect tranquillity.

Scarcely was every thing pacified, however, before the minister, Baron Nolli, who was a rich Abruzzi landholder, arrived with orders from the Government to punish the ringleaders of this revolt. These had been granted an amnesty by my brother, who justly indignant at such a resolution, declared that he would never be the agent of unjust and impolitic edicts. Florestano then quitted the command of these provinces on the plea that the state of his health demanded repose.

About the same time, I received directions from the King to hold myself in readiness with my brigade, a regiment of lancers, and six pieces of artillery to depart for Leghorn, at which port the Anglo-Sicilians threatened a landing. Two days after, instead of marching orders, I received the following strange letter, the original of which I keep as a proof of the mutability of Joachim's plans.

"Bologna, le 7 Février, 1814.

"A M. le Général Pépé (Guillaume).

"Monsieur le Général,

"J'ai l'honneur de vous prévenir que l'intention de sa Majesté, est de vous charger de l'organisation d'une Légion Italienne (à Rome ou à Florence, à votre choix) par le moyen d'enrôlements volontaires. Sa Majesté vous laissera la présentation des officiers. Cette organisation, au reste, sera plus particulièrement fixée dans tous les détails, lorsque vous aurez fait connaître si

vous croyez pouvoir former promptement et facilement cette légion.

"J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer,

"Avec une considération distinguée,

"Le Lieutenant-Général, Capitaine des Gardes de Sa Majesté, Chef de l'Etat-Major-Général,

"MILLET DE VILLENEUVE."

To confide the organization of an Italian Legion to the *Tribune*, and to entrust him with the nomination of the officers, proved clearly enough that it was the intention of the King to proclaim the independence of Italy. I was in the greatest joy, and thought of nothing but of forming this legion, indefinite in its number. I preferred Rome to Florence for this business, on account of its being more in the centre of the Neapolitan, Roman and Tuscan States, and likewise because it bore the glorious name of Rome. Many days, however, elapsed, and the King took no notice of the plan of the intended legion, which I had submitted to his inspection, and which according to my view was to have been composed of officers and men of all the provinces of Italy. The matter of my proclamations, and the manner in which I intended to express them, would, I am confident, in a very short time have brought around me many thousand men. Unfortunately, the King said no more to me upon the subject, his resolutions varying according to the intelligence he received of the fate of the war between Napoleon and the Allied Powers upon the French territory. Carascosa continued to show me the greatest friendship, and wrote to request my return to the 1st brigade of his division, which he informed me would always form

part of the vanguard. He added, that I should obtain the rank of Lieutenant-General in returning to him, just the same as if I had remained in command of separate troops. I replied that I did not care about being raised in rank; but that I would never have suffered the King to promote other Major-Generals, since I was, after my brother, the senior in active service. On the 2nd of April, as if I had never quitted the command of the 1st brigade of the 1st division, I received the following letter.

"Au quartier-général de Bologne, le 2 Avril, 1814.
"Etat-Major Général.

"A M. le Général Pépé (Guillaume).

"Général,

"Des rapports reçus des avant-postes annoncent que l'ennemi a de nouveau attaqué. Votre présence devient indispensable à la 1ère brigade de la 1ère division. L'intention du roi est que vous partiez *sur-le-champ* pour vous y rendre.

"J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer avec une haute considération.

"MILLET."

In this and the preceding letter will be seen the strange inconsistency of the King, especially towards myself. He regarded me as disposed to revolt, and he confided a reorganization of the greater number of the corps of the army to me, as well as that of the Italian Legion, which was the most delicate matter of all. He had decided upon trusting me with this latter charge, at the very time when he had kept me at a distance from troops over whom he thought I had too

great an influence, and the command of which was restored to me on the eve of a battle, without reflecting that during an engagement a General has many opportunities of gaining the affection of his men, if he only know how to employ them.

I was now with the vanguard in the city of Parma, where the King had collected the 1st and 2nd divisions of infantry, a third of cavalry, the guard on foot, and the Austrian division of Nugent. The principal aim of Joachim was to occupy Piacenza: Bellegarde was to assault the Viceroy on his left, and to profit by the offensive demonstration of the King. Whilst the King caused the Austrians to be observed at Borgo Forte, on the 13th of April he also prepared to cross the Taro with the first division, the guard on foot, part of the Austrian division, and several hundred Neapolitan lancers. Our batteries discovered the enemy's fire. Two bridges were in construction; but perceiving that they could not be fixed before a couple of hours, I decided upon fording the river, having on my left two squadrons, who broke in some degree the impetus of the current. The King approved of my resolution, and my soldiers shouting with joy and elevating their guns above their heads with both hands, plunged into the river which was breast-high, and indifferent to the enemy's fire they reached the other side. Notwithstanding my best precautions, several men were lost on this occasion; their number, however, was small. I was extremely grieved at this occurrence. The column of the Viceroy began to retreat, fighting bravely, however, in every favourable position for maintaining a stand. An Austrian column, under the command of Major-General Gobert, was charged to advance upon the right of the enemy, either to cut off its retreat or to

admit of my carrying on the contest with greater advantage; but the habitual Austrian slowness prevented this column from executing its purpose. I was in consequence exposed to great danger, having in my eagerness to give my troops an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, pressed closely upon the enemy.

Near the Borgo San Donino, the adversary's cavalry halted and prepared to charge us. I had scarcely time to form one battalion into a square of two lines. General Nugent who was close behind me, seeing that I was greatly exposed, sent to tell me to retreat so that he might bring his artillery into play without putting my troops in danger, promising me at the same time prompt assistance. I replied, that rather than retreat, I would stand the charge of the enemy's horse, which was the first to which my young soldiers had ever been exposed: their resolute bearing indeed put an end to the threat of the enemy.

Nugent in his report, dated Fiorenzuolo, April 14, 1814, addressed to Bellegarde, General-in-chief of the Austrian armies, which despatch was published in the Giornale del Departamento del Reno, at Bologna, on the 21st of the same month, expresses himself as follows:

"General Pépé, commanding the Neapolitan brigade has given proof of great intrepidity and superior knowledge."

I do not allude to this circumstance out of any feeling of personal vanity, being aware that the fact itself was not worthy of such notice. I merely point it out that it may not be supposed that my hatred of the Austrians arises from petty and personal motives, instead of the depth of my feelings as an Italian; and likewise to explain the reason of the friendship of

Nugent, who afterwards became Minister of War, and Captain-General in Naples. The contest was carried on with great obstinacy on both sides during three days, to admit of Joachim and his column proceeding from the Taro to the Convent of San Lazaro, which stands in sight of Piacenza. We lost about four hundred men, and the enemy's loss in killed must have been about the same, but we took several hundred soldiers and officers prisoners.

We were before Piacenza on the 19th of April, and were preparing to besiege that city, when the King received a despatch from Marshal Bellegarde containing an account of the fall of Paris, of a treaty of peace with the Viceroy, and of the suspension of the war in Italy. A few moments after, Joachim received the corroboration of this intelligence from Piacenza, with a minute account of the circumstances which had preceded the downfal of the Emperor. Poor Joachim was extremely grieved at such tidings, and we all shared in his feelings, since this victory was complete on the side of the allies and brought the Bourbons back to France. A peace which would have left Napoleon in possession of the territory comprised between the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees would have been most favourable to our hopes. If during the late war there had been more desperate engagements, and two or three battles, our troops would have derived the immense advantage of learning from experience that it was inferior to none in Europe. Besides, our army would have been delivered from many Generals and superior officers, who put to the test, would have betrayed their real worth or rather their want of it, and who would not have remained to cause our misfortunes a year later. Although the campaign of

which I have treated, offered few opportunities to our troops of distinguishing themselves, they acquired nevertheless considerable reputation.

Before the news of the fall of the French Empire reached us, the Austrians had been kind and respectful towards us. But from the moment Napoleon's overthrow became known, feeling the change in their situation, having nothing to fear, and no longer needing our assistance, they changed their manners towards us. From that moment I endeavoured if possible to surpass them in discourtesy. The Neapolitan army began to retreat towards Bologna, and I formed the vanguard.

The downfal of the imperial throne of France drew with it that of the kingdom of Italy, the organization of which had been the best act of Napoleon's reign. This kingdom was composed of the provinces dismembered from the Austrian possessions of the Piedmontese provinces, of those of the Church, and of other Italian principalities, as stipulated in the treaties of Campo Formio, of Tolentino, of Luneville, and of Presburg. These provinces, which were first formed into a Republic, afterwards constituted the kingdom of Italy, of which the Emperor of France was the King. But as this kingdom did not comprise a third part of the Italian population, its forces and its treasures were exhausted in aiding the French empire, and when that fell, the ruin of the Italian kingdom became inevitable.

At the period of its downfal, this kingdom contained above six million inhabitants, who peopled the fertile regions between the Alps and the Trenta. Their military force consisted of thirteen regiments of infantry, six of cavalry, and two of artillery: these troops had

records loudly attest that among all the allies of the French Republic and Empire, none distinguished themselves so much as these same Italians.

Yet this population, so recently under the yoke of [illegible]tial and feeble Governors, was scarcely united in a [illegible]gle State under a vigorous commander, when they [illegible]de such great efforts for their common weal, as [illegible]arly demonstrate that national feelings were roused [illegible] Italian bosoms. The old municipal contentions in [illegible]moment disappeared, and each strove to illustrate [illegible]e new family compact by proving himself the best [illegible]patriot. Perhaps, the sudden virtue which appeared among the people of these provinces, may have sprung from feeling themselves restored to the dignity of men, and emancipated from the state of imbecile ignorance and cowardice in which they had long languished, and from remembering that internal divisions had contributed to produce and maintain that vile slavery.

If contemporary history has only recorded the warlike deeds of the kingdom of Italy, it is because the political existence of the greater part of Europe depended at that time on the fate of war. But if now the attention of historians should be turned to the internal administration, and all that constitutes civil government, it will be found that the kingdom of Italy, in those points, did not remain behind its contemporaries.

Unprovided as I am with special information, I will not, against my usual practice, run the risk either of advancing incorrect statements, or omitting important facts. But I cannot refrain from warmly exhorting my countrymen, to whom the particulars of this reign are known, to impart this knowledge to

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